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HE
SPANISH FRYAR:
OR, THE
Double Discovery.

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Ut melius possis fallere, same togam. ——— Mart.

————— *Alterna revisens*
Luxu, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit. Virg.



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To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

LORD HAUGHTON.

My LORD,

WHEN I first design'd this Play, I found, or thought I found somewhat so moving in the Serious Part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly, I us'd the best of my Endeavour, in the Management of two Plots, very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a Piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the same Nature, in my Opinion, with the same Judgment; though with like Success. And though many Poets may suspect themselves for the Fondness and Partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own Conceptions, which have seldom reach'd to those Ideas that I had within me: and consequently, I

A 3

presume

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presume I may have Liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary Marks-man may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the Care and Pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies, may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiss. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one Sitting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Test of Ages, be produc'd at a Heat, or by the Force of Fancy, without the Maturity of Judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a Diffidence of my self, and so great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict Examination; and am as much asham'd to put a loose indigested Play upon the Publick, as I shou'd be to offer Brass-Money in a Payment: For tho' it shou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: And a judicious Reader will discover in his Closet that trashy Stuff, whose Glittering deceiv'd him in the Action. I have often heard the Stationer sighing in his Shop, and wishing for those Hands to take off his melancholy Bargain, which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-house every Thing contributes to impose upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprise the Audience, and cast a Mist upon their Understandings; not unlike the Cunning of a Juggler, who is always staring us in the Face, and overwhelming us with Gibberish, only that he may gain the Opportunity of making the cleaner Conveyance of his Trick. But these false Beauties of the Stage are no more lasting than a Rain-bow; when the Actor ceases to shine upon them, when he

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e gilds them no longer with his Reflexion, they
anish in a twinkling. I have sometimes won-
er'd, in the Reading, what was become of those
laring Colours which amaz'd me in *Buffy Dam-
boys* upon the Theatre: But when I had taken up
what I suppos'd a fallen Star, I found I had been
cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold, dull
Mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shoot-
ing: A dwarfish Thought dress'd up in gigantick
Words, Repetition in abundance, Looseness of
Expression, and gross Hyperboles; the Sense of
one Line expanded prodigiously into ten; and,
to sum up all, uncorrect *English*, and a hideous
Mingle of false Poetry and true Nonsense; or,
at best, a Scantling of Wit which lay gasping for
Life, and groining beneath a Heap of Rubbish.
A famous modern Poet us'd to sacrifice every
Year a *Statius* to *Virgil's* Manes: and I have In-
dignation enough to burn a *Damboys* annually
to the Memory of *Johnson*. But now, my Lord,
I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone
too far: for I remember some Verses of my own
Maximin and *Almanzor* which cry Vengeance
upon me for their Extravagance, and which I
with heartily in the same Fire with *Statius* and
Chapman: All I can say for those Passages,
which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew
they were bad enough to please, even when I
wrote them: But I repent of them amongst my
Sins: and if any of their Fellows intrude by
Chance into my present Writings, I draw a Stroke
over all those *Dalilah's* of the Theatre; and am
resolv'd I will settle my self no Reputation by
the Applause of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mor-
tified to all Ambition, but I scorn as much to
take it from half-witted Judges, as I shou'd to
raise an Estate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither
do I discommend the lofty Stile in Tragedy,

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which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the same Measures, which a common Reader takes, they had concluded *Statius* to have written higher than *Virgil*: for,

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso,
carries a more thundering Kind of Sound than,
Tityre tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi:

Yet *Virgil* had all the Majesty of a lawful Prince, and *Statius* only the Blustering of a Tyrant. But when Men affect a Virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the nearest Resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy Style, because it looks like Greatness. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought imitable *Spencer* a mean Poet, in Comparison of *Silvester's Dubartas*: and was rapt into an Ecstasy when I read these Lines:

Now when the Winter's keener Breath began
To crystallize the Bactick Ocean;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And periwig with Snow the bald pate Woods:

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable Fustian, that is, Thoughts and Words ill-sorted, and without the least Relation to each other: yet I dare not answer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: so little Value there is to be given to the common Cry, that nothing but Madness can please Mad-men, and a Poet must be of a Piece with the Spectators, to gain a Reputation with them. But, as in a Room, contriv'd for State, the Height of the Roof shou'd bear a Proportion to the *Aren*; so in the Heightnings of Poetry, the Strength and Vehemence of Figures shou'd be suited to the Occasion,

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Occasion, the Subject, and the Persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of Nature, 'tis an Excrecence, and not a living Part of Poetry: I had not said thus much, if some young Gallants, who pretend to Criticism, had not told me, that this Tragi-comedy wanted the Dignity of Style: but, as a Man, who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own Defence; so perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more Partiality than I ought, or than such a Trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever Beauties it may want, 'tis free, at least from the Grossness of those Faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in Reference to my Profit, and the Satisfaction I had, in seeing it represented with all the Justness and Graceness of Action. But as 'tis my Interest to please my Audience, so 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler Design: for the Propriety of Thoughts and Words, which are the hidden Beauties of a Play, are but confusedly judg'd in the Vehemence of Action: All Things are there beheld, as in a hasty Motion, where the Objects only glide before the Eye, and disappear. The most discerning Critick can judge no more of these silent Graces in the Action, than he who rides Post through an unknown Country can distinguish the Situation of Places, and the Nature of the Soil. The Purity of Phrase, the Clearness of Conception and Expression, the Boldness maintain'd to Majesty, the Significancy and Sound of Words, not strain'd into Bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very Words and Thoughts which cannot be chang'd, but for the worse, must of Necessity escape our transient View upon the Theatre: and yet without all these a Play may take. For, if

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either the Story move us, or the Actor help the Lameness of it with his Performance, or now and then a glittering Beam of Wit or Passion strike through the Obscurity of the Poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present Liking, but not to fix a lasting Admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the surest Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no Faults in this, which that Touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a Play of this Nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the Pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this Time I satisfy'd my Humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a Rule for the Pleasure of Variety. The Truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to prophesy, that few Tragedies, except those in Verse, shall succeed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a Course of Mirth. For the Feast is too dull and solemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a Task this is, will soon be try'd: for a several Genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of 'em, a Man, in my Opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it so trivial an Undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poison are always in a Readiness: but to bring the Action to the last Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and cost him many a Pang in the Performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess that what I have written, looks more like a Preface, than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my Design,
that

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that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own Art, which might be more worthy of a noble Mind, than the stale exploded Trick of fulsome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in Praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a Subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a *Protestant* Play to a *Protestant* Patron, as I do my self an Honour, so I do your Noble Family a Right, who have been always eminent in the Support and Favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the Promises of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceives me not, the Principles you have embrac'd, are such, as will no Way degenerate from your Ancestors, but refresh their Memory in the Minds of all true *Englishmen*, and renew their Lustre in your Person; which, my Lord, is not more the Wish, than it is the constant Expectation of

Your Lordship's

most Obedient, Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
For he who pleases, never fails of Wit:
Hemur is yours:
And you, like Kings at City-Treasures, bestow it;
The Minister kneels, and is bid rise a Poet:
But you are fickle Devisors, as our Scurrow,
You dub to-day, and hang a Man to-morrow;
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,
Just like Brass-Money once a Year in Spain:
Take you this Mood, what-e'er base Metal come,
You coin as fast as Groats at Broomingham:
Though 'tis no more like Sense in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's Religion like St. Peter's Days.
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest Wits a Mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range;
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your Age
Are sw'd, and cannot store 'em on the Stage;
Unless each Vice in Short-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders no Vices know,
But what they us'd a hundred Years ago,
Like honest Plants, where they were struck, they grow;
They ~~grow~~, but still from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were christ'ned first in Mum.
Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.

The

PROLOGUE.

*The French and we still change, but here's the Curse,
They change for better, and we change for worse
They take up our old Trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
Our Fathers did, for Change, to France repair,
And they, for Change, will try our English Air:
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Straight a more foolish Gown comes in Play:
So we, grown penitents, on serious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.
Scorning the Whack grows out-of-Fashion Wit:
Now we sit up for Tilting in the Pit,
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night-Murders, and make Death a Trade.
When Murder's out, what Vize can we advance?
Unless the new found Pois'ning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rues-bane we have got,
By Way of Thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Torrismond.

Bertran.

Alphonso.

Lorenzo, his Son.

Raymond.

Pedro.

Gomez.

Dominick, the Spanish Fryar.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Wiltshier.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Gillow.

Mr. Underhill.

Mr. Nokes.

Mr. Lee.

W O M E N.

Leonora, Queen of Arragon.

Teresa, Woman to Leonora.

Elvira, Wife to Gomez.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Crofts.

Mrs. Betterton.



T H E



THE
SPANISH FRYAR:
OR, THE
Double Discovery.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Alphonso and Pedro meet, with Soldiers
on each Side, Drums, &c.*

ALPHONSO.



TAND: give the Word.

Ped. The Queen of *Arragon*.

Alph. *Pedro?* — how goes the Night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome Day-light: We
shall have warm Work on't:

The Moor will 'gage
His utmost Forces on this next Assault,
To win a Queen and Kingdom.

Ped. Pox o'this Lyon-way of wooing, though:
Is the Queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed, but in her Chapel
All Night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.

Ped.

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Ped. O! *Alphonso*,

I fear they come too late: Her Father's Crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers.
A Crown usurp'd; a lawful King depos'd,
In Bondage held, debarr'd the common Light;
His Children murder'd, and his Friends destroy'd:
What can we less expect than what we feel;
And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it!

Ped. Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n. Judge the Event
By what has pass'd. Th' Usurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in Peace:
Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs; but lest his Daughter,
Our present Queen, engag'd, upon his Death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whose curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War arose;
Because the Moor *Abdalla*, with whose Troops
Th' Usurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd,
And, as an Infidel, his Love despis'd.

Alph. Well, we are Soldiers, *Pedro*; and, like Lawyers,
Plead for our Pay.

Ped. A good Cause wou'd do well though;
It gives my Sword an Edge. You see this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the Moors:
What Hope we have is in young *Torrismond*,
Your Brother's Son.

Alph. He's a successful Warrior,
And has the Soldiers Hearts: Upon the Skirts
Of *Arragon* our squander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen from the Tow'rs with longing Eyes
Expect his swift Arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. That's young *Lorenzo's* Duty.

Ped. No more: — Duke *Bertran*. [*Enter Bertran attended.*]

Bert. Relieve the Centries that have watch'd all Night
[*To Ped.*] Now, Colonel, have you dispos'd your Men,
That you stand idle here?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short Repose.

Bert. Short let it be,
For from the Moorish Camp, this Hour and more,

There

There has been heard a distant humming Noise,
Like Bees disturb'd, and arming in their Hives.
What Courage in our Soldiers? Speak! What Hope?

Ped. As much as when Physicians shake their Heads,
And bid their dying Patient think of Heaven.

Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our best Men slain:
The rest, an heartless Number, spent with Watching,
And harass'd out with Duty.

Barr. Good-night all then.

Ped. Nay, for my Part, 'tis but a fragile Life
I have to lose: I'll plant my Colours down
In the Mid-breach, and by 'em fix my Foot:
Say a short-Soldier's Prayer, to spare the Trouble
Of my few Friends above; and then expect
The next fair Bullet.

Alph. Never was known a Night of such Distraction:
Noise so confus'd and dreadful: jutting Crowds,
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors, by each corner in the Streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old, greasy Fryar,
With a Spanish Swain to him, his double Chin
Might rest upon't: A true Son of the Church;
Fresh-colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,
Come puffing with his greasy bald-pate Choir,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in such an Agony,
He told 'em false, for Fear: About his Neck
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function:
Whom he shook off, i' faith, methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another Sin before he left the World.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To Arms, my Lord, to Arms.
From the ~~Walls~~ Camp the Noise grows louder still:
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums and Artilleries;
And sometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'n's,
Like Victory: Then Groans again, and Howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd Men: But every Echo
Goes fainter off; and dies in distant Sounds.

Barr. Some false Attack: expect on t'other Side:
One to the Gunners on St. Jago's Tower; Bid 'em, for
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul, [Shame,
They're all corrupted with the Gold of Barbary

To

To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter a second Captain.

2 Cap. My Lord, here's fresh Intelligence arriv'd:
Our Army, led by Valiant *Terrismond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the Moors;
'Tis said, within their Trenches.

Bert. I think all-Fortune is reserv'd for him.
He might have sent us Word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town——

Alph. It cou'd not be:

We were so close block'd up, that none cou'd peep
Upon the Walls, and live: But yet 'tis time:——

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of Death, let no Man dare to sally.

Pea. [*Aside.*] Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within him!
How now! What means this Show?

Alph. 'Tis a Procession:

The Queen is going to the great Cathedral,
To pray for our Success against the Moors.

Pea. Very good: She usurps the Throne; keeps the old
King in Prison; and at the same time, is praying for a
Blessing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

[*A Procession of Priests and Choristers in White, with
Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over
the Stage: the Choristers singing.*

Look down, ye Bless'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matron's Tears,
Behold our tender Virgin's Fears,
And with Success our Armies crown.

Look down, ye Bless'd above, look down:
Oh! save us, save us, and our State restore;
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore;
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore.

[*The Procession goes off; and shout within.* [Then

Enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.

Bert. to Alph. A joyful Cry; and see your Son Lorenzo:
Good News, kind Heav'n!

Alph. to Lor. O welcome, welcome! Is the General safe?
How near our Army? when shall we be succour'd?

Or,

Or, are we succour'd? are the *Moors* remov'd?
Answer these Questions first, and then a thousand more;
Answer 'em all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand Tongues, I will,
The General's well; his Army too is safe
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moors* King
Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At Dawn of Day our General cleft his Pate,
Spite of his woollen Night-cap: A slight Wound;
Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ped. By my Computation now, the Victory was gain'd
before the Procession was made for it; and yet it will go
hard but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

Lor. Yes, faith; we came like bold intruding Guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd, then found their Bodies sleeping;
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er 'em,
And took what Joint came next, Arms, Heads, or Legs,
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light,
They make but bungling Work.

Bertr. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.

Ped. I'll spare his Trouble.——
This *Torristmend* begins to grow too fast;
He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lor. Pedro, a Word:— [*whisper.*] [*Exit Bertran.*

Alph. How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
In spite of his dissembling.

[*To Lorenzo.*] How many of the Enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, Sir, we were in haste, and cou'd not stay
To score the Men we kill'd; but there they lie.
Best send our Women out to take the Tale;
There's Circumcision in abundance for 'em.

[*Turns to Pedro again.*

Alph. How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor. Some few Miles.——

[*To Pedro.*] Good Store of Harlots, say you, and dog-cheap?
Pedro, they must be had, and speedily;
I've kept a tedious Fast.

[*Whisper again.*

Alph. When will he make his Entry? he deserves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by ancient *Rome*:
Ha, Boy, what say'st thou?

Lor.

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Lor. As you say, Sir, That ~~Rome~~ was very ancient —
To Pedro. I leave the Choice to you; fair, black, tall,
 Let her but have a Nose:—And you may tell her *[slow]*
 I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls
 Pluck'd from *Moor's* Bars.

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busy
 About Affairs relating to the Publick.
 — A sensible Girl, just in the Nick now. — *[To Pedro.]*

[Trumpets within.]

Ped. I hear the General's Trumpets: Stand and mark
 How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
 There hangs a Cloud; methought, on *Bertran's* Brow.

Lor. Then look to see a Storm on *Torissmond's*;
 Looks fright not Men: The General has seen *Moor's*
 With as bad Faces; no Dispraise to *Bertran's*.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp he loves the Queen.

Lor. He drinks her Health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad Blood 'twixt him and *Bertran*.

Red. Yes, in private:

But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
 To gild a Face with Smiles, and turn a Man to Ruin.
 O here they come. —

*Enter Torissmond and Officers on one Side, Bertran attended
 on the other: They embrace, Bertran bowing low.*
 Just as I prophesied —

Lor. Death and Hell, he laughs at him:—in's Fact too.

Ped. O you mistake him; 'twas an humble Grin,
 The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

Lor. *[Aside.]* Here are nothing but Lyes to be expected:
 I'll even go lose my self in some blind Alley, and try if any
 courteous Damsel will think me worth the finding.

[Exit Lorenzo.]

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Ber. Your Country rescu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!
 A glorious Conquest, noble *Torissmond*!
 The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,
 And Heaven can hear no other Name but yours.
 The thronging Crouds press on you as you pass,
 And with their eager Joy make Triumph show.

Err. My Lord, I have no Taste
 Of popular Applause; the noisy Praise

of

Of giddy Clouds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and still without a Cause:
Servants to Chance, and blowing the Tide
Of swoln Success, but veering with its Ebb,
It leaves the Channel dry.

Bert. So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one Drop
Within these Veins for Pageants: But let Honour,
Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams;
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattel'd Foes,
In dusty Plains amidst the Cannons Roar,
There will I be the first.

[*Aside.*

Bert. I'll try him farther——
Suppose th' assembled States of *Aragon*,
Decree a Statue to you thus inscrib'd,
To *Torrismond*, who freed his native Land, [to find,
Alph. to *Ped.* Mark how he sounds, and fathoms him
The Shallows of his Soul!

Bert. The just Applause
Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Virtue,
Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the World.
These Honours you deserve; nor shall my Suffrage
Be last to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude:
For Times to come shall say, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,
Neglects her Champions after noble Acts,
And lets their Laurels wither on their Heads.

Torr. A Statue, for a Battle blindly fought,
Where Darkness and Surprise made Conquest cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And struck a random Blow! 'Twas Fortune's Work,
And Fortune take the Praise.

Bert. Yet Happiness
Is the first Fame; Virtue without Success
Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light.
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven:
And whom should Kings esteem above Heaven's Darlings?
The Praises of a young and beauteous Queen
Shall crown your glorious Acts.

Ped. to *Alph.* There sprung the Mine,

Torr. The Queen! That were a Happiness too great!
Nay'd you the Queen, my Lord?

Bert.

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Bert. Yes: You have seen her, and you must confess
A Praise, a Smile, a Look from her is worth
The Shouts of thousand Amphitheatres:
She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her:
To-morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms, and make her mine for ever.
Why stand you mute?

Torr. Alas! I cannot speak. [employ'd?

Bert. Not speak, my Lord! How were your Thoughts

Torr. Nor can I think, or I am lost in Thought.

Bert. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?

Torr. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.

Torr. So I say too,

I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad;

But who can help his Frenzy?

Bert. Fond young Man!

The Wings of your Ambition must be clipt:
Your shame-fac'd Virtue shunn'd the People's Praise,
And Senates Honours: But 'tis well we know
What Price you hold your self at: You have fought
With some Success, and that has seal'd your Pardon.

Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me Patience, Heav'n!
Thrice vanquish'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'st, look out
Upon yon slaughter'd Host, that Field of Blood;
There seal my Pardon, where thy Fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past Redemption!

Alph. [to *Torr.*] Learn Respect
To the first Prince o'th' Blood.

Bert. O, let him rave!

I'll not contend with Madmen.

Torr. I have done:

I know 'twas Madness to declare this Truth:

And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.

'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds;

Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:

My Merit's but the rash Result of Chance:

My Birth unequal: all the Stars against me:

Power, Promise, Choice; the living and the dead:

Mankind my Foes; and only Love to Friend:

But such a Love, kept at such awful Distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whisper there: Queens may be lov'd,
And so may Gods; else why are Altars rais'd?
Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and close our Eyes in Darkness. [Exit.

Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddess shall be told, she shall,
Of her new Worshipper. [Exit,

Ped. So, here's fine Work!
He has supply'd his only Foe with Arms
For his Destruction. Old Fenelope's Tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by Day
That he has done by Night. — What, Planet-struck!

Alph. I wish I were; to be past Sense of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a Lease of his Life so long,
As 'till my Flesh and Blood rebell'd this Way,
Against our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one Hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madness to his Rival!
His Father absent on an Embassy:
Himself a Stranger almost; wholly friendless!
A Torrent rolling down a Precipice,
Is easier to be stop't, than is his Ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain: haste to the Court;
Improve your Interest there, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak Remedies;
But all must be attempted. [Exit.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky Rogue! I have been
ranging over half the Town; but have sprung no Game.
Our Women are worse Infidels than the Moors: I told
'em I was one of their Knight-Errants, that deliver'd
them from Ravishments: and I think in my Conscience
that's their Quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your Cousin is run ho-
nourably mad in Love with her Majesty: He is split upon
a Rock; and you, who are in chace of Harlots, are sinking
in the main Ocean, I think the Devil's in the Family. [Exit.

Lorenzo solus.

Lor. My Cousin ruin'd, says he! hum! not that I wish.

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my Kinsman's Ruin; that were Unchristian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Hein, there's Comfort for a Christian. Money I have, I thank the honest ~~Messrs~~ for't; but I want a Mistress. I am willing to be lov'd; but the Tempter is wanting on his Part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier, ~~will~~ will you not have me? you ~~Moor-killer~~, you ~~Matador~~.

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elv. Face about Man; you a Soldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first: I see Souls will not be lost for want of Diligence in this Devil's Reign. [Aside.

To her.] Now, Madam *Gynthia* behind a Cloud; your Will and Pleasure with me.

Elv. You have the Appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold Discourse with you at first Sight; you are Gentleman enough; I hope to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the Blame on Stars, or Destiny; or what you please, to excuse the Frailty of a Woman.

Lor. O, I love an easy Woman: there's such a do to crack a thick-shell'd Mistress; we break our Teeth, and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take Pity on a Stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill Hands at his first Arrival.

Elv. You may have a better Opinion of me than I deserve; you have not seen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are Heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on space: you have a dangerous Tongue in your Head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing Metal, there's but one way with me: Let me see you, for the Safeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon should be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the Wars? I could answer you with another in my Profession: Suppose you were in want of Money; would you not be glad to take a Sum upon Content in a scold Bag, without peeping

but however, I will not stand with you for a Sample. [Lifts up her Veil.]

Lor. What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too sharp to be trusted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuse my Forwardness; but this Day of Jubilee is the only time of Freedom I have had: and there is nothing so extravagant as a Prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lor. I confess freely to you, Madam, I was never in Love with less than your whole Sex before: but now I have seen you, I am in the direct Road of languishing and sighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to-morrow Morning you may hear of me in Rhime and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these Symptoms in my self: perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at Constancy, 'till I have worn off the hitching in my Pace.

Elv. Oh Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildest Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom: now I know your Temper, you may thank your self if you are kept to hard Meat: — you are in for Years, if you make Love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal Obligation with an *Anno Domini* at End on't; there may be an evil Meaning in the Word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that Fear: I wish I could rid my self as easily of the Bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old Man be a Husband.

Lor. Three as good Qualities for my Purpose as I could wish: now Love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. [*Aside.*] If I get not home before my Husband, I shall be ruin'd. — [to him.]

I dare not stay to tell you where, — farewell, — cou'd I once more — [Exit.]

Lor. This is unconscionable Dealing; to be made a Slave.

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Slave, and not know whose Livery I wear:—————
Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that shambling in his Walk, it should be my rich old Banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live 'tis he. —————

[To *Gomez*.] What, Old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! young *Beelzebub*!

Lor. What Devil has set his Claws in thy Haunches, and brought thee hither to *Saragossa*? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: When the *Moors* are ready to besiege one Town. I shift Quarters to the next; I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a Hair's Breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are over-joy'd at it: There are Bonfires decreed; and the Times had not been hard, my Billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a Respect for a single Billet, thou would'st almost have thrown on thy self to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own Charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy self for such an Extravagance; and instead of it thou shalt do me a meer verbal Courtesy: I have just now seen a most incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young Lady?—my Mind misgives me plaguily. [*Aside.*

Lor. Here, Man, just before this Corner-house: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-house.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thy self? Hast thou any thing to say against the Honesty of that House?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honest Stone; and the Timber very honest Wood, for ought I know; but for the Woman I cannot say, till I know her better: Describe her Person, and if she live in this Quarter, I may give you Tidings of her.

Lor.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark-colour'd Hair, the most bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the most roguish Cast; her Cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gem. [*Aside.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.—Go on—Colonel—have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her Marks, but that she has an Husband, a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: Speak; canst thou tell me News of her?

Gem. Yes, this News, Colonel, that you have seen your list of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the Knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gem. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, Colonel *Hernando*: Once more, you have seen your list of her.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am glad he knows me only by that Name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*; now he can tell no Tales of me to my Father.

To him.] Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou could'st get by't—Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning Colour:—Thou art not Proof against Gold sure!—Do not I know thee for a covetous—

Gem. Jealous old Huncks; those were the Marks of your Mistress's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh the Devil! What a Rogue in Understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! [*Aside.*]

Gem. Do, do, look fillily, good Colonel; 'tis a decent Melancholy after an absolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gemex*;—but—

Gem. But—no Pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was—thinking a little upon a Point of Gratitude: We two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make some Interest: Go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Alcaide*, Mayor of *Savagossa*.

Gem. Satisfy your self; you shall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the Face of a Magistrate already.

Gem. And you would provide me with a Magistrate's Head to my Magistrate's Face; I thank you, Colonel.

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Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle Story— That Woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman, for t'other was a Lye;—is no more thy Wife:—As I'll go home with thee, and satisfy thee immediately, my dear Friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that Trouble; no not so much as a single Visit; not so much as an Embassy by a civil old Woman, nor a Serenade of *Twinkle-dum Twinkle-dum* under my Windows: Nay, I will advise you, out of my Tenderness to your Person, that you walk not near yon Corner-house by Night; for to my certain Knowledge there are Blunderbusses planted in every Loop-hole, that go off constantly of their own Accord at the squeaking of a Fiddle and the thrumming of a Guittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open War against thee: I'll demolish thy Citadel by Force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee; thy thousand red Locusts, that shall devour thee in free Quarter.— Farewel, wrought Night-cap. [*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Gom. Farewel, Buff! Free Quarter for a Regiment of Red-coat Locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the Red Sea first!—But oh, this *Fezabel* of mine! I'll get a Physician that shall prescribe her an Ounce of *Camphire* every Morning for her Breakfast, to abate Incontinency. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confession; and for never going, she shall be condemn'd for a Heretick. She shall have Stripes by *Troy-weight*, and Sustainance by Drachms and Scruples: Nay, I'll have a Fasting Almanack printed on purpose for her use, in which

No Carnival nor *Christmas* shall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the Year.

[*Exit Gomez.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Queen's Anti-chamber.*

Alphonso, Pedro.

Alph. W H E N saw you my *Lorenzo*? [*by me,*
Ped. I had a Glimpse of him; but he shot
Like

Like a young Hound upon a burning Scent:
He's gone a Harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign Breeding might have taught him better:

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.

What learn our Youth abroad, but to refine
The homely Vices of their native Land?

Give me an honest home-spun Country Clown
Of our own Growth; his Dulness is but plain,
But theirs embroider'd; they are sent out Fools,
But come back Fops.

Alph. You know what Reasons urg'd me;
But now I have accomplish'd my Designs,
I shou'd be glad he knew 'em—His wild Riots
Disturb my Soul; but they wou'd sit more close,
Did not the threaten'd Downfall of our House,
In *Torrismond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

Enter Bertran attended, and whispering with a Courtier aside.

Bert. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her,
If he presume to own it, she's so proud,
He tempts his certain Ruin.

Alph. [to *Ped.*] Mark how disdainfully he throws his Eyes
Our old imprison'd King wore no such Looks. [on us.

Ped. O, wou'd the General shake off his Dotage to th' us—
And re-inthroned good venerable *Sancho*, [surping Queen,
I'll undertake, should *Bertran* sound his Trumpets,
And *Torrismond* but whistle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him so;
But had an Answer louder than a Storm.

Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-Loyalty!
I hate to see a brave bold Fellow fotted,
Made sour and senseless, turn'd to Whey by Love;
A driveling Hero, fit for a Romance.

O, here he comes; what will their Greetings be!

Enter Torrismond attended. Bertran and his meet and juggle.

Bert. Make way, my Lords, and let the Pageant pass.

Torr. I make my Way where-e'er I see my Foe:
But you, my Lord, are good at a Retreat.
I have no Moors behind me.

Bert. Death and Hell!

Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

Torr. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting Man.

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Enter Teresa.

Ter. My Lords, you are too loud so near the Queen:
You, *Torrismond*, have much offended her,
'Tis her Command you instantly appear,
To answer your Demeanour to the Prince.

[Exit Teresa; Bertran with his Company follow her.]

Torr. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonso*, pity me!

A Grove of Pikes,
Whose polish'd Steel from far severely shines,
Are not so dreadful as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your Aid,
And, like a Lion press'd upon the Toils,
Leap on your Hunters. Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a Time when modest Virtue is
Allow'd to praise it self.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fume:
But since this Message came, you sink and settle,
As if cold Water, had been pour'd upon you.

Torr. Alas, thou know'st not what 'tis to love!
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent:—No, I'm resolv'd,
Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the Hand that gave the Blow. *[Exeunt.]*
The SCENE draws, and shews the Queen sitting in State,
Bertran standing next her; then Teresa, &c.

She rises, and comes to the Front.

Qu. Leonora to Bert.] I blame not you, my Lord; my
Father's Will,

Your own Deserts, and all my People's Voice,
Have plac'd you in the View of Sov'reign Power.
But I would learn the Cause, why *Torrismond*,
Within my Palace-Walls, within my Hearing,
Almost within my Sight, affronts a Prince
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
And looks as he were Lord of Human Kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at Distance.

Ter. Madam, the General. —————

Qu. Let me view him well.

My

My Father sent him early to the Frontiers.
I have not often seen him; if I did,
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the Fierceness, the disdainful Pride,
The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance?

By all these Marks, this is not sure the Man.

Ber. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whose fierce Demeanour, and whose Insolence
The Patience of a God could not support.

Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he shall have
Immediate Punishment.

Ber. 'Tis of so high a Nature, should I speak it,
That my Presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Per. [*Aside.*] Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your Allegiance, *Torrismond*,
By all your Hopes, I do command you, speak.

Torr. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he who, thus commanded, dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have dy'd in Silence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my Hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all Despair;
Friends I have none, for Friendship follows Favour;
Desert I've none, for what I did was Duty:
Oh! that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.

Torr. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall;—so I:—
But whither am I going? If to Death,
He looks so lovely sweet in Beauty's Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart.—I dare no more.

Ber. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkness, Dungeons for this Insolence.—

Torr. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.—

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond*, withdraw.
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.
For you, my Lord,—

The Priest to Morrow was to join our Hands;

I'll try if I can live a Day without you,
So both of you depart, and live in Peace.

Alph. Who knows which Way she points!
Doubling and turning like an hunted Hare.
Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can.

Pedr. Whoever found a Woman's? backward and forward.
The whole Sex in every Word. In my Conscience when
she was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

Qu. Haste, my *Teresa*, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, Madam? *Qu.* Him. *Ter.* Prince *Bertran*?

Qu. *Torrismond*;

There is no other He.

Ter. [*Aside.*] A rising Sun,
Or I am much deceiv'd.

[*Exit Teresa.*]

Qu. A Change so swift, what Heart did ever feel!
It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my self; in one short Hour
Already am I gone an Age of Passion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?
These might perhaps be found in other Men.
Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me;
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,
And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul.
But, when he spoke, what tender Words he said!
So softly, that, like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.

Enter Teresa with Torrismond.

Ter. He waits your Pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire—Oh Heav'n, that I must speak
So distant from my Heart——

[*Aside.*]

To *Torr*]. How now! What Boldness brings you back

Torr. I heard 'twas your Command.

[*again?*]

Qu. A fond Mistake,

To credit so unlikely a Command.

And you return full of the same Presumption,

T'affront me with your Love?

Ter. If 'tis Presumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his Judge's Feet:
A Boldness more than this I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.

Qu.

Qu. You would insinuate your past Services,
And those, I grant, were great; but you confess
A Fault committed since, that cancels all.

Torr. And who cou'd dare to disavow his Crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still! My Eyes confess it;
My every Action speaks my Heart aloud.
But, oh, the Madness of my high Attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying Voice, bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,
A private Man, presume to love a Queen?

Torr. That, that's the Wound! I see you set so high,
As no Desert or Services can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay!
Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
And such a Span to grasp 'em? Sure my Lot
By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
In Fate's eternal Volume! — But I rave,
And, like a giddy Bird in Dead of Night,
Fly round the Fire that scorches me to Death.

Qu. Yet *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you Counsel for your Cure.

Torr. I cannot; nay I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [*Aside.*] Nor I, Heaven knows!

Torr. There is a Pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but Madmen know!
Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the Words which I must only hear
From *Bertran*'s Mouth; they should displease from you:
I say they should; but Women are so vain
To like the Love, though they despise the Lover,
Yet, that I may not send you from my Sight
In absolute Despair——I pity you.

Torr. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy:
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Obivion.

B 5

Spare:

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Spare this one Thought, let me remember Pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was bless'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms?
If that would help, I could cast in a Tear
To your Misfortunes.——

Torr. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my past Sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no Queen——
Or you of Royal Blood——

Torr. What have I lost by my Fore-father's Fault?
Why was not I the twentieth by Descent
From a long restive Race of droning Kings?
Love! what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,
When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs*] Oh, my Torture!——

Torr. Might I presume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best Construction for your Love.
Be secret and discreet; these fairy Favours
Are lost when not conceal'd;——provoke not *Bertram*.——
Retire: I must no more but this,—Hope, *Torrismond*. [*Exit*.]

Torr. She bids me hope; oh Heav'n's; she pities me!
And Pity still foreruns approaching Love;
As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that Sound; and thou, my Heart,
Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Grievs, and ~~every~~ anxious Care:
One Word, and one kind Glance, can cure Despair. [*Exit*.]

S C E N E, a Chamber.

A Table and Wine set out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible: for
Fryars have free Admittance into every House. This *Jacobin*, whom I have sent to, is her Confessor; and who
can suspect a Man of such Reverence for a Pimp? I'll
try for once: I'll bribe him high: for commonly none
love Money better than they who have made a Vow of
Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious Gentleman coming
up.

up, Sir; he says he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as rosy as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in State before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was such a Tun of Devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish.

[*Exit.*

Enter Father Dominick.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking such long Journeys. Repose your self, I beseech you, Sir, if those spindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with Fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a Sign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jowls, Father. Come, ——— to our better Acquaintance: ——— here's a Sovereign Remedy for old Age and Sorrow.

[*Drinks.*

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you Reason.

[*Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father?

Dom. Second Thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again.

[*Drinks.*

It has a most delicious Flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your Health, Son, I am not us'd to be so unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are not: — To the Bottom. — I warrant him a true Churchman. — Now, Father, to our Business, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to do an Act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable Subject.

Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great Hazard of my Life, I recommended my Person to good St. Dominick.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd up n a better: he's a sure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth, I e'en madebold to strike up a Bargain with him, that, if I escap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd present to ne Brother of his Order with Part of the Booty taken.

taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable Uses.

Dom. There you hit him: *St. Dominick* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make short my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the worthiest Man: ————— here are fifty good Pieces in this Purse.

Dom. How, fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conscience.

Lor. Here; take 'em, Father.

Dom. No, in Troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.]

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your Strength against a decrepit, poor, old Man?

[*Takes the Purse.*

As I said, 'tis too great a Bounty; but *St. Dominick* shall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, Father, we will not trouble him 'till the next Battle. But you may do me a greater Kindness, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female, mortal, Married-Woman-Saint: Look upon the Supercription of this Note; you know *Don Gomez* his Wife.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who, *Donna Elvira*? I think I have some Reason: I am her Ghostly Father.

Lor. I have some Business of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is so horribly given to be jealous————

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very Quintessence of Jealousy: he keeps no Male Creature in his House: and from abroad he lets no Man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in Spiritual Affairs. But he has his Humours with

with me too: for t'other Day, he call'd me False Apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all: on my Word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action; you might revenge the Church's Quarrel—— My Letter, Father.——

Dom. Well, so far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuse to a Man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an Answer back, that Purse in your Hand as a Twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are Fifty Pieces lie dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom. That must not be: not a Farthing more upon my Priesthood.—— But what may be the Purport and Meaning of this Letter; that I confess a little troubles me.

Lor. No Harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable Man; and I'll take your Word: my Comfort is, I know not the Contents; and so far I am blameless. But an Answer you shall have, though not for the Sake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have sworn not to take them: they shall not be altogether Fifty: —— your Mistress, —— forgive me that I should call her your Mistress, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next Door: I'll visit her immediately: but not a Word more of the nine and Forty Pieces.——

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs.—— Fifty Pounds for the Postage of a Letter! to send by the Church is certainly the dearest Road in Christendom. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Gomez, and Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banish Flesh and Wine: I'll have none stirring within these Walls these twelve Months.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd, the sooner I am rid of Wedlock. I shall learn the Knack to fast a-days; you have us'd me to fasting Nights already.

Gom. How the Gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious Hilding!

Elv. [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent Creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Lascivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elv.

Elv. Was it such a Crime to enquire how the Battle pass'd?

Gom. But that was not the Business, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battle past; you were engaging for a Skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest Woman would be glad to hear, that her Honour was safe, and her Enemies were slain.

Gom. [*In her Tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your Defence; and, in case he were, to offer your self to be his Chirurgeon: — then, you did not describe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Huncks.

Elv. No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what Dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at Noon Day; and dreamt you were talking to the fore said Purpose with one Colonel *Hernando*. —

Elv. Who, dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I said? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elv. No, but my dear, little, old Man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your Sake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your self: be confin'd, I say, during our Royal Pleasure: But, first, down on your Marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction.

[*Pulls her down.*]

Elv. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submission: But I'll complain to my Ghostly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Punishment, you run with open Mouth to your Confessor; that Parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he must chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my Hands of his Ghostly Authority one Day, [*Enter Dominick.*] and make him know he's the Son of a — [*sees him.*] So; — no sooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle. —

Dom. Son of a what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no Harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your Words for you 'till time shall serve: and to-morrow I injoin you to fast, for Penance.

Gom.

Gom. [*aside.*] There's no Harm in that; she shall fast too: Fasting saves Money.

Dom. [*to Elvira.*] What was the Reason that I found you upon your Knees, in that unseemly Posture?

Gom. [*aside.*] O horrible! to find a Woman upon her Knees, he says, is an unseemly Posture; there's a Priest for you.

Elv. [*to Dom.*] I wish, Father, you wou'd give me an Opportunity of enteraining you in private: I have somewhat upon my Spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. [*aside.*] This goes well: *Gomez*, stand you at a Distance, — farther yet, — stand out of Ear-shot, — I have somewhat to say to your Wife in private.

Gom. [*aside.*] Was ever Man thus Priest-ridden? would the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am sure there's Room for it.

Elv. I am asham'd to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to, — and yet I dare not. —

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful; — if you keep your Wound from the Knowledge of your Surgeon; —

Elv. You know my Husband is a Man in Years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I shall be silent: but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age: he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my Heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forc'd me to cast my Affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: — hold, hold; I meant abominable: — Pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aside.*]

Elv. I have seen this Man, Father; and have encourag'd his Addresses: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier, of a most winning Carriage; and what his Courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own Frailty.

Dom. [*aside.*] 'Tis he for certain: — she has sav'd the Credit of my Function, by speaking first; now I must take Gravity upon me.

Gom. [*aside.*] This Whispering bodes me no Good for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the Lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your Matrimonial Vow?

Elv.

Elv. Yes, to my Sorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miserable Woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage-Vow is but a thing of course, which all Women take, when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very solemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: ——— but, notwithstanding, it may be broken, upon some Occasions. ——— Have you striven with all your Might against this Frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to strive always: but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it excuses the Sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer. — Now, Gentlewoman, you are confessing your Enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast Look: injoin her to sit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can do no less in Conscience.

Dom. Hold your Peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make Use of my Authority? your Wife's a well-dispos'd and a vertuous Lady; I say it, *In verbo Sacerdotis*.

Elv. I know not what to do, Father; I find my self in a most desperate Condition; and so is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a galant young Man, I must confess, worthy of any Lady's Love in Christendom; in a lawful Way, I mean; of such a charming Behaviour, so bewitching to a Woman's Eye; and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good Tokens, this must be my Colonel *Hernando*.

Elv. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for Love of you: for he press'd a Letter upon me, within this Hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I receiv'd it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full Resolution, never to put it in to your Hands.

Elv. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I shall

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Gem. [*Whispering still.*] A Pox of your close Committee! I'll listen, I'm resolv'd. [*Steals nearer.*]

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it — use your Discretion; but for my Part, I wash my Hands on't. — What makes you list'ning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elu. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your Peril be it then. I have told you the ill Consequences; & *liberavi animam meam.* — Your Reputation is in Danger, to say nothing of your Soul. Notwithstanding, when the Spiritual Means have been apply'd, and fails: in that Case, the Carnal may be us'd. — You are a tender Child, you are; and must not be put into Despair: your Heart is as soft and melting as your Hand.

[*He strokes her Face; takes her by the Hand; and gives the Letter.*]

Gem. Hold, hold, Father; you go beyond your Commission: Palming is always held foul Play amongst Gamesters.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are misconstrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd 'till you are excommunicate.

Gem. [*aside.*] Ah, Devil on him; there's his Hold! If there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Censure, a wise Man wou'd lick his Conscience whole with a wet Finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am out-law'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elu. [*rising.*] I have read the Note, Father, and will send him an Answer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my Part; but I wish your Intentions be honest. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a silent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him: to save a Man's Life is a Point of Charity; and Actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewel, Daughter. — *Gomez*, cherish your virtuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction. [*Going.*]

Gem. Stay; I'll conduct you to the Door, — that I may be sure you steal nothing by the Way. — Fryars wear

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wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. — Oh, 'tis a
Judas Iscariot. [Exit after the Fryar.]

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will understand nothing of the Business; and yet does it all.

*Pray, Wives and Virgins, at your Time of Need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's Breed.* [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Lorenzo in Fryar's Habit, meeting Dominick.

Lor. **F**ather Dominick, Father Dominick; Why in such
Haste, Man?

Dom. It shou'd seem a Brother of our Order.

Lor. No, 'faith, I am only your Brother in Iniquity:
my Holiness, like yours, is meer Out-side,

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphosis! On
what Occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter*
into a Town-Bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I
have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in Answer to that I sent
by you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my Message faithfully:
I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your Hint: the other Fifty Pieces
are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. Bat this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit, that in all Ages has been friendly to
Fornication: You have begun the Design in this Cloth-
ing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The Husband is ab-
sent; that evil Counsellor is remov'd; and the Sovereign
is graciously dispos'd to hear my Grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counsel is but thrown
away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son!
ah——

Lor. How! will you turn Recreant at the last Cast?
You must along to countenance my Undertaking: We
are at the Door, Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor.

Lor. You may stay, Father; but no fifty Pounds without it; that was only promis'd in the Bond: But the Condition of this Obligation is such, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform——

Dom. No I better think on't, I will bear you Company; for the Reverence of my Presence may be a Curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your *Myrmidon*, and enter. [Exit.

Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young Appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a Banquet—— Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my Design, never Woman had such a Husband to provoke her, such a Lover to allure her, or such a Confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly Father has given it a Dose of Church-Opium to lull it: Well, for soothing Sin, I'll say that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Christendom.

Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. [lifting up his Hood.] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elv. My Soul!

[*They embrace.*

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous Swimming in my Head, and such a Mist before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will do me good. I'll take a Turn in your Garden; but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good Opinion of you.

[*Exit Dominic.*

Elv. This is certainly the Dust of Gold which you have thrown in the good Man's Eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my Mind misgives me, this Sickness of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor.

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Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conscience I'll be sworn. You see, Madam, 'tis Interest governs all the World: He preaches against Sin; why? because he gets by't: He holds his Tongue; why? because so much more is bidden for his Silence.

Elv. And so much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those Eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the Hazard I have run to see you here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I love not at a common Rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his Opportunities; he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treasurer, for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the Nick, he vanishes in a Twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches wound up for striking Twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary Sound of single One.

Lor. How, Madam! do you invite me to a Feast, and then preach Abstinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a Feast where the Dishes are serv'd up in order: You are for making a hasty Meal, and for chopping up your Entertainment, like an hungry Clown. Trust my Management, good Colonel, and call not for your Desert too soon: Believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloyes the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this Distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: What am I to undertake or suffer ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy, by these dear Eyes.

Elv. Spare your Oaths and Protestations; I know you Gallants of the time have a Mint at your Tongue's End to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by Heavens, if you were in a Condition —————

Elv.

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your Promises, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your Eyes. In few Words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, Lady mine, I take you at your Word; and if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest: There are Hedges in Summer, and Burns in Winter to be found: I with my Knapfack, and you with your Bottle at your Back: We'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your Hand, and strike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand and Kisses it.*]

Lor. In Sign and Token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and so forth——— When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft Wax?

Elv. O Heavens! I hear my Husband's Voice.

Enter Gomez.

Glm. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's something in the Wind I'm sure, because your Woman would have run up Stairs before me; but I have secur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps——— Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like these frequent Conjunctions of the Flesh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good Father; my Husband you see is in an ill Humour, and I would not have you witness of his Folly.

[*Lorenzo going.*]

Gom. [*running to the Door.*] By your Reverence's Favour, hold a little, I must examine you something better before you go. Hey day! who have we here? Father *Dominic* is shrunk in the Wetting two Yards and a Half about the Belly. What are become of those two Timber-logs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that stood strutting like the two black Posts before a Door? I am afraid some bad Body has been setting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the Quantity for a Receipt. This is no Father *Dominic*, no huge overgrown

grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking Fryar: As sure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been spawning this young slender Anti-christ.

Elv. [*Aside.*] He will be found, there's no Prevention.

Gom. Why does he not speak? What! is the Fryar possess'd with a dumb Devil? if he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gom. A Novice, quoth-a; you would make a Novice of me too if you could: But what was his Business here? Answer me that, Gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual Instructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb Preacher. This will not pass; I must examine the Contents of him a little closer: O thou Confessor! confess who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World.

[*He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him; his Habit flies open, and discovers a Sword: Gomez starts back.*
As I live, this is a manifest Member of the Church militant.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am discover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge.—Yes, faith 'tis I, honest *Gomez*; thou seest I use thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Visit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have suspected you for so much Godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Visit, after so friendly an Invitation as I made you. Marry, I hope you will excuse the Blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your Hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up of old Unkindness: I was upon the Frolick this Evening, and came to visit thee in Masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an Hour with my Wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speak'st my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then to help you out? you would have been fumbling half an Hour for this Ex-

cuse

cuse—— But, as I remember, you promis'd to storm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of red Locusts upon me for free Quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are black Locusts in the World as well as red.

Elv. [*Aside.*] When comes my Share of the Reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honestest, kind Man; I was resolv'd I would not out of thy House till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conscience, if I had staid abroad till Midnight. But, Colonel, you and I shall talk in another Tone hereafter; I mean, in cold Friendship, at a Bar before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant. Your Excuses want some Grains to make 'em current. Hum and Ha will not do the Business—— There's a modest Lady of your Acquaintance, she has so much Grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to youthful Appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his Entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been above a Quarter of an Hour.

Gom. And a Quarter of that time would have serv'd thy Turn: O thou Epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Messalina* the Second, retire to thy Apartment: I have an Affignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all Obedience—— [*Exit Elvira.*

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you: We may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons than by Lawyers Tongues. In the mean time no ill Treatment of your Wife, as you hope to die a natural Death, and go to Hell in your Bed. *Bilbo* is the Word, remember that and tremble——

[*He's going out.*

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the Name of Goodness? My Mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with your selves: Here will be fine Work, I'm afraid, at your next Confession.

Lor. [*Aside.*] The Devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the Shame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his Part too.

Dom. [*Seeing Gom.*] Bless my Eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a Cuckold of this honest Gentleman's making; I thank him for his Pains.

Dom. I confess I am astonish'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own Contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my Business—— Nay, do not look so strangely; remember your own Words, Here will be fine Work at your next Confession. What naughty Couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had trusted 'em a full Quarter of an Hour; and, by the way, Horns will sprout in less time than Mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my Order upon light Suspicions. The naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animosities on both Sides. Now that was the Occasion, mark me, *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged Spirits too long together. You might have broken out into Revellings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confessions.

Lor. [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy self, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other Ford, good Father, you shall catch no Gudgeons here. Look upon the Prisoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the Name of Colonel *Hernando*.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I see no Man but a reverend Brother of our Order, whose Profession I honour, but whose Person I know not, as I hope for Paradise.

Gom.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the Pity; you do not know him, under this Disguise, for the greatest Cuckold-maker in all *Spain*.

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villain! Nay, if he be such a Man, my righteous Spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy Garments for a Cover-shame of Lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father: When a swinging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a Fryar's Hood; for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to do a Mischief, and then shrinks 'em back for Safety, like a Snail into her Shell.

Lor. [*Aside.*] It's best marching off while I can retreat with Honour. There's no trusting this Fryar's Conscience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy Robes. This is the old Church-trick; the Clergy is ever at the Bottom of the Plot, but they are wise enough to slip their own Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it: ————— [*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the House behind me. Gather up your gouty Legs, I say, and rid my House of that huge Body of Divinity.

Dom. I expect some Judgment shou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetousness, and Jealousy will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocrisy, and Gluttony into your Scale, Father, and you shall weigh against me: Nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine Parts, and scarce leaves the Laity a Tith.

Dom. How dar'st thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, because you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Issachar*. You make Asses of us, to bear your Burdens: When we are young, you put Paniers upon us with your Church-Discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: After that, you procure for other Men, and then you load our Wives too. A fine Phrase you have amongst you to draw us into Marriage.

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you call it Settling of a Man; just as when a fellow has got a sound Knock upon the Head, they say he's settled: Marriage is a settling Blow indeed. They say every thing in the World is good for something, as a Toad, to suck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for, till your Pimping shew'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou Slanderer; thy Offences be upon thy Head.

Gom. I believe there are some Offences there of your planting. [Exit Dominic.]

Lord, Lord, that Men should have Sense enough to set Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats and Foxes, and yet —

Want Wit a Priest trap at their Door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in Houses prey. [Exit Gomez.]

S C E N E, a Bed-chamber.

Queen, and Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since Yesterday;
Your Food forsakes you, and your needful Rest:
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see *Torrismond*, you are unquiet;
But when you see him not, you are in Pain.

Qu. O let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,
And writ, for *Leonora, Torrismond*.
I went to Bed, and to my self I thought
That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more:
Then shut my Eyes, but cou'd not shut out him.
I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was lost.
Fev'rish, for want of Rest, I rose, and walk'd,
And, by the Moon-shine, to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
I cast my Eyes upon the neighbouring Fields,
And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to my self,
There fought my *Torrismond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Soldier shew,
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As Boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em while they slide.
Oh, how shall I describe this growing Ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks, I stand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague Fit;
And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am ashamed to say, 'tis but a Fancy.
At Break of Day, when Dreams, they say, are true,
A drowsy Slumber, rather than a Sleep,
Seiz'd on my Senses, with long Watching worn.
Methought I stood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I must needs o'erspass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden, *Torri-smond* appear'd,
Gave me his Hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the Billows Heads,
'Till safely we had reach'd the farther Shore, I scape.

Ter. This Dream portends some Ill which you shall
Wou'd you see fairer Visions? Take this Night
Your *Torri-smond* within your Arms to sleep;
And, to that End, invent some apt Pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'Twou'd be better yet,
Could you provoke him to give you th' Occasion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran at a Distance.

Qu. My Stars have sent him;
For, see, he comes: How gloomily he looks!
If he, as I suspect, have found my Love,
His Jealousy will furnish him with Fury,
And me with Means to part.

Bert. [*Aside*] Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her false?
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My Genius whispers me, be cautious, *Bertran*!
Thou walk'st on a narrow Mountain's Neck,
A dreadful Height, with scanty Room to tread.

Qu. What Bus'ness have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bert. What Bus'ness, Madam?

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what Bus'ness?
'Tis somewhat sure of weighty Consequence
That brings you here so often, and so late for;

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Bert. [*Aside.*] 'Tis what I fear'd; her Words are cold
To freeze a Man to Death. — May I presume [enough
To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dares bellow, or what Sheep dares bleat
Within the Lion's Den?

Bert. Yet Men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Blessings, for they then are Debts. [give;

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own Time when to
But you, it seems, charge me with Breach of Faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when Men in Sicknes lingring lie,
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years;
So every Day deferr'd to dying Lovers,
Is a whole Age of Pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?
My Father's Promise ties me not to Time;
And Bonds without a Date they say are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freest Motion of our Minds;
O, could you see into my secret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Mistress. If you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be displeas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me Cause to think, that when you lost
Three Battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;
Fate was not in my Power.

Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you saw
A raw young Warrior take your baffled Work,
And end it at a Blow.

Bert. I humbly take my Leave; but they who blast
Your good Opinion of me, may have Cause
To know I am no Coward. [He is going.

Qu. *Bertran*, stay:

[*Aside.*] This may produce some dismal Consequence
To him whom dearer than my Life I love.

To him.] Have I not manag'd my Contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert.

Bert. Then was it but a Trial?

Merhinks I start as from some dreadful Dream,
And often ask my self if yet I wake.

Aside] This Turn's too quick to be without Design;
I'll sound the Bottom of't ere I believe.

Qu. I find your Love, and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears solicit my weak Breast.

I fear my Peoples Faith:

That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings,
But harder by Usurpers.

Judge then, my Lord, with all these Cares oppress'd,
If I can think of Love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam,

These Jealousies, however large they spread,

Have but one Root, the old imprison'd King;

Whose Lenity first pleas'd the gaping Crowd:

But when long try'd, and found supinely good,

Like *Æsop's* Log, they leapt upon his Back.

Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,

He rein'd 'em strongly, and he spurr'd them hard;

And, but he durst not do it all at once.

He had not left alive this patient Saint,

This Anvil of Affronts, but sent him hence

To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,

And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound, and jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,

Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;

Lop that but off, and then ———

Qu. My Virtue shrinks from such an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Virtue out of Season.

Mercy is good, a very good dull Virtue;

But Kings mistake its timing, and are mild

When manly Courage bids 'em be severe.

Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.

Remove this threatening Danger from your Crown,

And then securely take the Man you love.

Qu. [*walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that: The Man
'Tis true, this Murder is the only Means

[*I love?*
Thi-

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That can secure my Throne to *Torrismond*.
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the Peoples Hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the
stronger in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is Mischief to persuade!
Few are so wicked as to take Delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and human Laws,
No Bribe but Love, cou'd gain so bad a Cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you, think what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torrismond*;
Whom she has thrice in private seen this Day:
Then I am finely caught in my own Snare.
I'll think again ——— Madam, it shall be done;
And mine be all the Blame. [*Exit Bertran.*]

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done:
The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven's self decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Causes they proceed:
Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on stormy Seas, without a Guide,
Toft by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

Enter Torrismond.

Torr. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your Presence, Madam? If I am ———

Qu. No more, lest I shou'd chide you for your Stay:
Where have you been, and how cou'd you suppose
That I cou'd live these two long Hours without you?

Torr. O, Words to charm an Angel from his Orb!
Welcome as kindly Showers to long parch'd Earth!
But I have been in such a dismal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers,
Bound in with Darkness, over-spread with Damps,

Where

Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
The good old King, majestic in his Bonds,
And 'midst his Griefs most venerably great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon th' unwholesome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a silent Tear
Stole down and trickled from his hoary Beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy sad Discourse, and for my sake
Cast off these fearful melancholy Thoughts.

Torr. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Blossoms are with Eastern Blasts:
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.

Torr. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to disclose:
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;
He prais'd my Courage; pray'd for my Success:
He was so true a Father of his Country,
To thank me, for defending, ev'n his Foes,
Because they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Torr. The Sovereign of my Soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen?

Torr. You are so beautiful
So wondrous fair, you justify Rebellion:
As if that faultless Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The King must die, he must, my *Tourismond*,
Though Pity softly plead within my Soul,
Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in Dowry with my Love.

Torr. Perish that Crown — on any Head but yours; —
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour-glass, when his hasty Sand
Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter-Storm.

Qu. Let me but do this one Injustice more:
His Doom is past; and, for your Sake, he dies.

Torr. Wou'd you, for me, have done so ill an Act,
And will not do a good one?

Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O spare this great, this good, this aged King;
And spare your Soul the Crime!

Qu. The Crime's not mine;
'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with false Hopes to gain my Crown and me:
I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no Leave;
But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Torr. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day;
How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
And foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,
That must be doom'd for Murder? think on Murder:
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future State;
And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.

[*Exit.*]

Torr. Ten thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag
Fiends, tear him: blasted be the Arm that struck, [him,
The Tongue that order'd; — only she be spar'd,
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings?
Why slept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too,

'Tis

'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recal:
And since 'tis past recal, must be forgotten;

Torr. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it, After-Ages
Shall with a fearful Curse remember ours;
And Blood shall never leave the Nation more

Qu. His Body shall be Royally interr'd,
And the last Funeral-Pomps adorn his Herse;
I will my self, (as I have Cause too just)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies:
And yearly fix on the revolving Day
The solemn Marks of Mourning, to atone,
And expiate my Offences.

Torr. Nothing can,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:
Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd,
And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.
The spiteful Stars have shed their Venom down,
And now the peaceful Planets take their Turn.
This Deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me just Occasion to refuse him.
What hinders now, but that the holy Priest
In secret join our mutual Vows? and then
This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.

Torr. Be still, my Sorrows; and, be loud, my Joys.
Fly to the utmost Circles of the Sea,

Thou furious Tempest, that hast toss'd my Mind,
And leave no Thought, but *Leonora* there. —

What's this I feel a boding in my Soul?

As if this Day were fatal; be it so;

Fate shall but have the Leavings of my Love:

My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great;

The Lion, though he sees the Toils are set,

Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,

Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day;

At Night, with sullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[*Exeunt.*]

C 5

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *before Gomez's Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, and two Soldiers at a Distance.

Dom. I'LL not wag an Ace farther: The whole World shall not bribe me to it; for my Conscience will digest these gross Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conscience not digest 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in Spain can shew a Conscience, that comes near it for Digestion: it digested Pimping, when I sent thee with my Letter: and it digested Perjury, when thou swor'st thou didst not know me: I'm sure it has digested me Fifty Pound of as hard Gold as is in all Barbary: Prithce, why should'st thou discourage Fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; — phau; no, — *[spiss.]* I do not love a pretty Girl; — you are so waggish; — *[spiss again.]*

Lor. Why, thy Mouth waters at the very Mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty Pleasure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purse, and wearing out your Body, with hunting after unlawful Game.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murder, and Murder to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiors, for what thou hast done already:

Dom. I'm resolv'd to swear it if you do: Let me advise you better, Colonel, than to accuse a Church-man to a Church-man: in the Common Cause we are all of a Piece; we hang together.

Lor. *[Aside.]* If you don't, it were no Matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering

fering to corrupt my Honesty, and bribe my Conscience: you shall be summon'd by an Host of Paritours; you shall be sentenc'd in the Spiritual Court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd; ——— and ———

[Here Lorenzo takes a Purse, and plays with it, and at last, lets the Purse fall chinking on the Ground; which the Fryar eyes.

In another Tone.] I say, a Man might do this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a mind to bring Matters to Extremity; but, considering, that you are my Friend, a Person of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather die a thousand Deaths than disoblige you.

[Lorenzo takes up the Purse, and pours it into the Fryar's Sleeve.

Nay, good Sir; nay, dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this Gomez is: Pshaw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, shall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a Witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her Word to be ready at the Door (for I must reveal it in Confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the Help of these two Soldiers? I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain Admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my Cloathing; yonder I see him keeping Centry at his Door; have you never seen a Citizen, in a cold Morning, clipping his Sides, and walking forward and backward, a mighty Pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Pass, in Spite of his Suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a Repulse, we must throw off the Fox's Skin, and put on the Lion's: Come, Gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, Colonel.

[They retire all three to a Corner of the Stage, Dominick goes to the Door where Gomez stands.

Dom. Good Even, Gomez, how does your Wife?

Gom.

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conspiring Cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her Thoughts how to cure you of your Jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your Leave, *Gomez*; I have some spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may spare your Instructions, if you please, Father, she has no farther Need of them.

Dom. How, no Need of them! Do you speak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your Counsel, that she can say her Lesson, without your teaching. Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my Duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your Leave.

Gom. She's a little indispos'd at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[*Dominick offers to go by him, but it other stands before him.*]

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those Occasions that a Confessor is most necessary; I think, it was my good Angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good Angels sent you hither, that you best know, Father.

Dom. A Word or two of Devotion will do her no Harm I'm sure.

Gom. A little Sleep will do her more Good I'm sure: You know she disburthen'd her Conscience but this Morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this Afternoon, she may have new Occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order Matters with the Colonel, she may have Occasion of confessing her self every Hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a Man to speak; why ever since your last Defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light Indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight Days, and perhaps longer, as I see Occasion: what; I know the Mind of her Sickness a little better than you do.

Dom.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary, with a chargeable long Bill of *Ana's*: those of my Family have the Grace to die cheaper: in a Word, Sir *Dominick*, we understand one another's Business here; I am resolv'd to stand like the *Swiss* of my own Family, to defend the Entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Nosters*, if you please, and try if you can make my Doors fly open, and batter down my Walls, with Bell, Book, and Candle; but I am not of Opinion, that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this Manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and his Cardinals in the same Manner, if they offer'd to see my Wife, without my Leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou dost not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and so I leave you to recreate your self with the End of an old Song———*and Sorrow came to the old Fryar.* [Exit.

Lorenzo comes to him.

Lor. I will not ask you your Success; for I over-heard Part of it, and saw the Conclusion; I find we are now put upon our last Trump; the Fox is catch'd, but I shall send my two Terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what Haste you can, to bring out the Lady: What say you, Father? Burglary is but a venial Sin among Soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an Enemy of the Church——There is a Proverb, I conf.s, which says, That dead Men tell no Tales; but let your Soldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too! The Wickedness of this old Villain startles me, and gives me a Twinge for my own Sin, though come far short of his: Hark you, Soldiers, be sure you use as little Violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less Danger to us.

Lor.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old King you know is just murder'd, and the Persons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers seize him for one of the Assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee Mercy with all my Heart, for suspecting a Fryar of the least Good-nature; what, wou'd you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it self, but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical Rogue, whom we must dispatch: He has rail'd against the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the Murder of a thousand Kings; *Omne majus continet in se minus*: He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King if he had been in the Circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-Man, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in Heaven by Hook or Crook into his Quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were first order'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Design, but not altogether so mischievous; the People are infinitely discontented, as they have Reason; and Mutinies there are, or will be, against the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he should be secur'd as a Traitor; but he shall only be Prisoner at the Soldiers Quarters; and when I am out of Reach, he shall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you must have Recourse to your infallible Church-remedies, Lye impudently, and Swear devoutly, and as you told me but now, let him try whose Oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming.

[*They withdraw.*]

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on their Backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help, Neighbours; my House is broken open by Force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, Villains?

will

will you carry me away like a Pedlar's Pack upon your Backs; will you murder a Man in plain Day-light?

**First Soldier.* No; but we'll secure you for a Traitor, and for being in a Plot against the State.

Gem. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a Plot: Why, how can you in Conscience suspect a rich Citizen of so much Wit as to make a Plotter? There are none but poor Rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Soldier. Away with him; away with him.

Gem. O my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and Exit.*]

Lor. Thus far we have sail'd with a merry Gale, and now we have the *Cape of Good Hope* in sight; the Trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*]

Aside. Ah, my Father and *Pedro* stand at the Corner of the Street with Company, there's no stirring 'till they are past!

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your Arm?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended, and the Knight may carry off the Lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at Liberty, but stand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wing in vain against her Cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, though she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no Time, but make haste while the Way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old Gentleman of my Acquaintance that blocks up the Passage at the Corner of the Street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's Eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us than Hedges in Summer and Barns in Winter. Here's the very Heart, and Soul, and Life-Blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladies, 'till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I stand on Thorns; pr'ythee, Dear, look out, and see if the Coast be free for our Escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[*E. vira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon her. She shrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories — What do I see! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. [*Aside.*] What a hopeful Enterprize is here spoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Cheer up, Man, thou art out of Jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tiger to thy Rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a Courtesy with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tiger's Wings; and, what were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual Authority in your Behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what End and Purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of Doors —

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence sum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends. The Colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my Voice, came in to save me; the Fryar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful Wife runs out of Doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and shrieks out for Joy at my Return. But if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the Nick, I should neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for Joy my self for the Loss of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Germ. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I shall thank you within Doors for your safe Custody of my Jewels and your own. [*He thrusts his Wife off the Stage.*

[*Exit Elvira.*

As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we shall try before a Civil Magistrate who's the greater Plotter of us two. I against the State, or you against the Petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complaain, you shall for something. [*Beats him.*

Germ. Murder! Murder! I give up the Ghost! I am destroy'd! help! Murder! Murder!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the Neighbours are coming out with Forks, and Fire-shovels, and Spits, and other domestick Weapons; the Militia of a whole Alley is rais'd against us.

Lor. This is but the Interest of my Debt, Master Usurer; the Principal shall be paid you at our next Meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid asleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good Counsel; ah——

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar severally.*

Germ. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's such a terrible Fellow, that my Mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one Quarter of an Hour; my poor Limbs smart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, smart Limb, ake Head, and sprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? there's for that, [*beats his own Head.*] and to a fine, young, modish Lady, must ye? there's for that too; and, at Threescore, you old, dotting Cuckold, take that Remembrance——a fine Time of Day for a Man to be, bound Prentice, when he is past using of his Trade; to set up an Equipage of Noise, when he has most Need of Quiet; instead of her being under Covert-Baron, to be under Covert-Femme my self; to have my Body Disabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, lastly, to be crouded into a narrow Box with a shrill Trebble,

That

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That with one Blast, through the whole House does bound,
And first taught Speaking-Tumpets how to sound. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso and Pedro.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious Absence,
To find, at my Return, my Master murder'd?
O, that I could but weep, to vent my Passion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis observ'd at Court,
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To see how you resent King *Sancho's* Death.

Raym. What generous Man can live with that Constraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much less to flatter
A Court like this! can I sooth Tyranny?
Soon pleas'd, to see my Royal Master murder'd,
His Crown usurp'd, a Distaff in the Throne;
A Council made, of such as dare not speak,
And could not, if they durst; whence honest Men
Banish themselves, for Shame of being there;
A Government, that, knowing not true Wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home?

Alph. Virtue must be thrown off 'tis a coarse Garment,
Too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will dissemble for an End
So great, so pious, as a just Revenge:
You'll join with me?

Alph. No honest Man but must.

Ped. What Title has this Queen but lawless Force?
And Force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity *Lemora's* Case;
For'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which most her Soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can do, of Good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly join your Son to our Design.

Raym. Your Reason for't.

Ped. I want Time to unriddle it:
But on your t'other Face; the Queen approaches.

Enter

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

Raym. And that accursed *Bertran*.

Stalks close behind her, like a Witch's Fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

Queen to Bertran. Bury'd in private, and so suddenly?
It crosses my Design, which was t'allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:
Objects of Pity, when the Cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Croud:
Had *Caesar's* Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cause.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd?

Bert. O, never Man so much, for Saint-like Goodness:
Ped. [*Aside.*] Had bad Men fear'd him but as good Men
He had not yet been Sainted. [*low'd him,*

Qu. I wonder how the People bear his Death.

Bert. Some Discontents there are; some idle Murmurs.
Ped. How, idle Murmurs! Let me plainly speak:

The Doors are all shut up; the weathered Sort,
With Arms a-cross, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent Shops;
Whole Drove of Lenders crowd the Banker's Doors,
To call in Money; those who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for which they rise, in Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Men of News,
And listen with their Mouths;
Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make it,
And he who lyes most loud is most believ'd.

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Raym [*Aside.*] Pray Heav'n it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall;
Self-Preservation is the first of Laws:
And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,
They justify Rebellion by that Law;
As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right
To cut for them, when Self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one,
You'll make your self a Tyrant; let these know
By what Authority you did this Act.

Bert.

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Bert. You much surprize me to demand that Question:
But, since Truth must be told, 'twas, by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or, by Heaven, your Head shall answer
The Forfeit of your Tongue.

Raym. [*Aside*] Brave Mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me.

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in Words;
The Dial spoke not, but it made shrewd Signs,
And pointed full upon the Stroke of Murder:
Yet this you said,
You were a Woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my Care.

Qu. What, if I said,
I was a Woman, ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' Advantage of my Sex,
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your Toils;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
Were you to make my Doubts your own Commission?

Bert. This 'tis to serve a Prince too faithfully:
Who, free from Laws himself, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure Disgrace;
And, if perform'd, to Ruin.

Qu. This 'tis to counsel Things that are unjust:
First, to debauch a King to break his Laws,
(Which are his Safety,) and then seek Protection
From him you have endanger'd; but, just Heaven,
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil,
More deep than those he tempted.

Bert. If Princes not protect their Ministers,
What Man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare
To serve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But, when a Counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay Miscarriages upon his Prince,
Exposing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O, 'tis an Act as infamously base,
As, should a common Soldier skulk behind,
And thrust his General in the Front of War:
It shews, he only serv'd himself before,
And had no Sense of Honour, Country, King;

But

But center'd on himself; and us'd his Master,
As Guardians do their Wards, with Shews of Care,
But with Intent, to sell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;
And, had I not been sotted with my Zeal,
I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my Sight!
The Prince who bears an Insolence like this,
Is such an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whose Bolts the Boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor singe. [*Exit cum suis.*]

Queen to Raymond, who kisses her Hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I saw you not before: One honest Lord
Is hid with Ease among a Croud of Courtiers:
How can I be too grateful to the Father
Of such a Son as *Torrismond*?

Raym. His Actions were but Duty.

Qu. Yet, my Lord,
All have not paid that Debt, like noble *Torrismond*.
You hear, how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,
Of which, your Son can witness, I am free;
I sent to stop the Murder, but too late;
For Crimes are swift, but Penitence is slow;
The bloody *Bertran*, diligent in Ill,
Flew to prevent the soft Returns of Pity.

Raym. O cursed Haste, of making sure a Sin!
Can you forgive the Traitor?

Qu. Never, never:
'Tis written here in Characters so deep,
That seven Years hence, ('till then should I not meet him,)
And in the Temple, then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the holy Altar to the Block, [*me, Justice.*]

Raym. [*Aside.*] She's fir'd, as I would wish her; aid
As all my Ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruin both at once:—It wounds indeed, [*To her.*]
To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven.

And

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And not have Power to punish; yet one Way
There is to ruin *Bertram*.

Qu. O, there's none;
Except an Host from Heaven can make such Haste
To save my Crown, as he will do to seize it:
You saw, he came surrounded with his Friends,
And knew besides, our Army was remov'd
To Quarters too remote for sudden Use.

Raym. Yet you may give Commission
To some bold Man, whose Loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the Train-Bands of the City.

Qu. Gross Feeders, Lion-Talkers, Lamb-like Fighters,

Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What pushing Force they have; some popular Chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,
And, in a Trice, the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricad'd,
And *One and All's* the Word; true Cocks o'th' Game,
That never ask, for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a Roe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cause of Quarrel.

Qu. There may be Danger, in that boist'rous Rout:
Who knows, when Fires are kindled for my Feet,
But some new Blast of Wind may turn those Flames
Against my Palace-walls?

Raym. But still their Chief
Must be some One, whose Loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that Trust than you,
Whose Interests, though unknown to you, are mine?

Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the Rabble,
He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym. [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*] First seize *Bertram*
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.

Alph. Our lawful Prince?

Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.

Ped. to Alph. Now we want your Son *Lorenzo*: what
a mighty Faction

Would he make for us of the City-wives,
With, Oh, dear Husband, my sweet Honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel; if you love,
Be for the Colonel; oh, he's the finest Man! [*Exit.*]

Raym.

Raym. [*Aside.*] So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks, she's in the Depth of my Design,
And that it's all for her; but Time shall shew,
She only lives to help me ruin others.
And last, to fall her self.

Qu. Now, to you, *Raymond*: Can you guess no Reason
Why I repose such Confidence in you?

You needs must think,
There's some more powerful Cause than Loyalty:
Will you not speak, to save a Lady's Blush?
Must I inform you, 'tis for *Turrismond*,
That all this Grace is shewn? [I fear'd.

Raym. [*Aside.*] By all the Powers worse, worse than what

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a Choice?
I love a Man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force. O pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before;
Yet think so vast a Treasure as your Son,
Too great for any private Man's Possession;
And him too rich a Jewel to be set
In vulgar Metal, or for vulgar Use.

Raym. Arm me with Patience, Heaven!

Qu. How, Patience, *Raymond*!
What Exercise of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?
Or in my Person loath'd? Have I, a Queen;
Past by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whose vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,
And raise new Kings from so obscure a Race,
Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my Person, Crown and State,
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my self with Earth,
For you to spurn the Balance?

Raym. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say;
Can I, can any loyal Subject, see
With Patience such a Stoop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Prook?
My Zeal for you must lay the Father by,
And plead my Country's Cause against my Son.

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What though his Heart be great, his Actions galant,
He wants a Crown to poise against a Crown,
Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow;
But he brings Worth and Virtue to my Bed;
And Virtue is the Wealth which Tyrans want:
I stand in need of one whose Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, aly me to his Fame,
Dispel the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Disarm the Justice of the Powers above.

Raym. The People never will endure this Choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go raise the Ministers of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempest round,
And see its Fury fall where I design;
At last a Time for just Revenge is given;
Revenge, the darling Attribute of Heaven:
But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;
To be a Saint, he makes himself a Slave. [Exit Queen.]

Raym. [*solus.*] Marriage with *Torrismond*! it must not be,
By Heaven, it must not be; or if it be,
Law, Justice, Honour bid farewell to Earth,
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him.

Torr. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! You come in such a Time,
As if propitious Fortune took a Care,
To swell my Tide of Joys to their full Height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At least, to save your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you steer your Vessel right, my Son,
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's Melody,
Into an unseen Whirlpool draws you fast,
And in a Moment sinks you.

Torr: Fortune cannot,
And Fate can scarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy Storm
That wanted Wings to reach me in the Deep.
Your Pardon, Sir; my Duty calls me hence;

I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddess,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you Ray, and hear me first.
This Hour's the very *Crisis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame,
And all the Colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.

Torr. I see no Danger;
The City, Army, Court, espouse my Cause,
And, more than all, the Queen with publick Favour
Indulges my Pretensions to her Love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Design.

Torr. If she can make me blest? she only can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her Sex,
In whose Possession Years roll round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kisses, Embraces, Languishing, and Death
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various Seasons of our Love:
And doubt you if such Love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.

Torr. And what can shock my Honour in a Queen?

Raym. A Tyrant, an Usurper?

Torr. Grant she be.

When from the Conqueror we hold our Lives,
We yield our selves his Subjects from that Hour:
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Because he took it not by lawless Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd by that t'assist his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murders?

Torr. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unresist'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession;
She's in Possession.

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Raym. So Diseases are:

Shou'd not a lingring Fever be remov'd,
Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?
Do I rebel when I wou'd thrust it out?
What, shall I think the World was made for one,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men,
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark those who dote on arbitrary Power,
And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,
And Slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.
O Baseness, to support a Tyrant Throne,
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World!
Nay, to become a Part of Usurpation;
To espouse the Tyrant's Person and her Crimes,
And on a Tyrant get a Race of Tyrants,
To be your Country's Curse in After-Ages.

Torr. I see no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but disturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman,
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man?
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er consented.
Now, Son, suppose
Some brave Conspiracy were ready form'd
To punish Tyrants, and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you so far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?

Torr. How cou'd my Hand rebel against my Heart?

Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebel against your Reason?

Torr. No Honour bids me fight against my self;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And she who reigns bestows her Crown on me:
So must I be ungrateful to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead,
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?

For

For know there yet survives the lawful Heir
Of *Sancho's* Blood, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assur'd to see you pale with Fear,
And trembling at his Name.

Torr. He must be more than Man who makes me trem-
I dare him to the Field with all the Odds [ble:
Of Justice on his Side, against my Tyrant:
Produce your lawful Prince; and you shall see
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet sign'd,
And given me by the King, when Time shou'd serve
To be perus'd by you.

Torr. reads.] *I the King,*
My youngest and alone surviving Son,
Repos'd dead t'escape rebellious Rage,
'Till happier Times shall call his Courage forth
To break my Resters, or revenge my Fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismoad ———
If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismoad*,
The World contains not so forlorn a Wretch!
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were join'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Torr. O cruel Man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any Pity in your Breast,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate;
And plunge me in my first Obscurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my self,
O yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father still.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too
Now, in the Name of Honour, Sir, I beg you [plain:
(Since I must use Authority no more)
On these old Knees I beg you, ere I die,
That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

Torr. Why, 'tis the only Business of my Life; *le*

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My Order's issu'd to recal the Army,
And *Bertran's* Death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's? O, she's the chief Offender!
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand? [der!
No, if she scape, you are your self the Tyrant,
And Murderer of your Father.

Torr. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reserv'd me!

Raym. Why that Sigh?

Torr. Since you must know, (but break, O break, my
Before I tell my fatal Story out,) [Heart,
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,
The Murderer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O Horror! Horror! After this Alliance
Let Tigers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man designs, when Heav'n opposes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Usurper,
Indeed to save a Crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make sure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd — One more Question
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Cause of all your Woes,
Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your Sight than Toads and Adders?

Torr. O there's the utmost Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more: — Farewel, my much lamented King.
[*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far,
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finish'd my Designs
On *Bertran* and the Queen, but in despite
Ev'n of himself I'll save him. [Exit Raymond.

Torr. 'Tis but a Moment since I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
And lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Blessings for a Curse.
With what a Load of Vengeance am I prest,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Rest;
For when my heavy Burden I remove,
The Weight falls down, and crushes her I love.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Torrismond.

Torr. LOVE, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge,
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast,
And I am all a Civil-War within!

Enter Queen and Teresa at a Distance..

My *Leonora* there!

Minel! is she mine? my Father's Murderer mine?

Oh! that I could, with Honour, love her more,

Or hate her less, with Reason! See, she weeps;

Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why

I thus estrange my Person from her Bed:

Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:

She'll know too soon her own and my Misfortunes. [*Exit.*]

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost; did't thou not see

His fullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:

He look'd not like the *Torrismond* I lov'd. [*ceeds?*]

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this Change pro-

Qu. No: there's the Grief, *Teresa*: Oh, *Teresa*!

Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,

But Shame and Modesty have ty'd my Tongue!

Yet, I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me.

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!

With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!

And suck'd my Breath at every Word I spoke,

As if he drew his Inspiration thence:

While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,

As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:

I thought: Oh no; 'Tis false: I could not think;

'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then sure his Transports were not less than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers Light

I cou'd discern his Cheeks were glowing red,

His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,

And sparkl'd through their Casements humid Fires:

He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and wou'd have spoke,

But was too fierce to throw away the Time;

All he cou'd say was Love, and *Leonora*.

D 3

Ter.

Ter. How then can you suspect him lost so soon?

Qu. Last Night he flew not with a Bridegroom's Haste,
Which eagerly prevents the pointed Hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wassing Light,
And listned to each softly-treading Step,
In Hope 'twas he: but still it was not he.
At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
So wild, so ghastly, as if some Ghost had met him;
All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himself a-bed;
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd; but still from me.

Ter. What, all the Night?

Qu. Even all the live-long Night.
At last: (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)
I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,
So restless past the Night: and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vanish'd.

Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Paleness and Trembling, all are Signs of Love;
He only fears to make you share his Sorrows.

Qu. I wish 'twere so: but Love still doubts the worst.
My heavy Heart, the Prophets of Woes,
Forebodes some Ill at Hand: To sooth my Sadness,
Sing me the Song, which poor *Olympia* made,
When false *Bireno* left her. —————

A S O N G.

I.

Farewell, ungrateful Traitor,
Farewell, my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a Blessing,
And Love see long a Pain.

II.

II.

- 'Tis easy to deceive us,
In Pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have deserv'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it;
But she that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

III.

The Passion you pretended,
Was only so obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure;
'Till we have lost our Treasure:
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torrismond.

Torr. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;
But wander like some discontented Ghost,
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [Going again.

Qu. O. Torrismond, if you resolve my Death,
You need no more, but to go hence again;
Will you not speak?

Torr. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! oh, speak!
Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Torr. Oh!

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

Torr. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you speak that Word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Virtue.

Torr. No! No! Pray let me go.

Qu. [Kneeling.] You shall not go:
By all the Pleasures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not;
By these true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes ———

Torr. Rise.

Qu. I will never rise,
I cannot choose a better Place to die.

Torr. Oh! I wou'd speak, but cannot.

Qu. [*Rising.*] Guilt keeps you silent then; you love me
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done? [*not:*
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd:
And like a Rose just gather'd from the Stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the Ground.

Torr. For Heav'n's Sake, Madam, moderate your Passion.

Qu. Why nam'st thou Heav'n? there is no Heav'n for
Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul: [*me.*
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd and deform'd,
And loathsome: Oh! what Woman can bear loathsome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the closer: but ungrateful Man,
Base, barbarous Man, to more we raise our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his Ardour.
Racks, Poison, Daggers, rid me of my Life;
And any Death is welcome.

Torr. Be witness all ye Powers that know my Heart;
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,
But she has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:
Here, take this Paper, read our Destinies;
Yet do not; but in Kindness to your self,
Be ignorantly safe.

Qu. No! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.

Torr. Then see how much unhappy Love has made us.
O Leonora! Oh!

We two were born when fullen Planets reign'd;
When each the other's Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth,
Oh! better, better had it been for us,
That we had never seen, or never lov'd,

Qu. There is no Faith in Heav'n, if Heav'n says so.
You dare not give it.

Torr.

Torr. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out Opium to a Friend
Who lay in Torture, and desir'd to die. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, spare my Sight the Pain
Of seeing what a World of Tears it costs you.
Go, silently enjoy your Part of Grief,
And share the sad Inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirsty Fever in my Soul,
Give me but present Ease, and let me die.

[*Exe. Queen and Teresa*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the City-Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All clustring in a Heap, like swarming Hives,
And rising in a Moment. [*King.*

Torr. With Design to punish *Bertran*, and revenge the
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Torr. The Queen, *Lorenzo*! durst they name the Queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Torr. O Sacrilege! say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Torr. Death and Hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my *Lorenzo*? dar'st thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me save the Queen?

Lor. [*Aside.*] Let me consider;
Bear Arms against my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whose Sake did he beget me?
For his own, sure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but says Conscience: Fly in Nature's Face?
But how, if Nature fly in my Face first?
Then Nature's the Aggressor: Let her look to't —
—— He gave me Life, and he may take it back: —
No, that's Boy's Play, say I. —

82 *The SPANISH FRYAR.*

'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different Sides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treason.

To Torr. Sir, upon mature Consideration, I have found
my Father to be little better than a Rebel, and therefore,
I'll do my best to secure him, for your Sake; in Hope,
you may secure him hereafter for my Sake.

Torr. Put on thy utmost Speed to head the Troops,
Which every Moment I expect to arrive:

Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful King:

I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* Life,

Though I no more must call him Father now.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How! not call him Father? I see Proffer-
ment alters a Man strangely, this may serve me for a Use
of Instruction, to cast off my Father when I am great.
Methought too, he call'd himself the lawful King; inti-
mating sweetly that he knows what's what with our
Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my Father, as I hope in
Heaven I shall, I am in a fair Way to be a Prince of the
Blood. Farewell General; I'll bring up those that shall
try what Mettle there is in Orange-Tawny. [*Exit.*

Torr. [*At the Door.*] Haste there, command the Guards
be all drawn up

Before the Palace-Gate. ——— By Heaven, I'll face

This Tempest, and deserve the Name of King.

O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,

Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before!

Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me,

Then all the Blest will beg, that thou may'st live,

And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive. [*Exit.*

S C E N E, *The Palace-Yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their Party.

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the Time is come,
To shew your Courage, and your Loyalty:

You have a Prince of *Sancho's* Royal Blood;

The Darling of the Heavens, and Joy of Earth;

When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among you;

Speak, what will you adventure to re-seat him

Upon his Father's Throne?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our Success,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our Way?

Omn. Lead on, lead on.

[Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.]

*Enter Torrismond and his Party: As they are going
to fight, he speaks.*

Torr. *[To his.]* Hold, hold your Arms.

Raym. *[To his.]* Retire.

Alph. What means this Pause?

Ped. Peace: Nature works within them.

[Torr. and Raym. go apart.]

Torr. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On these harsh Terms! thou very reverend Rebel?

Thou venerable Traitor, in whose Face

And hoary Hairs Treason is sanctified;

And Sin's black Dye seems blanch'd by Age to Virtue.

Raym. What Treason is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Torr. That's a stale Cheat;
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, first us'd it,
And was the first Reformer of the Skies.

Raym. What, if I see my Prince mistake a Poison,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traitor,
Because I hold his Hand, or break the Glass?

Torr. How dar'st thou serve thy King against his Will?

Raym. Because 'tis then the only Time to serve him.

Torr. I take the Blame of all upon my self.
Discharge thy Weight on me.

Raym. O, never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toss'd in a Tempest,
Without the Pilot's Care.

Torr. I'll punish thee,
By Heav'n, I will, as I wou'd punish Rebels,
Thou stubborn loyal Man.

Raym. First let me see
Her punish'd who misleads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into Pieces,
And I shall die well pleas'd.

Torr. Proclaim my Title,
To save th' Effusion of my Subjects Blood, and then
Be as my Foster-Father near my Breast. *[Thats all]*
And next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That Word stabs me.

84 *The SPANISH FRYAR.*

You shall be still plain *Torriſmond* with me,
Th' Abettor, Partner, (if you like that Name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
'Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.

Torr. Then, farewel Pity, I will be obey'd.
[To the People.] Hear, you miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treason: See your Prince,
In me behold your murder'd *Sapcho's* Son;
Diſmiſs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his Words are loſe
As Heaps of Sand, and ſcattering wide from Senſe.
You ſee he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to poſſeſs th' uſurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his airy Hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Torr. Hear me yet, I am ———

Raym. Fall on, fall on; and hear him not:
But ſpare his Perſon for his Father's Sake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that ſhall cure
him. There's not a Surgeon in all *Arragon* has ſo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-Vein.

Torr. My Right for me!

Raym. Our Liberty for us!

Omni. Liberty, Liberty! — [As they are ready to fight,
Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

Lor. On Forfeit of your Lives, lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again, Father mine. The
beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerors. I have been
at hard-head with your butting Citizens; I have routed
your Herd; I have diſperſt them; and now they are re-
created quietly, from their extraordinary Vocation of fight-
ing in the Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of cozening
in their Shops.

Torr. [to *Raym.*] You ſee 'tis vain contending with the
Acknowledge what I am. [Truth,

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your
But by a fatal Fondneſs you betray. [own;
Your Fame and Glory to th' Uſurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Blood and Paricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora's* Gift,
And hug your Father's Murderer in your Arms.

Exit

Enter Queen, Teresa, and Women.

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the Basilisk of *Torrismond*,
That kills him with her Eyes. I will speak on,
My Life is of no farther Use to me:
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. [*Aside.*] My Heart sinks in me while I hear him
And every slacken'd Fibre drops its Hold, [speak,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the Name of Father awes me still.
Send off the Croud: For you, Now I have conquer'd,
I can hear with Honour your Demands.

Lor. to Alph. Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor? My
Conscience is true to me, it always whispers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes prater Torr. Raym. and Leon.*

Torr. O *Leonora*! what can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmost:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at last that Tyrant, Justice! Oh ———

Qu. 'Tis past, 'tis past: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Pow'rs above;
They made m'a Miser's Feast of Happiness,
And cou'd not furnish out another Meal.
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men,
By all my Foes at once; I swear, my *Torrismond*,
That to have had you mine for one short Day,
Has cancell'd half my mighty Sum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.

Torr. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? say that once more;
That all the Saints may witness it against you.

Qu. Cruel *Raymond*!

Can he not punish me, but he must hate?
O! 'tis not Justice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's Person with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To lose a Crown and Lover in a Day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour strikes. [Pity,

Raym. Then, then you shall have thought of Tears and
When Virtue, Majesty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho's* Life,

80 The SPANISH FRYAR.

Qu. My future Days shall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every Day an hundred aged Men
Shall all hold up their wither'd Hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho's* Death.

Torr. See, *Raymond*, see: She makes a large Amends:
Sancho is dead: no Punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff Limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his blessed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Rest,
To see, with Joy, her Miseries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But Man, who knows not Hearts, should make Examples;
Which, like a Warning-piece, must be shot off,
To fright the rest from Crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Blood
To save one Drop of his.

Torr. Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What, if she did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the best of Men,
Heaven's Image double-stamp'd, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say,
But yet ———

Raym. But yet you barbarously murder'd him:

Qu. He will not hear me out!

Torr. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him, Sirens;
For I shall stop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollify Damnation with a Phrase:
Say you consented not to *Sancho's* Death,
But barely not forbade it.

Qu. Hard-hearted Man, I yield my guilty Cause,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love,
Had I, for Jealousy of Empire, sought
Good *Sancho's* Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life:
But Intérest never could my Conscience blind,
'Till Love had cast a Mist before my Eyes;

And made me think his Death the only Means
Which could secure my Throat to *Terriford*.

Torr. Never was fatal Mischief meant so kind,
For all she gave has taken all away:

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be restor'd?

'Tis to be worse depos'd than *Sancho* was.

Raym. Heaven has restor'd you, you depose your self:
Oh! when young Kings begin with Scorn of Justice,
They make an Omen to their After-Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremost Page.

Torr. No more; lest you be made the first Example,
To shew how I can punish.

Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me hers.

Torr. Condemn a Wife!
That were to atone for Parricide with Murder!

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor scanty Justice! Let her part.

Torr. Divorce! that's worse than Death, 'tis Dra'h of Love,

Qu. The Soul and Body part not with such Pain,
As I from you: but yet 'tis just, my Lord:
I am th' Accurst of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subject's Detestation, and your Ruin:
And therefore fix this Doom upon my self.

Torr. Hear'n? Can you wish it? to be mine no more?

Qu. Yes, I can wish it, as th' dearest Proof,
And last, that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you blest, I would be more accurst
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long:
And hoard up every Moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till even fierce *Raymond*, at the last shall say,
Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough.

Torr. Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick-Blood-bond hear, and melt.

Raym. [Aside.] I could cry now, my Eyes grow wo-
But yet my Heart holds out. [manifest]

Qu. Some solitary Cloister will I choose,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:

88 *The SPANISH FRYAR.*

Coarse my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:
Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfy'd at last.
Fasting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall do dead *Sancho* Justice every Hour.

Raym. [*Aside.*] By your Leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*]

Torr. He weeps, now he's vanquish'd.

Raym. No! 'Tis a salt Rheum that scalds my Eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd.
I'll leave you in the Height of all my Love,
Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its Way,
And struggles to you most.

Farewel, a last Farewel! my dear, dear Lord;
Remember me; speak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora's* Love,
And shed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?

Raym. [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall; pray go.

Torr. Now, by my Soul, she shall not go: why *Raymond*,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and lose 'em all.

[*Exit Torr. with the Queen.*]

Raym. No Matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
Now let him frisk and flounce, and run, and roll,
And think to break his Hold: He toils in vain.
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd so greedily,
Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter Alphonso and Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he desires
Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,
This Day shall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his safe Conduct he intreats your Presence,
And begs you would be speedy.

Raym. Though I loath
The Traitor's Sight, I'll go: Attend us here. [*Exit*]

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, with Officers to
make the Stage as full as possible.

Ped. Why, how now *Gomez*; What mak'st thou here
with a whole Brotherhood of City-Bailiffs? Why, thou
lookest like *Adam* in Paradise, with his Guard of Beasts
about him.

Gom. Ay, and a Man had Need of them, Don *Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Priest, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take Notice how uncharitably he talks of Church-Men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable Belfwagger: My Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-Buckets, and call'd for Engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your Wife, her Education has been virtuous, her Nature mild and easy.

Gom. Yes! she's easy with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless Virgin still for me——she's never the worse for my wearing; I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threescore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am.——

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no Reason to complain of him for disturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your self; the Church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me speak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit, where you preach by Hours.

Dom. And you edify by Minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uses and Applications for your selves.

Red. Gomez. give Way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first! nay, I will, Fryar? for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll speak Truth in few Words, and then you may come afterwards and lie by the Clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he shall lye and forswear himself with any Fryar in all *Spain*: that's a bold Word now.——

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well what have you to say against your Wife, *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first Place, that I and all Men
are

are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelor-Cobler is a happier Man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all visited with a household Plague, and, *Lord have Mercy upon us* should be written on all our Doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the seven blessed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly Sins: but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a Man Neck and Heels for all that! But, as for my Wife, that Crocodile of *Nilus*, she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and with the Help of the aforesaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, devilishly contriv'd to steal her self away, and under her Arm feloniously to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how say'st thou Cui-prit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath point-blank against every Particular of this Charge.

Elv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual Custom, I heard a soul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what Haste my Limbs would suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian Arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without Respect to my Sacerdotal Orders, push'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, just as a Man would set up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, 'till a good-minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker Part you may be sure——whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him

im like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong
him, and gave him Bastinado on Bastinado, and Buffet
pon Buffet, which the poor meek Colonel, being pro-
rate, suffered with a most Christian Patience.

Gomez. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very
thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodemont*, he
made Assault and Battery upon my Person, beat me into
the Colours of the Rainbow. And every Word this
domineering Priest has utter'd is as false as the *Alcoran*.
as if you want a thorough-pac'd Lyar that will swear
rough thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

*Lor. Lorenzo, who comes behind the Company, and stands
at his Father's Back unseen, over-against Gomez.*

Lor. [*aside.*] How now! what's here to do? my Cause
trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now
surscore take him for an old bawdy Magistrate, that
looks like the Picture of Madam Justice, with a Pair of
scales in His Hand, to weigh Letchery by Ounces.

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Co-
lonel *Alonzo*?

Gom. He's the first begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face
terrible as *Danagargon*.

Alonzo steps over Alphonso's Head, and starts at Gomez.
Now! I see, I see!

's a very proper handsome Fellow! well proportion'd,
d clean shap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward, Gomez? dost thou
not counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Design upon your
sweet Son, if that be prov'd, you shall have Justice.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as
badly as he will. I say, Sir, and I will prove it, that
had a lewd Design upon her Body, and attempted to
rupt her Honesty. [*Lor. lifts up his Fist clench'd at him.*
I confess my Wife was as willing—as himself; and
believe, 'twas she corrupted him: for I have known
n formerly a very civil and modest Person.

Elv. You see, Sir; he contradicts himself at every Word:
s plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, Man! and say what thou wilt,
and by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly: he struck me on the Face
before

before my own Threshold, that the very Walls cry Shame on him. [Lor. holds up ag.]

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the Man's peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out, in spite of him.

Pud. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my Part, I see no Wrong that has been fer'd him.

Gem. How? no Wrong? why, he ravish'd me w the Help of two Soldiers, carried me away *Vi & An* and would have put me into a Plot against the Government. [Lor. holds up ag.]

I confess, I never could endure the Government, cause it was tyrannical; but my Sides and Shoulders black and blue, as I can strip, and shew the Marks 'em. [Lor. ag.]

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yesterday upon the Pebbles. [All laugh.]

Dom. Fresh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a most manifest Judgment, there never comes better of railing against the Church.

Gem. Why, what will you have me say? I think you make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's End half Hour, and I have not the Power to bring it out, Fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gem. Why, my Colonel: I mean my Wife's Color that appears there to me like my *Malus Genius*, and rifies me.

Alph. [Turning.] Now you are mad indeed, Gem this is my Son Lorenzo.

Gem. How! your Son Lorenzo! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your Wife Elvira is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this Pains about a Sister?

Gem. No, you have taken some about me: I am if you are her Brother, my Sides can shew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to Lor. You know I put your Sister into a Nery, with a strict Command, not to see you, for you should have wrought upon her to have taken Habit, which was never my Intention; and consequently I married her without your Knowledge, that it was not in your Power to prevent it.

The SPANISH FRYAR. 93

Elv. You see, Brother, I had a natural Affection to you.
Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I lost! Now, Pox
 on me, for being so near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholden to Fryar Domi-
 ; the Church is an indulgent Mother, she never fails
 do her Part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; those
 Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburden him of my hun-
 d Pistoles, to make him the lighter for his Journey:
 red, 'tis partly out of Conscience, that I may not be
 ssary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alph. I have no secular Power to reward the Pains
 have taken with my Daughter: But I shall do't by
 xy, Fryar, your Bishop's my Friend, and is too ho-
 , to let such as you infect a Cloister.

Gom. Ay, do Father-in-law, let him be stript of his
 ir, and dis-order'd ——— I would fain see him walk
 Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Furr
 n his Back, that the World may once behold the In-
 of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewel, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my
 ring before I go. ———

May your Sisters, Wives and Daughters, be so natu-
 lewd, that they may have no Occasion for a Devil
 empt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em.

[Exit with a Rabble pushing him.]

Enter Torrismond, Leonara, Bertran, Ray-
 mond, Teresa, &c.

Ber. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
 every one partake the general Joy.

ie Angel with a golden Trumpet sound,
 g *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing Skies
 m Pole to Pole resound, King *Sancho* lives.

Bertran, oh! no more my Foe, but Brother:
 : Act like this blots out a thousand Crimes.

Ber. Bad Men, when 'tis their Interest, may do Good:
 ust confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* Murder;

I urg'd the Queen by specious Arguments:
 Still, suspecting, that her Love was charg'd,
 read abroad the Rumour of his Death,

94 *The SPANISH FRYAR.*

To sound the very Soul of her Designs:
Th' Event you know was answering to my Fears:
She threw the Odium of the Fact on me,
And publickly avowed her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to save the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveness.

Torr. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life,
Whether by Virtue or Design preserv'd,
Claims all within my Power.

Qu. My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire
But *Sancho's* Leave to authorize our Marriage.

Torr. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So merciful a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive:
But let the bold Conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care

[Exit *On*]





EPILOGUE,

By a Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

THERE'S none, I am sure, who is a Friend to Love,

But will our Fryar's Character approve:

be ablest Spark among you sometimes needs

much pious Help, for charitable Deeds.

our Church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want

these Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saints:

his gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be

the Reason of the Growth of Popery.

When Mahomet's Religion came in Fashion,

by the large Leave it gave to Fornication.

we fear not the Guilt, if you can pay for't well;

there is no Dives in the Roman Hell.

Heaven opens the strait Gate, and lets him in;

but Want of Money is a Mortal Sin.

For all besides you may discount to Heaven,

and drop a Bead, to keep the Tallies even.

Now are Men cozen'd still with Shows of good!

The Bawd's best Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.

Though Vice no more a Clergyman displeases,

than Doctors can be thought to hate Diseases.

'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,

by your Debauches, their fat Paunches swell.

'Tis a Mock War between the Priest and Devil,

when they think fit, they can be very civil.

'Tis some, who did French Counsels first advance,

to blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.

EPILOGUE.

*Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl;
That with more Ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-Man's Godliness is always Gain,
Hence to their Prince they will superior be;
And Civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty:
They boast the Gift of Heaven is in their Power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they less Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouse up you Cuckolds of the Northern Climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such Crimes,
Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy Drone
To hum in his forsaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his Sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,
When they have lost the Sound of Aaron's Bells.*

FINIS.



OEDIPUS

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK's THEATRE.

Written by

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

*Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
Ni teneant* —————

Virg.

*Vos exemplaria Græcæ,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.* Horat.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCXXXIV.

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N. B. *Whereas one R. Walker has proposed to pirate all SHAKESPEAR'S Plays, but thro' Ignorance of what Plays are SHAKESPEAR'S; did in several Advertisements propose to print OEDIPUS KING OF THEBES, as one of SHAKESPEAR'S Plays; and has since printed TATE'S KING LEAR instead of SHAKESPEAR'S, and in that and HAMLET has omitted almost one half of the genuine Editions printed by J. Tonson and Proprietors: The World will therefore judge how likely they are to have a compleat Collection of SHAKESPEAR'S Plays from the said R. Walker.*



P R E F A C E.



THOUGH it be dangerous to raise too great an Expectation, especially in Works of this Nature, where we are to please an unsatiable Audience; yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an Author, and therefore both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* inform'd you, that *Oedipus* was the most celebrated Piece of all Antiquity: That *Sophocles*, not only the greatest Wit, but one of the greatest Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage at the publick Cost, and that it had the Reputation of being his Master-piece, not only amongst the Seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater Number which are perish'd. *Aristotle* has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry, *Horace* has mention'd it: *Lucullus*, *Julius Caesar*, and other noble *Romans*, have written on the same Subject, though their Poems are wholly lost; but *Seneca's* is still preserv'd. In our own Age, *Corneille* has attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great Success: But a judicious Reader will easily observe, how much the Copy is inferior to the Original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his Success to the happy Episode of *Theseus* and *Dirce*; which is the same thing, as if we should acknowledge, that we were indebted, for our good Fortune to the Under-plot of *Andrastus*, *Eurydice*, and *Creon*. The truth is, he miserably fail'd in the Character of his Hero: if he desir'd that *Oedipus* should be pitied, he shou'd have made him a better Man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to shew him in his first En-

trance

P R E F A C E.

trance, a Just, a Merciful, a Successful, a Religious Prince, and in short, a Father of his Country: Instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the *Theban* Crown, than solicitous for the Safety of his People: Hectored by *Theseus*, contemn'd by *Dirce*, and scarce maintaining a second Part in his own Tragedy. This was an Error in the first Concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the second or the third: He introduc'd a greater Hero than *Oedipus* himself; for when *Theseus* was once there, that Companion of *Hercules* must yield to none. The Poet was oblig'd to furnish him with Business, to make him an Equipage suitable to his Dignity, and by following him too close, to lose his other King of *Brentford* in the Crowd. *Seneca*, on the other side, as if there was no such thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expression, pointed Sentences, and philosophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The *Frenchman* follow'd a wrong Scent; and the *Roman* was absolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of *Corneille*, was, that an Episode must be, but not his Way: And *Seneca* supply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his *Tiresias* raising the Ghost of *Lajus*: Which is here perform'd in view of the Audience, the Rites and Ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the *Greeks*: But he himself was beholden to *Homer's Tiresias* in the *Odysses* for some of them: And the rest have been collected from *Heliodorus's Ethiopiques*, and *Lucan's Eri thro*. *Sophocles* indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have follow'd him as close as possibly we could: But the *Athenian* Theatre, (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene, (or two at most) which manage the Business of the Play, and after that succeeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up more time in Singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The principal Person appears almost constantly through the Play; but the inferior Parts seldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we

are


P R E F A C E.

are oblig'd never to lose any considerable Character which we have once presented. Custom likewise has obtain'd, that we must form an Under-plot of second Persons, which must be depending on the first, and their By-walks must be like those in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great Parterre: Or like so many several lodging Chambers, which have their Outlets into the same Gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we could think so, the ancient Method, as 'tis the easiest, is also the most Natural, and the Best. For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject to breed Distraction: And while we would please too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we please in none. But we have given you more already than was necessary for a Preface, and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Instructions, than that Politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a Condition to invade them.



P R O L O G U E.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian State did guide,
 And Greece gave Laws to all the World beside,
 Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
 Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit:
 And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
 But as 'twas sung in Verse, or said in Prose.
 Then, OEdipus, on Crowded Theatres,
 Drew all admiring Eyes, and listning Ears;
 The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,
 The noblest, manliest, and the best Design!
 And every Critick of each learned Age
 By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.
 Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
 Damn it in Silence, lest the World should hear.
 For were it known this Poem did not please,
 You might set up for perfect Salvages:
 Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men:
 But think the Nation all turn'd Picts agen.
 Faith as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
 You should suspect your selves of too much Wit.
 Drive not the Jest too far, but spare this Piece;
 And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
 See twice! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,
 Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
 Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
 On pointed Cannon do not always run.
 With some respect to ancient Wit proceed;
 You take the four first Councils for your Creed.
 But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,
 And on the private Spirit alone relye,
 You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
 If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
 You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
 And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay,
 Record it, in Memorial of the Fact,
 The first Play bury'd since the Woollen Act.



EPILOGUE.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the Piece,
With all their Force, to draw their pond'rous Mass from
Greece.

A Weight that bent ev'n Seneca's strong Muse,
And which Corneille's Shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is th' Athenian Harp to string!
So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
Terror and Pity this whole Poem sway;
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will these vulgar Souls be found,
Whom two such Engines cannot move from Ground?
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this Birth,
You can but Damn for one poor spot of Earth;
And when your Children find your Judgment such,
They'll scorn their Sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,
How much his Wit must under-write to please.
As some strong Churl would brandishing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full two thousand Years
Has crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs,
Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own Defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his Worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each other's Pow'r assure,
Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure.
Their Treat is what your Palates relish most,
Charm! Song! and Show!—a Murder and a Ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OEdipus
Adrastus
Creon
Tresias
Hæmon
Alcander
Diocles
Pyraemon
Phorbas
Dymas
Ægeon
Ghost of Lajus

Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Samford.
Mr. Harris.
Mr. Crosby.
Mr. Williams.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Boman.
Mr. Gillo.

Mr. Williams.

W O M E N.

Jocasta
Erydice
Manto

Mrs. Betterton.
Mrs. Lee.
Mrs. Evans.

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E T H E B E S.

O E D I P U S.



OE D I P U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present Condition of Thebes; dead Bodies appear at a Distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles, and Pyracmon.

ALCANDER.

Methinks we stand on Ruins; Nature shakes
About us; and the universal Frame
So loose, that it but wants another Push
To leap from off its Hinges. [Globe
Dioc. No Sun to cheer us; but a bloody
That rolls above; a bald and beamless Fire;
His Face o'er-grown with Scurf: The Sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seasons
Lie all confus'd; and, by the Heav'n's neglected,
Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way, and seeing not his Livery,
Häs-driv'n him headlong back: And the raw Damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their pestilential Colds and Rheums

Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murraings follow'd
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
At last, the Malady
Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Master's Feet.

Dioc. And next his Master:
For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded
First on inferior Creatures try'd their Force:
And last they seiz'd on Man.

Pyr. And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a first Man fell; one but began
To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?

[*Groan within.*]

Dioc. A Troop of Ghosts took flight together there:
Now Death's grown Riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
How are we sure we breathe not now our last,
And that next Minute,
Our Bodies cast into some common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a People?

Alc. There's a Chain of Causes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Necessity
That whate'er is, could not but so have been;
That's my Security.

To them enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our Streets lie cover'd
With dead and dying Men;
And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
More than she hides in Graves!
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
The Nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death.

Dioc. Now, *OEdipus*,
(If he return from War, our other Plague)
Will scarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be sung before him.

Alc. He will do well to bring the Wives and Children

Of conquer'd *Argians*, to renew his *Thebes*.

Cre. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates,
With their detested Omen.

Dioc. Of his Children.

Cre. Nay, though she be my Sister, of his Wife.

Alc. O that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!

Dioc. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.

Cre. Come, you're my Friends:

The Queen my Sister, after *Laius* Death,
Fear'd to lie single; and supply'd his Place
With a young Successor.

Dioc. He much resembles
Her former Husband too.

Alc. I always thought so.

Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his
He will be very *Lajus*. [black Locks,

Cre. So he will:

Mean time she stands provided of a *Lajus*
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
These Women are such cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The same resemblance in a younger Lover
Lies brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
And urges their Remembrance to Desire.

Dioc. Had Merit, not her Dotage, been consider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *OEdipus*,
A Stranger!

Cre. That word Stranger, I confess,
Sounds harshly in my Ears.

Dioc. We are your Creatures,
The People prone, as in all general Ills,
To sudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman weak and unregarded;
Euridice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princess young and beauteous, and unmarried.
Methinks from these disjointed Propositions
Something might be produc'd.

Cre. The Gods have done
Their Part, by sending this commodious Plague.
But oh the Princess! her hard Heart is shut

By Adamantine Locks against my Love.

Alc. Your Claim to her is strong: You are betroth'd;

Cre. True; in her Nonage;

Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, young *Adraftus*,
When he was Hostage here ———

Cre. Oh Name him not! the Bane of all my Hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warrior, has the Charms
Of Youth, and somewhat of a lucky Rashness,
To please a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.

Alc. But since the War broke out about our Frontiers,
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*.

Cre. But is not so to her; see, she appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: You insinuate
Kind Thoughts of me into the Multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with Freedom;
And you shall see 'em toss their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had stung 'em.

Dioc. We'll about it. [*Exeunt Alc. Dioc. and Eyr.*]
Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Euridice*!
A lavish Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of such Kindred-mould to Heav'n,
Thou seem'st more Heav'n's than ours.

Eur. Cist round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were so thick sown with Men,
Like *Cadmus* Brood they jostled for the Passage:
Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways.
When you have thought on this, then answer me;
If these be Hours of Courtship.

Cre. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods destroy so fast, 'tis time
We should renew the Race.

Eur. What, in the midst of Horrour?

Cre. Why not then?

There's the more need of Comfort,

Eur. Impious *Creon*!

Cre. Unjust *Euridice*! can you accuse me

Love, which is Heav'n's Precept, and not fear
Vengeance, which you say pursues our Crimes,

Should

Should reach your Perjuries?

Eur. Still th' old Argument.

I bad you cast your Eyes on other Men,

Now cast 'em on your self: Think what you are.

Cre. A Man.

Eur. A Man!

Cre. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.

Eur. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you
For any other Part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: Hence from my Sight,
Thou Poison to my Eyes.

Cre. 'Twas you first poison'd mine; and yet methinks
My Face and Person should not make you sport.

Eur. You force me, by your Importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Cre. A Prince, who loves you;
And since your Pride provokes me, worth your Love;
Ev'n at its highest Value.

Eur. Love from thee!

Why Love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the Light:
Nature her self start back when thou wert born;
And cry'd, the Work's not mine ———
The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy Mountain back, and thy distorted Legs,
Thy Face it self,
Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beast, stood doubting long,
Whose Right in thee were more:
And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames,
Were not the holier Work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mould? yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joins,
Unable to resist, and rumbled 'em
On heaps in their dark Lodging, to revenge
Her bungled Work she stamp't my Mind more fair:
And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The God strook Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making less than Man, he made me more.

Eur. No; thou art all one Error, Soul and Body.

The first young Trial of some unskill'd Pow'r;
 Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
 The crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back;
 And wander'd in thy Limbs: To thy own kind
 Make Love, if thou canst find it in the World:
 And seek not from our Sex to raise an Offspring,
 Which, mingl'd with the rest, would tempt the Gods
 To cut off human Kind.

Cre. No; let 'em leave
 The *Argian* Prince for you: That Enemy
 Of *Thebes* has made you false, and break the Vows
 You made to me.

Eur. They were my Mother's Vows,
 Made when I was at Nurse.

Cre. But hear me, Maid;
 This Blot of Nature, this deform'd, loath'd *Creon*,
 Is Master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
 Of your young *Minion*, spoil the Gods fine work,
 And stab you in his Heart.

Eur. This when thou dost,
 Then mayst thou still be curs'd with loving me:
 And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
 And let his Ghost — No, let his Ghost have rest;
 But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
 Let *Creon* haunt himself. [Exit Eur.]

Cre. 'Tis true, I am
 What she has told me, an Offence to Sight:
 My Body opens inward to my Soul,
 And lets in Day to make my Vices seen
 By all discerning Eyes, but the blind Vulgar.
 I must make haste ere *Oedipus* return,
 To snatch the Crown and her; for I still love;
 But love with Malice; as an angry Cur
 Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
 The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
 And leave the scraps for Slaves.

Enter *Tiresias*, leaning on a Staff, and led by his
Daughter Manto.

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad!
 Wou'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
 For Earth and me; I'll shun his Walk; and seek
 My popular Friends. [Exit Creon.]

Tir. A little farther; yet a little farther,
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary Steps: and thou who seest
For me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
With impious Steps upon dead Corps; — Now stay;
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
Where are We?

Man. Under Covert of a Wall:
The most frequented once, and noisy Part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight Silence reigns ev'n here;
And Grass untrodden springs beneath our Feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this Place a sunny Bank!
There let me rest a while: a sunny Bank!
Alas! how can it be, where no Sun shines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowzy Head
To glimmer through the Damps.

[*A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow, A Creon,
A Creon, A Creon.*]

Hark! a tumultuous Noise, and *Creon's* Name
Thrice echo'd.

Man. Fly, the Tempest drives this way.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindness take their flight?
If I could fly, what could I suffer worse,
Secure of greater Ills!

[*Noise again, Creon, Creon, Creon:*

*Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; followed
by the Crowd.*

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but must refuse
The Honours you intend me; they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better Choice.

1 *Cit.* Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my
That's double work. [Life:

2 *Cit.* My first Word is always my Second; and
therefore I'll have no second Word: and therefore
once again I say, A *Creon*.

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon*!

Cre. Yet hear me, Fellow-Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow-Citizens! there was a Word of Kindness!

Alc. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar

1 *Cit.* Never, never; he was too proud. [Name?

Cre.

Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a Stranger!
But under him our *Thebes* is half destroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish
Under a *Theban* born.

'Tis true, the Gods might send this Plague among you,
Because a Stranger rul'd: but what of that,
Can I redress it now?

3 Cit. Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us,
Because he reigns.

Cre. *Oedipus* may return: you may be ruin'd.

1 Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 Cit. Half of us that are here present, were living Men
but Yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop and
drop, and no Man knows whether he be dead or living.
And therefore while we are sound and well, let us satisfy
our Consciences, and make a new King.

3 Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Co-
ronation, and then if we must die, we'll go merrily to-

All. To the Question, to the Question.

Dioc. Are you content, *Creon* should be your King?

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon*!

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*, and thou *Creon*, hear me.

1 Cit. Who's that would be heard? we'll hear no Man:
We can scarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

1 Cit. Oh, 'tis *Apollo's* Priest, we must hear him; 'tis
the old blind Prophet that sees all things.

3 Cit. He comes from the Gods too, and they are our
betters; and in good Manners we must hear him:
Speak, Prophet.

2 Cit. For coming from the Gods that's no great
Matter, they can all say that; but he's a great Scholar,
he can make Almanacks, and he were put to't, and
therefore I say hear him. [you,

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters its Plagues among
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*! are the Gods
Unjust in punishing? are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 Cit. Yes, yes, no doubt there are some Sins stir-
ring, that are the Cause of all.

3 Cit. Yes there are Sins; or we should have no Taxes!

2 Cit,

2 *Cit.* For my part I can speak it with a safe Conscience,
I ne'er sinn'd in all my Life.

1 *Cit.* Nor I.

3 *Cit.* Nor I.

[*Dodrs.*

2 *Cit.* Then we are all justified, the Sin lies not at our
Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty;
Were every Man's false dealing brought to light;
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Measures, th' other Man's Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not sinn'd?

2 *Cit.* Nay, if these be Sins, the Case is alter'd; for
my part I never thought any thing but Murder had
been a Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em; impious *Thebans*!
Have you not sworn before the Gods to serve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King
By publick Voice elected? answer me,
If this be true!

2 *Cit.* This is true; but it's a hard World, Neighbours;
If a Man's Oath must be his Master.

Cre. Speak *Diocles*; all goes wrong.

Dioc. How are you Traitors, Countrymen of *Thebes*?
This holy Sire, who presses you with Oaths,
Forgets your first; were you not sworn before
To *Lajus* and his Blood?

All. We were; we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Successor,
Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1 *Cit.* He puts the Prophet in a Mouse-hole.

2 *Cit.* I knew it wou'd be so; the last Man ever
speaks the best Reason.

Tir. Can Benefits thus die, ungrateful *Thebans*!
Remember yet, when after *Lajus*'s death,
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen slew;
Yours

Your selves for fear mew'd up within your Walls,
 She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town,
 But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
 She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
 And shaded all beneath; 'till stooping down,
 She clap'd her leathern Wing against your Tow'rs,
 And thrust out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You darst not meet in Temples
 T'invoke the Gods for aid, the proudest he
 Who leads you now, then cower'd, like a dar'd Lark:
 This *Creon* shook for fear,
 The Blood of *Lajus* cruddled in his Veins:
 'Till *Oedipus* arriv'd,

Call'd by his own high Courage and the Gods,
 Himself to you a God: ye offer'd him {Crown!}
 Your Queen, and Crown; (but what was then your
 And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Success:
 Speak then, who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis *Oedipus*.

Tir. 'Tis *Oedipus* indeed: your King more lawful
 Than yet you dream: For something still there lies
 In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read through Mists:
 'Tis great, prodigious: 'tis a dreadful Birth,
 Of wondrous Fate; and now, just now disclosing.
 I see, I see! how terribly it dawns,
 And my Soul thickens with it:

i Cit. How the God shakes him! [umph!]

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Tri-
 But oh! Guiltless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
 Incest! Discovery! Punishment — 'tis ended,
 And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within: Enter Hæmon.

Ham. Rouse up ye *Thebans*; tune your *Io Peans*!
 Your King returns; the *Argians* are o'er-come;
 Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
 And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus*.

All. *Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus!*

Creon. Furies confound his Fortune! — [Aside.
 Haste, all haste, [To them.
 And meet with Blessings our victorious King;
 Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;

Crown

Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raise a Brazen Column, thus inscrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conqueror; Deliverer of his
Thebes.

Trust me, I weep for Joy to see this Day. [trymen,

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows why thou weep'st:—Go, Coun-
And, as you use to supplicate your Gods——

So meet your King with Bays, and Olive-Branches;
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An end of all your woes; for only he
Can give it you. [Ex, *Tiresias*, the People following.

Enter *Oedipus* in Triumph; *Adrastus* Prisoner; *Dymas*,
Train.

Cre. All hail, great *Oedipus*;

Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes*:

To thy own *Thebes*; to all that's left of *Thebes*:

For half thy Citizens are swept away,

And wanting to thy Triumphs;

And we, the happy Remnant, only live

To welcome thee, and die.

Oedip. Thus Pleasure never comes sincere to Man;

But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury;

And, while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,

Ere it can reach our Lips it's daskt with Gall

By some left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!

O Conquest gain'd abroad, and lost at home!

O *Argos*! now rejoice, for *Thebes* lies low;

Thy slaughter'd Sons now smile, and think they won;

When they can count more *Theban* Ghosts than theirs.

Adr. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd so

our Courage while you fought; that Mercy seem'd

The manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd:

While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*

can never want for Subjects: Every Nation

Will croud to serve where *Oedipus* commands. [Victor!

Cre. to *Ham.* How mean it shews to fawn upon the

Ham. Had you beheld him fight, you had said otherwise:

Some, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy

superior Virtue.

Oedip. This indeed is Conquest,

to gain a Friend like you: Why were we Foes?

Adr.

Adr. 'Cause we were Kings, and each disdain'd an E.
 I fought to have it in my pow'r to do [qual.
 What thou hast done; and so to use my Conquered;
 To 'threw thee, Honour was my only Motive,
 Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,
 And *Thebes* thus waste, I would not take the Gift,
 Which, like a Toy dropt from the Hands of Fortune,
 Lay for the next Chance-comer.

Oedip. embracing. No more Captive,
 But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleasant,
 And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy Love,
 Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
 And kept them from soft use.

Adr. My Conqueror! [alive.

Oedip. My Friend! that other Name keeps Enmity
 But longer to detain thee were a Crime;
 To love, and to *Eurydice*, go free:
 Such Welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
 Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Adr. I go without a Blush, though conquer'd twice,
 By you and by my Princess. [Exit *Adrastus*.

Cre. [*Aside.*] Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
 And her, and ev'n by him, the Slave of both:
 Gods, I'm beholden to you, for making me your Image,
 Wou'd I could make you mine. [Exit *Creon*.

Ent. The People with Branches in their Hands, holding
 them up, and kneeling: Two Priests before them.

Oedip. Alas, my People!
 What means this speechless Sorrow, down-cast Eyes,
 And lifted Hands! if there be one among you
 Whom Grief hath left a Tongue, speak for the rest.

1 Pr. O Father of thy Country!
 To thee these Knees are bent, these Eyes are lifted,
 As to a visible Divinity.

A Prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose,
 The Business of Mankind: for Providence
 Might on thy careful Bosom sleep secure,
 And leave her Task to thee.

But where's the Glory of thy former Acts?
 Ev'n that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it:
 Millions of Subjects shalt thou have; but mute,
 A People of the dead; a crowded Desert,

A Midnight Silence at the Noon of Day.

Oedip. O were our Gods as ready with their Pity,
As I with mine, this Presence should be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my sad Eyes
Not search in vain for Friends, whose promis'd Sight
Flatter'd my Toils of War.

1 *Pr.* Twice our Deliverer.

Oedip. Nor are now your Vows
Address'd to one who sleeps:
When this unwelcome News first reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was sent to *Delphos* to inquire
The Cause and Cure of this contagious Ill:
And is this Day return'd: but since his Message
Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it
But in this general Presence: Let him speak.

Dym. A dreadful Answer from the hallow'd Urn,
And sacred *Tripous* did the Priests give,
In these mysterious Words.

The Oracle. Shed in a cursed Hour by cursed Hand,
Blood-Royal unreveng'd has curs'd the Land.

When *Lajus*' Death is expiated well,
Your Plague shall cease: the rest let *Lajus* tell. [too:

Oedip. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood
And such a King's, and by his Subjects shed!

(Else why this Curse on *Thebes*?) no wonder then
If Monsters, Wars, and Plagues revenge such Crimes!

If Heav'n be just, its whole Artillery
All must be empty'd on us: Not one Bolt

Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more:
New-moulded Thunder of a larger Size;

Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What, touch anointed Pow'r!
Then Gods beware; *Jove* wou'd himself be next;

Could you but reach him too.

2 *Pr.* We mourn the sad Remembrance.

Oedip. Well you may:

Worse than a Plague infects you: y'are devoted

To Mother Earth, and to th' infernal Pow'rs:

Hell has a Right in you: I thank you, Gods,

That I'm no *Theban* born: how my Blood cruddles!

As if this Curse touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer

Than all this Presence! — Yes, 'tis a King's Blood,

And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds

To

To expiate this Blood: But where, from whom,
Or how must I atone it? tell me, *Thebans*,
How *Lajus* fell? for a confus'd Report
Pass'd through my Ears, when first I took the Crown:
But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,
It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.

1 *Pr.* He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.

Oedip. Nor any from him? came there no Attendant?
None to bring the News?

2 *Pr.* But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew Breath to speak some few faint Words.

Oedip. What were they? something may be learnt
from thence

1 *Pr.* He said a Band of Robbers watch'd their Passage;
Who took advantage of a narrow way
To murder *Lajus* and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.

Oedip. Made you no more Inquiry,
But took this bare Relation?

2 *Pr.* 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monster *Sphinx* began to rage;
And present Cares soon buried the Remote;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

Oedip. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Just then, the *Sphinx* began to rage among you;
The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending Minute,
And dared thence your Woes, thence will I trace 'em.

1 *Pr.* 'Tis just thou should'st.

Oedip. Hear then this dreadful Imprecation; hear it:
'Tis laid on all; not any one exempt:
Bear witness, Heav'n, avenge it on the perjur'd.
If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger
Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author,
Ten Attique Talents be his just Reward:
But, if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,
The Murder'r he conceal, the Curse of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: From Fire and Water,
Converse, and all things common be he banish'd.
But for the Murderer's self, unfound by Man,
Find him ye Pow'rs Celestial and Internal;

And

And the same Fate or worse than *Lajus* met,
 Let be his Lot: his Children be accurs'd;
 His Wife and Kindred, all of his be curs'd!

Both Pr. Confirm it Heav'n!

Enter Jocasta; Attended by Women.

Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n succeed your Wishes;
 And bring th' effect of these your pious Pray'rs
 On you, and me, and all.

Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!

Oedip. O fatal Sound, Unfortunate *Jocasta*!
 What hast thou said! an ill Hour hast thou chosen
 For these foreboding Words! why, we were cursing!

Joc. Then may the Curse fall only where you laid it.

Oedip. Speak no more!

For all thou say'st is ominous: we were cursing;
 And that dire Imprecation hast thou fasten'd
 On *Thebes*, and thee and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my Blessings turn'd into a Curse?
 O unkind *Oedipus*! My former Lord
 Thought me his Blessing: be thou like my *Lajus*.

Oedip. What yet again! the third time hast thou curs'd me.
 This Imprecation was for *Lajus*' Death,
 And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me!

Oedip. Why dost thou gaze upon me? prithee Love
 Take off thy Eye; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*:
 His Speech, his Garb; his Action, nay his Frown;
 (For I have seen it;) but ne'er bent on me.

Oedip. Are we so like?

Joc. In all things but his Love. (speak how well.)

Oedip. I love thee more: so well I love, Words cannot
 No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more.
 Than I my dear *Jocasta*.

Joc. I love you too
 The self same way, and when you chid, methought
 A Mother's Love start up in your Defence,
 And bad me not be angry: be not you:
 For I love *Lajus* still as Wives shou'd love:
 But you more tenderly; as part of me:
 And when I have you in my Arms, methinks
 I lull my Child asleep.

Oedip.

Oedip. Then we are blest :
And all these Curses sweep along the Skies
Like empty Clouds; but drop not on our Heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private Fears;
But this blest Meeting has o'er-paid them all.
Good Fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome,
All I can wish for now, is your Consent
To make my Brother happy.

Oedip. How! *Jocasta*?

Joc. By Marriage with his Neice, *Eurydice*?

Oedip. Uncle and Neice! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Incest: 'Tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adrastus*,
No choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They shou'd not marry; speak no more of it;
The Thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creon*;
Remember he's my Brother.

Oedip. That's the Bar:
And she thy daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her self,
And like a Whirl-pool swallow her own Streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd; I'll move the suit no more.

Oedip. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but think on Incest. Move we forward
To thank the Gods for my Success, and pray
To wash the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-
Chamber being suppos'd behind.*

The Time, Night, Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander and Pyracmon.

Ham. SURE is the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghastly Ball of round Eternity!

Call

Call you these Peals of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By *Jove*, they seem to me
The World's last Groans; and those vast Sheets of Flame,
Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Gellies,
And *Chaos* is at Hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* sleeps,
But such as ne'er must wake. All croud about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's glare, descry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers. [Thunder, &c.

Ham. Ha! *Pyracmon*, look;
Behold, *Alexander*, from yon' West of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Sceptre bright with Gems in each right Hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazzling Purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just West; a bloody red stains all the Place:
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of Golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,
And seem so crouded, that they burst upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets flick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left Sides,
As they would shoot their Quills into their Hearts.

Ham. But see! the King and Queen, and all the Court?
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this?

[Thunders again. The Scene draws, and discovers
the Prodiges.

Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, and all
coming forward with Amazement:

Oedip. Answer, you Powers Divine, spare all this Noise,
This rack of Heav'n, and speak your fatal Pleasure.
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night,
Burst forth such Myriads of abortive Stars?
Ha! my *Jocasta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A setting Crimson stains her beauteous Face!
She's all o'er Blood! and look, behold again,

B

What

What mean the mystick Heav'ns, the journeys on?
A vast Eclipse darkens the labouring Planet:
Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War,
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you see the Prodigies continue;
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humorous.

Oedip. Forbear, rash Man——Once more I ask your
Pleasure!

If that the Glow-worm light of humane Reason
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks split, and why rolls the Sea?
Why those Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth
Why yon' Gigantick Forms, Ethereal Monsters?
Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs
Which your own Hands have made? Then be it so.
Or if the Fates resolve some Expiation
For murder'd *Laius*; hear me, hear me, Gods!
Hear me thus prostrate: Spare this groaning Land,
Save innocent *Thebes*, stop the Tyrant Death;
Do this, and lo I stand up an Oblation
To meet your swiftest and severest Anger,
Shoot all at once, and strike me to the Center.

*The Cloud draws that veil'd the Heads of the Figures
in the Sky, and shews 'em Crown'd, with the Names
of Oedipus and Jocasta written above in great Characters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senses
Are vanish'd with that Cloud that fleets away;
Or just above those two Majestick Heads,
I see, I read distinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and Jocasta.

Alc. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vast deep of Destiny.

[*Thunder; and the Prodigies vanish.*]

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
Had some new Monsters made? will you not turn,
And bless your People; who devour each word
You breathe?

Oed.

Oedip. It shall be so.

Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to save thee!
Draw from my Heart my Blood, with more content
Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocasta*!
By all the Endearments of miraculous Love.
By all our Languishings, our Fears in Pleasure,
Which oft have made us wonder; here I swear,
On thy fair Hand, upon thy Breast I swear,
I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods should doom my Death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Lajus*, frees the Land:
Were you, which is impossible, the Man,
Perhaps my Poniard first should drink your Blood;
But you are innocent, as your *Jocasta*,
From Crimes like those. This made me violent
To save your Life, which you unjust would lose:
Nor can you comprehend, with deepest Thought,
The horrid Agony you cast me in,
When you resolv'd to die.

Oedip. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas! why start you so? Her stifling Grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: Methinks I should have made
My Bosom bare against the armed God,
To save my *Oedipus*!

Oedip. I pray no more.

Joc. You've silenc'd me, my Lord.

Oedip. Pardon me, dear *Jocasta*;
Pardon a Heart that sinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent itself in Sobs and Murmurs:
Yet to restore my Peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods! you shall have ample Vengeance
On *Lajus*' Murderer. O, the Traitor's Name!
I'll know't, I will; Art shall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravell'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir ———

Oedip. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just; I'll fetch
Tho' lodg'd in Air, upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho' Rocks should hide him: Nay, he shall be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:

His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias*' Pow'r,
(Tiresias, that Rules all beneath the Moon)
 Confin'd to Flesh, to suffer Death once more:
 And then be piung'd in his first Fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,

Tiresias attends your Pleasure.

Oedip. Haste, and bring him in.

O, my *Jocasta*, *Eurydice*, *Adrastus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the End
 Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodigies,
 Draws on: This Battle of the Heav'n's and Earth
 Shall by his Wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter
Manto, follow'd by other Thebans.

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
 Knows all the Business of the Courts above,
 Opens the Closets of the Gods, and dares
 To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council:
 O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud
 The Traitor who conspir'd the Death of *Laius*:
 Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
 Have drawn this Plague that blests unhappy *Thebes*?

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us
 To tell; yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,
 If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
 Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
 That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind.
 The roused God, as all this while he lay
 Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself;
 He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
 With holy Fury, my old Armes burst
 My rivet'd Skin,

Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire;
 I shall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
 Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
 Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
 With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
 O Charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom,
 Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
 With pow'rful Strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child;
 Sooth the unruly God-head so be mild.

S O N G

SONG to A P O L L O .

Phoebus, God belov'd by Men;
At thy dawn, every Beast is rous'd in his Den;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy Absence complain,
And we die, all die till the Morning comes again.

Phoebus, God belov'd by Men!
Idol of the Eastern Kings,
Awful as the God who slings
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings:
God of Songs, and Orphean Strings,
Who to this mortal Bosom brings,
All harmonious heav'nly things!

Thy drowsy Prophet's ravine,
Ten thousand thousand Forms before him drive:
Wish Chariots and Horses all a-fire awake him,
Convulsions, and Eumes, and Prophecies shake him:
Let him roll in his Grooms, tho' he bend with the Load,
Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch, who shed the Blood of old Labda-
Lives, and is great; [sides,

But cruel Greatness ne'er was long:
The first of Lajus' Blood his Life did seize,
And urg'd his Fate,
Which else had lasting been and strong,
The Wretch, who Lajus kill'd, must bleed on fly:
Or Thebes, consum'd with Plagues, in Ruins lie.

Oedip. The first of Lajus' Blood! pronounce the Person;
May the God roar from thy prophetic Mouth,
That even the dead may start up, to behold:
Name him, I say, that most accused Wretch,
For by the Stars he dies:

Speak, I command thee;
By Phoebus, speak; for sudden Death's his Doom:
Here shall he fall, bleed on this very Spot;
His Name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir. 'Tis lost,
Like what we think can never shun Remembrance;
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Oedip. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where e'er it be.

Cre. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm,
 And *Creon* shall point out the great Offender.
 'Tis true, respect of Nature might injoin
 Me Silence, at another time: but, oh,
 Much more the Pow'r of my eternal Love!
 That, that should strike me dumb: Yet *Thebes*, my

Country ———

I'll break through all, to succour thee, poor City!
 O, I must speak.

Oedip. Speak then, if ought thou know'st:
 As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O Beauty! O illustrious Royal Maid!
 To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
 And with such modest, chaste and pure Affection,
 The coldest Nymph might read'em without blushing;
 Art thou the Murtheress then of wretched *Lajus*?
 And I, must I accuse thee! O my Tears!
 Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a Cause?
 But that thy beauteous, barbarous Hand destroy'd:
 Thy Father (O monstrous Act!) both Gods
 And Men at once take notice.

Oedip. *Eurydice!*

Eur. Traitor, go on; I scorn thy little Malice,
 And knowing more my perfect Innocence,
 Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee
 Who art their Opposite, and form'd a Liar,
 I thus disdain thee! Thou once didst talk of Love;
 Because I hate thy Love,
 Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain,
 And Traitor, doubly damn'd, who durst blaspheme
 The spotless Virtue of the brightest Beauty;
 Thou dy'st: Nor shall the sacred Majesty,

[*Draws and wounds him*]

That guards this Place, preserve thee from my Rage.

Oedip. Disarm 'em both: Prince, I shall make you know
 That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him.

Adr. Sir,

I must acknowledge in another Cause
 Repentance might abash me; but I glory
 In this, but smile to see the Traitor's Blood.

Oedip. *Creon*, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre.

Cri. My Hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wise *Tiresias*, if my Accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Laius* Blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then she is Faultless, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er cease to drop, O *Thebes*,
If Pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure which Heav'n itself prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes *Thebans*, I will die to save your Lives,
More willingly than you can wish my Fate;
But let this good, this wise, this holy Man,
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By the vile Breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would sink my Soul, tho' I should die a Martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my Life:
For, should she perish, Heav'n would heap Plagues on:
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled Bolts [Plagues,
Upon your guilty Heads.

Cri. You turn to Gallantry, what is but Justice:
Proof will be easy made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of Life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 Theb. Both, let both die.

All Theb. Both, both let 'em die.

[here]

Oedip. Hence, you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader
He shall be made Example. *Hemon*, take him.

1 Theb. Mercy, O Mercy.

Oedip. Mutiny in my Presence!

Hence let me see that busy Face no more. [Rage?

Tir. *Thebans*, what Madness makes you drunk with
Enough of guilty Death's already acted:

Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,
With Prince *Adrastus*; which the God reproves
By inward Checks, and leaves their Fates in doubt.

Oedip. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,
Or suffer; for I feel a Sleep like Death
Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the Pow'rs divine refuse to clear
 The mystick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
 There I can force th' Infernal Gods to shew
 Their horrid Forms; Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
 And leave this wretched King without a Waiter.
 For Prince *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,
 My Life's engag'd, I guard 'em in the Fane,
 'Till the dark Mysteries of Hell are done.
 Follow me, Princes; *Theban*, all to rest,
 O, *Oedipus*, to-morrow — but no more.
 If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
 Indulge thy Brain this Night with softer Slumbers.
 To-morrow, O to-morrow! — sleep, my Son;
 And in prophetick Dreams thy Fate be shown.

[*Ex. Tir. Adr. Bur. Man. and Theb.*
Manent *Oedipus*, *Jocasta*, *Creon*, *Pyrramon*, *Hæmon*,
and Alexander.

Oedip. To Bed, my Fair, my Dear, my best *Jocasta*,
 After the Toils of War, 'tis wondrous strange
 Our Love should thus be dash'd. One moment's Thought,
 And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole Years in Care, so now and then
 I may have leave to feed my famish'd Eyes
 With one short passing Glance, and sigh my Vows:
 This, and no more, my Lord, is all the Passion
 Of languishing *Jocasta*. [Exit.

Oedip. Thow softest, sweetest of the World! good
 Nay, she is beauteous too; yet mighty Love! [Night.
 I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
 But an unusual Chastity came upon me;
 An unknown Hand still check'd my forward Joy,
 Dash'd me with blushes, tho' no Light was near:
 That ev'n the Act became a Violation.

Pyrr. He's strangely thoughtful. [call me]

Oedip. Hark! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, didst thou
Cre. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oedip. That's Strange! methought I heard a doleful
 Cry'd *Oedipus* — The Prophet bade me sleep. [Voice
 He talk'd of Dreams, and Visions, and to-morrow!
 I'll muse no more on't, come what will or can.
 My Thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
 And with those Thoughts I'll rest: *Creon*, good Night.
 [Ex. with *Hæm.*

Cre. Sleep seal your Eyes up, Sir, eternal Sleep.
But if he must sleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the Air :
From Precipices hurl him headlong down ;
Charybdis roar, and death be set before him.

Alc. Your Curses have already tak'n Effect ;
For he looks very sad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he stands, for ever ;
His Eye-balls never move, Brows be unbent,
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wish him, Hell.

Pyr. No more : You tear your self, but vex not him,
Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tiresias* conjures up the Fiends,
And pass the time with nice *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try Promises, and Threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke loose, why should not you be mad ?
Ravish, and leave her dead, with her *Adrastus*.

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly ;
For such another Thought, Lust, and Revenge !
To stab at once the only Man I hate,
And to enjoy the Woman whom I love !
I ask no more of my auspicious Stars,
The rest as Fortune please ; so but this Night
She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hamon.

Ham. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest ;
Yet, ere he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers : none must dare be near him.

Cre. *Hamon*, you do your Duty ; [Thunder.]
And we obey :—The Night grows yet more dreadful !

'Tis just that all retire to their Devotions ;
The Gods are angry : but to Morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lie, will make all clear. [As they go off.]
*Oedipus Enters, walking asleep in his Shirt, with a
Dagger in his right Hand, and a Taber in his left.*

Oedip. O, my *Jocasta* ! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground ;
For this he bears the Storms
Of winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms :
To be thus circle'd, to be thus embrac'd ;

That I could hold thee ever!—Ha! where art thou?
 What means this melancholy Light, that seems
 The Gloom of glowing Embers?
 The Curtain's drawn; and see, she's here again!
Jocasta? Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
 How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
 Ha! Lightning blast me, Thunder
 Rivet me ever to *Prometheus*' Rock,
 And Vultures gnaw out my incestuous Heart.
 By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope*!
 My Sword, a Dagger; Ha, who waits there? Slaves;
 My Sword; what, *Hamon*, dar'st thou, Villain, stop me?
 With thy own Poniard perish. Ha! who's this?
 Or is't a change of Death? By all my Honours,
 New Murder, thou hast slain old *Polybus*:
 Incest and Parricide, thy Father's murder'd!
 Out thou infernal Flame: now all is dark,
 All blind and dismal, most triumphant Mischief!
 And now while thus I stalk about the Room,
 I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
 Like *Oedipus*. [Thunder. &c.]

Enter Jocasta attended, with Lights, in a Night-gown.

Oedip. Night, Horror, Death, Confusion, Hell, and
 Where am I? O, *Jocasta*! let me hold thee, [Furies!
 Thus to my Bosom, Ages let me grasp thee:
 All that the hardest temper'd weather'd Flesh,
 With fiercest human Spirit inspir'd, can dare
 Or do, I dare; but oh you Pow'rs, this was
 By infinite degrees too much for Man.
 Methinks my deafen'd Ears
 Are burst; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd;
 By some tempestuous Hand, shoot flashing Fire:
 That Sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true.
 Methought I heard your Voice, and yet I doubted;
 Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
 Fight with the Waves; now, in a still small tone
 Your dying Accents fell, as racking Ships,
 After the dreadful Yell, sink murmuring down,
 And bubble up a Noise.

Oedip. Trust me, thou Fairest, best of all thy Kind,
 None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd so before.

Yet what most shocks the niceness of my Temper,
 Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
 And my own Death, is, that this horrid sleep
 Dash'd my sick Fancy with an Act of Incest:
 I dreamt, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother;
 Which, though impossible, so damps my Spirits,
 That I cou'd do a Mischief on my self,
 Lest I should sleep and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!
 I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,
 The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,
 And thousand other Labours of the State,
 Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
 For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oedip. Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul,
 Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,
 And of an Inclination so ignoble,
 That I must hide me from your Eyes for ever.
 Be witness, Gods, and strike *Jocasta* dead,
 If an immodest Thought, or low Desire
 Inflam'd my Breast, since first our Loves were lighted.

Oedip. O rise, and add not, by thy cruel Kindness,
 A Grief more sensible than all my Torments.
 Thou think'st my Dreams are forg'd; but by thy self
 The greatest Oath, I swear, they are most true:
 But, be they what they will, I here dismiss 'em;
 Begone, *Chimæras*, to your Mother Clouds,
 Is there a Fault in us? Have we not search'd
 The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
 Of Birds and Beasts, and tir'd the Prophet's Art,
 Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
 Seem like Physicians at a Loss to help us:
 Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
 We'll snatch the strongest Cordial of our Love;
 To Bed, my Fair.

Ghost within. *Oedipus!*

Oedip. Ha! who calls?
 Didst thou not hear a Voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. *Jocasta!*

Joc. O my Love, my Lord, support me!

Oedip.

Oedip. Call louder, till you burst your Airy Terms:
 Rest on my Hand. Thus, arm'd with Innocence,
 I'll face these babling *Demons* of the Air.
 In spite of Ghosts, I'll on;
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
 I'll break 'em, with *Jocasta* in my Arms:
 Clasp'd in the folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
 And aft' my Joys tho' Thunder shake the Room,

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a dark Grove.

Enter. Creon, and Diocles.

Cre. **T**IS better not to be, than be unhappy.
Dioc. What mean you by these Words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be than to be *Creon*.
 A thinking Soul is Punishment enough;
 But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
 Then every Thought draws Blood.

Dioc. You are not wretched:

Cre. I am: my Soul's ill married to my Body.
 I would be young, be handsome, be lov'd:
 Cou'd I but breathe myself into *Adrastus* —

Dioc. You rave; call home your Thoughts:

Cre. I prithee let my Soul take Air awhile;
 Were she in *Oedipus*. I were a King;
 Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battle;
 And had my Rival Praise her; brave, brave Actions:
 Why have not I done these?

Dioc. Your Fortune hinder'd:

Cre. There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:
 But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
 But by young handsome Fools: Body and Brawn
 Do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
 And straight grew famous: a mad boist'rous Fool,

Nay.

May worse, a Woman's Foot!

Fool is the Stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

Dioc. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.

Cra. Good it there!

I understand thee; I must kill *Adrastus*.

Dioc. Or not enjoy your Mistress:

Eurydice and he are Prisoners here;

But will not long be so: this Tell-tale Ghost
Perhaps will clear 'em both.

Cra. Well, 'tis resolv'd.

Dioc. The Princess walks this Way;
You must not meet her,
'Till this be done.

Cra. I must.

Dioc. She hates your Sight:
And more since you accus'd her.

Cra. Urge it not.

I cannot stay to tell thee my Design;
For *his* is too near,

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd?

Eur. On Death; and thee.

Cra. Then were they not well sort'd; Life and me
Had been the better Match.

Eur. No, I was thinking

On two the most detested things in Nature:
And they are Death and thee.

Cra. The thought of Death to one near Death is
O! 'tis a fearful thing to be no more. [dreadful]

Or it to be, to wander after Death;

To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day;

And when the Darkness comes, to glide in Paths

That lead to Graves: and in the silent Vault,

Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;

And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghost

Into your lifeless Lips:

Then, like a lone benighted Traveller

Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd

By whistling Winds, whose every Blast will shake

Your



Your tender Form to Atoms.

Eur. Must I be this thin Being? and thus wander?
No Quiet after Death!

Cre. None: you must leave
This beauteous Body: all this Youth and Freshness
Must be no more the Object of Desire,
But a cold Lump of Clay:
Which then your discontented Ghost will leave,
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the best of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy Lot!
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur:
Vicissitudes of Fires, and then of Frosts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Lash;
This for *Eurydice*; these for her *Adraustus*.

Disc. For her *Adraustus*!

Eur. Yes; for her *Adraustus*:
For Death shall ne'er divide us: Death, what's Death!

Cre. You seem'd to fear it.

Eur. But I more fear *Creon*:
To take that hunch-back'd Monster in my Arms,
Th' excrescence of a Man.

Disc. to *Cre.* See what you've gain'd.

Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad;
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear dress'd
To frighten Children; pull but off his Mask
And he'll appear a Friend.

Cre. You talk too slightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the News of your own Country.

Disc. Nay now you are too sharp.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of Murder and of Parricide?

Cre. You provok'd me:
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of Blood to *Lajus*. Be advis'd,
And you may live.

Eur. The Means?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.

The

The Fool *Adraſtus* has accus'd himſelf.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.

Cro. He ſays he loves you; if he does 'tis well:
He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then Death muſt be his Recompence for
Love!

Cro. 'Tis a Fool's juſt Reward:

The wiſe can make a better uſe of Life:—

But 'tis the young Man's Pleaſure; his Ambition:

I grudge him not that Favour.

Eur. When he's dead,

Where ſhall I find his Equal?

Cro. Every where.

Fine empty things, like him,

The Court ſwarms with 'em.

Fine fighting things in Camps they are ſo common.

Crows feed on nothing elſe: Plenty of Fools;

A glut of 'em in *Thebes*.

And Fortune ſtill takes care they ſhou'd be ſeen:

She places 'em aloft, o'th' topmoſt Spoke

Of all her Wheel: Fools are the daily Work

Of Nature; her Vocation; if ſhe form

A Man, ſhe loſes by't; 'tis too expenſive;

'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.

Eur. That is a *Creon*: O thou black DetraCTOR,

Who ſpitt'ſt thy Venom againſt Gods and Men!

Thou Enemy of Eyes!

Thou who lov'ſt nothing but what nothing loves;

And that's thy ſelf: who haſt conſpir'd againſt

My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all;

And only fit for thee.

But for *Adraſtus*' Death, good Gods, his Death!

What Curſe ſhall I invent?

Diſc. No more: he's here;

Eur. He ſhall be ever here.

He who wou'd give his Life; give up his Fame.——

Enter *Adraſtus*.

If all the Excellence of Woman-kind

Were mine; —— No, 'tis too little all for him:

Were I made up of endleſs, endleſs Joys.——

Adr.

Adr. And so thou art :

The Man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Price:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left, but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince should throw away;
But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And last it must be kept.

Cre. to Dioc. Work him be sure
To Rage, he's passionate;
Make him th' Aggressor.

Dioc. O false Love; false Honour.

Cre. Dissembled both, and false!

Adr. Dar'st thou say this to me!

Cre. To You! why what are you, that I should fear
you?

I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*,
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis lost in Battle. For your Love,
Vows made in Wine are not so false as that:
You kill'd her Father, you confess'd you did:
A mighty Argument to prove your Passion to the
Daughter.

Adr. [*Aside.*] Gods, must I bear this Brand and
The Lye to his foul Throat? [not retort]

Dioc. Basely you kill'd him.

Adr. [*Aside.*] O, I burn inward: my Blood's as
Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt sat closest, [o' fire.
Had but an Ague fit to this my Fever,
Yet for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,
To free my Love — Well then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure, you cou'd not.

Dioc. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your Fellow-thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adr. [*Aside.*] Down swelling Heart!

'Tis for thy Princess all. — O my *Eurydice*! — [*To her.*

Eur. to him. Reproach not thus the Weakness of my
As if I could not bear a shameful Death, [Sex,
Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime

Of

Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,

To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature,
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?

Enr. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dioc. See, he stands mute.

Cre. O Pow'r of Conscience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one No to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid Act
That e'er could stain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adr. Ha! Villain!

Dioc. Echo to him Groves; cry Villain!

Adr. Let me consider! did I murder *Lajus*,
Thus like a Villain?

Cre. Best, revoke your Words;
And say you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a Villain; prithee change me that
For any other Lye.

Dioc. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not! proclaim your Innocence,
Accuse the Princess: So I knew 'twould be

Adr. I thank thee, thou instruct'st me;
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. [Aside] Cool'd again.

Enr. Thou who usurp'st the sacred Name of Con-
science,

Did not thy own declare him innocent;

To me declare him so? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forswear it.

Enr. What's now thy Conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my supple Glove,
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'Tis my obedient Conscience.

Adr. Infamous Wretch!

Cre. My Conscience shall not do me the ill Office
To save a Rival's Life, when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,

By.

By forfeiting her Life, to save thy own.—)
 Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
 She shall be mine: she is, (if Vows were binding;)
 Mark me, the Fruit of all thy Faith and Passion,
 Ev'n of thy foolish Death, shall all be mine.

Adr. Thine, say'st thou, Monster;
 Shall my Love be thine?

O, I can bear no more!

Thy cunning Engines have with labour rais'd
 My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
 To fall and pass thee dead:

See here thy Nuptials; see thou rash *Ixion*, [*Draws*]
 Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud;
 And in her Room avenging Thunder rolls
 To blast thee thus— Come both—— [*Both draw.*]

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd!

Now see whose Arm can lanch the furer Bolt,
 And who's the better *Jove*! ——— [*Fight.*]

Eur. Help; Murder, help!

Enter Hamon and Guards, run betwixt them and beat down their Swords:

[*Furios;*]

Ham. Hold, hold your impious Hands: I think the
 To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you:
 Now, by my Soul, the holiest Earth of *Thebes*
 You have profan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
 Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice,
 All full of human Souls; that cleave their Barks
 To dance at Midnight by the Moon's pale Beams
 At least two hundred Years these reverend Shades
 Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
 Shed by the Priest's own Hand to *Proserpine*.

Adr. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance; I knew not
 The Honours of the Place.

Ham. Thou, *Creon*, didst.

Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,
 Durst violate the Religion of these Groves,
 To touch one single Hair; but must, unarm'd,
 Parley as in Truce, or surlily avoid.
 What most he long'd to kill,

C/A

Crs. I drew not first ;
But in my own Defence.

Adr. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience ; all Reproach could urge
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Ham. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I must judge this Act ;
Lord Creon, you and *Diocles* retire ;
Tiresias, and the Brother-hood of Priests,
Approach the Place: None at these Rites assist,
But you th' accus'd, who by the Mouth of *Lajus*
Must be absolv'd or doom'd.

Adr. I bear my Fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my Trial

Ham. 'Tis at hand.

For see the Prophet comes with Vervain crown'd,
The Priests with Yew, a venerable Band ;
We leave you so the Gods.

[*Ex. Hamon, with Creon and Diocles*]

*Enter Tiresias, led by Manto ; The Priests follow ; all
clothed in long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers ;
Ill-fated Pair ! whom, seeing not, I know :
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were join'd ;
When lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death: I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God so much a Friend to Love,
Who can controul the Malice of our Fate ?
Are they all deaf ? or have the Giants Heav'n ?

Tir. The Gods are just. —
But how can Finite measure Infinite ?
Reason ! alas, it does not know it self ! [met]
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plum-
Pathom the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.
Whatever is, is in it's Cause: just ;
Since all things are by Fate. But purblind Man
Sees but a part o'th' Chain ; the nearest Links ;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poises all above.

Eur. Then we must die !

Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.

Adr. Why then there's one Day less for human Ills:
And who wou'd moan himself, for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass? something or nothing—
I shall be what I was again, before
I was *Adrastus*; ———

Penurious Heav'n, can'st thou not add a Night
To our one Day; give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her Vow
First made to *Creon*: but the time calls on:
And *Lajus'* Death must now be made more plain.
How loth am I to have recourse to Rites
So full of Horror, that I once rejoice
I want the use of Sight. ———

Pr. The Ceremonies stay.

Tir. Choose the darkest part o' th' Grove
Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love;
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lie.
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pie:
Draw the barren Heifer back;
Barely let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows;
And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine;
To Mother Earth, and *Proserpine*:
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feast the Ghosts that love the Steam;
Snatch a Brand from Funeral Pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;

And

And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[*Peal of Thunder; and Flashes of Lightning; then
Groaning below the Stage.*]

Man. O, what Laments are those?

Tir. The Groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth
with Pain,

And heave it up: they pant and stick half way.

[*The Stage wholly darken'd.*]

Man. And now a sudden Darkness covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd? Infernal Gods,
Must you have Musick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have such Sounds as Hell ne'er heard
Since Orpheus brib'd the Shades.

Musick first. Then Sing.

1. Hear, ye sullen Pow'rs below:

Hear, ye Taskers of the Dead.

2. You that boiling Cauldrons blow,

You that scum the molten Lead.

3. You that pinch with Red-hot Tongs;

1. You that drive the trembling Hosts

Of poor, poor Ghosts,

With your sharpen'd Prongs;

2. You that thrust 'em off the Brim;

3. You that plunge 'em when they swim:

1. Till they drown;

Till they go

On a row

Down, down, down

Ten thousand, thousand, thousand Fathoms low.

Chorus. Till they drown, &c.

1. Musick for a while

Shall your Cares beguile:

Wondering how your Pains were eas'd;

2. And disdaining to be pleas'd;

3. Till

3. Till Alecto free the dead
 From their eternal Bands;
 Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
 And Whip from out her Hands.

2. Come away,
 Do not stay,
 But obey
 While we play,
 For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have Holy-day.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

A flash of Lightning : The Stage is made bright,
 and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the
 Trees.

1. Lajus! 2. Lajus! 3. Lajus!

1. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!

Tir. Hear and appear,

By the Fates that spun thy Thread;

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Furies fierce, and dread!

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Fudges of the dead,

Cho. Which are three,

Three times three!

Tir. By Hell's blue Flame:

By the Stygian Lake:

And by Demogorgon's Name,

At which Ghosts quake,

Hear and appear.

[The Ghost of Lajus rises arm'd in his Chariot as he
 was slain. And behind his Chariot, sit the three
 who were murder'd with him.

Ghost of Lajus. Why hast thou drawn me from my
 Pains below,

To suffer worse above; to see the Day,
 And Thebes more hated! Hell is Heav'n to Thebes,
 For Pity send me back, where I may hide,
 In willing Night, this ignominious Head:
 In Hell I shun the publick Scorn; and then
 They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
 Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,

And

And chatter at my Wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:

Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurst,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghost. O spare my Shame.

Tir. Are these two Innocent?

Ghost. Of my Death they are.

But he who holds my Crown, Oh, must I speak!

Was doom'd to do what Nature most abhors.

The Gods foresaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloth'd with Flesh his pre-existing Soul.

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new form'd Mass
With Temperance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly Virtue: But in vain.

For Fate, that sent him hood-winkt to the World,
Perform'd its work by his mistaking Hands.

Ask'st thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*:

Who stains my Bed with Incest? *Oedipus*:

For whom then are you curst, but *Oedipus*!

He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:

My Wounds ake at him: Oh his murd'rous Breath

Venoms my airy Substance! hence with him,

Banish him; sweep him out; the Plague he bears

Will blast your Fields, and mark his Way with Ruin.

From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driv'n;

Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heav'n.

[*Ghost descends.*]

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Haemon, &c.

Oedip. What's this! methought some pestilential
Blast

Struck me just entring; and some unseen Hand
Struggled to push me backward! tell me why
My Hair stands bristling up, why my Flesh trembles!
You stare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And some lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen saw'st thou entring?

Oedip. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his Back;

Till

Till weary with the weight, she shook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.

Adr. Oh, Oedipus!

Eur. Oh, wretched Oedipus!

Tir. Oh! Fatal King!

Oedip. What mean these Exclamations on my Name?
I thank the Gods, no secret Thoughts approach me:
No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And shake my Soul quite empty in your Sight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
These fix'd Regards, and silent Threats of Eyes:
A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence;
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Oedip. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice*:
Thou shak'st: Thy Soul's a Woman Speak, *Adrastus*;
And boldly as thou met'st my Arms in fight;
Dar'st thou not speak? why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tiresias, thee I summon by thy Priesthood,
Tell me what News from Hell: Where *Lajus* points,
And who's the guilty Head!

Tir. Let me not answer.

Oedip. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil
To further Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oedip. Dar'st thou converse with Hell, and canst
thou fear

An human Name?

Tir. Urge me no more, to tell a thing, whi-
known

Would make thee more unhappy: 'Twill be found,
Tho' I am silent.

Oedip. Old and obstinate! Then thou thy self
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murder,
And shun'st the Justice, which by publick Ban
Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the Guilt were mine
It were not half so great: Know wretched Man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curse
Falls heavy on thy self.

Oedip.

Oedip. Speak this again :

But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest :
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For blushing thou hast seen it : Hear me Earth,
Whose hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But sent it back to Light : And thou Hell, hear me,
Whose own black Seal has firm'd this horrid Truth,
Oedipus murder'd Lais.

Oedip. Rot the Tongue,
And blasted be the Mouth that spoke that Lye.
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not so.

Oedip. Who were my Parents ?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

Oedip. Why seek I Truth from thee ?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradesman's Oaths, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell.
O why has Priest-hood Privilege to lye,
And yet to be believ'd ! — thy Age protects thee —

Tir. Thou canst not kill me ; 'tis not in thy Fate,
And 'twas to kill thy Father ; wed thy Mother ;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers.

Oedip. Riddles, Riddles !

Tir. Thou art thy self a Riddle ; a perplext
Obscure *Ænigma*, which when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.

Oedip. Impossible !

Adrastus, speak, and as thou art a King,
Whose Royal Word is sacred, clear my Fame.

Adr. Would I cou'd !

Oedip. Ha, wilt thou not : Can that *Plebeian Vice*
Of Lying mount to Kings ! can they be tainted !
Then Truth is lost on Earth.

Cre. The Cheat's too gross :

Adrastus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Juggler, but *Adrastus*' Organ.

Oedip. 'Tis plain, the Priest's unborn'd to free the Pris'ner.

Cre. And turn the Guilt on you.

Oedip. O, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been bely'd?
Eur. Hear me.

Cre. She's brib'd to save her Lover's Life.

Adr. If, *Oedipus*, thou think'st——

Cre. Hear him not speak.

Adr. Then hear these holy Men.

Cre. Priests, Priests all brib'd, all Priests.

Oedip. *Adrastus* I have found thee:

The Malice of a vanquish'd Man has seiz'd thee.

Adr. If Envy and not Truth——

Oedip. I'll hear no more: Away with him.

[*Hæmon* takes him off by force: *Creon* and *Eurydice* follow.]

To Tir.] Why stand'st thou here, Imposter!
 So old, and yet so wicked——Lye for Gain;
 And Gain so short as Age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live
 Exceeds thy pointed Hour; Remember *Laius*:
 No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
 In mutual Darkness; we shall feel before us
 To reach other's Hand; remember *Laius*.

[*Ex. Tiresias: Priests follow.*]

Oedipus solus.

Remember *Laius*! that's the Burden still:
 Murder and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd
 My Soul starts in me: The good Sentinel
 Stands to her Weapons; takes the first Alarm
 To guard me from such Crimes——Did I kill *Laius*?
 Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful Dream,
 My Soul then stole my Body out by Night;
 And brought me back to Bed ere Morning-wake;
 It cannot be even this remotest Way,
 But some dark Hint would juggle forward now,
 And goad my Memory——Oh my *Jocasta*!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

Oedip. Why, would'st thou think it?

No less than Murder.

Joc. Murder! what of Murder?

Oedip. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
 And Incest; bear not these a frightful Sound?

Joc.

Joc. Alas!

Oedip. How poor a Pity is Alas
For two such Crimes!—was *Laius* us'd to lye?

Joc. Oh no: The most sincere, plain, honest Man—
One who abhorr'd a Lye.

Oedip. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me—but why accuse I him?
I did not hear him speak it: They accuse me;
The Priest, *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,
Of murdering *Laius*—Tell me while I think on't,
Has old *Tiresias* practis'd long this Trade?

Joc. What Trade?

Oedip. Why, this foretelling Trade.

Joc. For many Years.

Oedip. Has he before this Day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

Oedip. Have you ere this inquir'd, who did this Murder?

Joc. Often; but still in vain.

Oedip. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an Infant-Lye; but one Day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Priest;
The Blood of *Laius* was to murder *Laius*:
I'm not of *Laius*'s Blood.

Joc. Ev'n Oracles

Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Laius had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now!

Oedip. And what foretold it?

Joc. That he should have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: True indeed,
A Son was born; but to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Bor'd through his untry'd Feet, and bound with Cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himself liv'd many, many Years,
And found a different Fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three Ways meet: Yet these are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.

Oedip. Say'ft thou, Woman?

Ev' Heav'n thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul!

Joc. What, new Disturbance! [said it!]

Oedip. Methought thou said'st—(or do I dream thou
This Murder was on *Laius*' Person done;
Where three Ways meet?

Joc. So common Fame reports.

Oedip. Would it had ly'd.

Joc. Why, good my Lord?

Oedip. No Questions:

'Tis busy time with me; dispatch mine first:

Say where, where was it done?

Joc. Mean you the Murder? [dub!]

Oedip. Could'st thou not answer without naming Mur-

Joc. They say in *Phocides*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia*, and from *Delphas*.

Oedip. So! —How long, when happen'd this?

Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.

Oedip. What will the Gods do with me!

Joc. What means that Thought?

Oedip. Something: but 'tis not yet your turn to ask:
How old was *Laius*, what his Shape, his Stature,
His Action, and his Mien? quick, quick, your Answer—

Joc. Big made he was, and tall: his Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance: manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd: his Hair just grizzled,
As in a green old Age: hate but his Years,
You are his Picture. [Picture?]

Oedip. [Aside.] Pray Heav'n he drew me not! am I his

Joc. So I have often told you.

Oedip. True, you have;

Add that to the rest: How was the King
Attended when he travell'd?

Joc. By four Servants:

He went out privately.

Oedip. Well counted still:

One scap'd I hear; what since became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling begg'd I would dismiss him:
He had my Leave; and now he lives retir'd.

Oedip. This Man must be produc'd; he must, *Jocosta*.

Joc. He shall—yet have I leave to ask you why?

Oedip. Yes, you shall know : For where should I repose
The Anguish of my Soul, but in your Breast !
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my Birth ;
My Parents, *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names ; their only Child am I,
It happen'd once ; 'twas at a Bridal Feast,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son ; I, stung with this Reproach,
Struck him : My Father heard of it : The Mar-
Was made ask Pardon, and the Business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

Oedip. And strangely it perplex'd me.
I stole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me seek no farther : — 'Twas my Fate
To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain Oracles !

Oedip. But yet they frighted me ;
I look'd on *Corinth* as a Place accurs'd,
Resolv'd my Destiny should wait in vain,
And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a Fear.

Oedip. Suspend your Thoughts, and flatter not too soon.
Just in the Place you nam'd, where three Ways meet,
And near that time, five Persons I encounter'd ;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you describe for *Laius* : Insolent
And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on Spoil.
I judg'd them Robbers, and by Force repell'd
The Force they us'd : In short, four Men I slew :
The fifth upon his Knees demanding Life,
My Mercy gave it. — Bring me Comfort now,
If I slew *Laius*, what can be more wretched !
From *Thebes* and you, my Curse has banish'd me ;
From *Corinth*, Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your Mind :
My Husband fell by Multitudes oppress'd,
So *Phorbas* said : This Band you chanc'd to meet ;
And murder'd not my *Laius*, but reveng'd him.

Oedip. There's all my Hope : Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
C 3 And

And I shall live again——

To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal
Or clear my Virtue, or my Crime reveal:

If wandering in the Maze of Fate I run,

And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun,

Impute my Errors to your own Decree;

My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. [*Ex. Amb.*]

A C T . I V . S C E N E . I .

Enter Pyracmon and Creon.

Pyr. **S**OME Business of Import that Triumph wears
You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess
When you are pleas'd, by a malicious Joy:
Whose red and fiery Beams cast through your Visage
A glowing Pleasure. Sure you smile Revenge,
And I could gladly hear.

Cre. Would'st thou believe!

This giddy hair-brain'd King, whom old *Tiresias*
Has Thunder-struck with heavy Accusation,

Tho' conscious of no inward Guilt, yet fears;

He fears *Jocasta*, fears himself, his Shadow;

He fears the Multitude; and, which is worth

An Age of Laughter, out of all Mankind,

He chooses me to be his Orator:

Swears that *Adrastus*, and the lean-look'd Prophet,

Are joint Conspirators; and wish'd me to

Appease the raving *Thebans*; with I swore

To do.

Pyr. A dangerous Undertaking;

Directly opposite to your own Interest.

Cre. No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his Presence,

With all the Wings with which Revenge could imp

My Flight, I gain'd the midst o'th City;

There, standing on a Pile of dead and dying,

I to the mad and sickly Multitude,

With interrupting Sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,

O wretched *Thebes*; thy King, thy *Oedipus*,

The barbarous Stranger, this Usurper, Monster,

Is by the Oracle, the wise *Tiresias*,
Proclaim'd the Murderer of thy Royal *Laius* :
Jocasta too, no longer now my Sister,
Is found Complotter in the horrid Deed.
Here I renounce all tie of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*.
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thousand antick Mouths
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the Cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail : I see you on the Throne,
And *Oedipus* cast out.

Cre. Then straight came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Croud,
Whom he had wrought ; I whisper'd him to join,
And head the Forces while the Heat was in 'em :
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another Story.
But see, he enters.

Enter Oedipus and Jocasta, attended.

Oedip. Said you that *Pborbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concerning what we have discover'd ?

Joc. He started when I told him your Intent,
Replying, what he knew of that Affair
Would give no Satisfaction to the King ;
Then, falling on his Knees, begg'd, as for Life,
To be dismiss'd from Court : He trembled too,
As if convulsive Death had seiz'd upon him,
And stammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r so wildly,
That had he been the Murderer of *Laius*,
Guilt and Distraction could not have shook him more.

Oedip. By your Description, sure as Plagues and Death
Lay waste our *Thebes*, some Deed that shuns the Light
Begot those fears : If thou respect'st my Peace,
Secure him, dear *Jocasta* ; for my Genius
Shrinks at his Name.

Joc. Rather let him go :
So my poor boding Heart would have it be,
Without a Reason.

Oedip. Hark, the *Thebans* come !
Therefore retire : And once more, if thou lov'st me,

Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.

Joe. You shall, while I
Have Life, be still obey'd:

In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,
And set the fairest Countenance to view;
Your gloomy Eyes, my Lord, betray a Deadness
And inward Languishing: That Oracle
Eats like a subtil Worm its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
Howe'er the beauteous Outside shows so lovely.

Oedip. O, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's excess!
All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [Ex. *Joe.*

Ghost. *Oedipus!*

Oedip. Ha! again that Scream and Woe!
Thrice have I heard, thrice since the Morning dawn'd
It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from some vaulted Mansion, *Oedipus!*
Or is it but the Work of Melancholy?
When the Sun sets, Shadows, that shew'd at Noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets seem the Watch of Death,
Nature's worst Vermin scare her Godlike Sons.
Echoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves:
Each Mole-hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*.
While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff;
And sweat with an Imagination's weight;
As if, like *Atlas*, with these mortal Shoulders
We could sustain the Burden of the World.

[*Creon comes forward.*

Cre. O, sacred Sir, my Royal Lord——

Oedip. What now?

Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful Action,
Thy Breath comes short, thy darted Eyes are fixt
On me for Aid, as if thou wert pursu'd:
I sent thee to the *Thebans*, speak thy Wonder;
Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
The King himself's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas

My

My Life's not worth a Thought, when weigh'd with
But fly, my Lord, fly as your Life is sacred, [yours I
Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
Who therefore, on his Knees, thus prostrate begs
You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your Ruin.
When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,
And drove me through the Streets, with Imprecations
Against your sacred Person, and those Traitors
Which justify'd your Guilt: Which curs'd *Tiresias*
Told, as from Heav'n, was Cause of their Destruction.

Oedip. Rise, worthy *Creon*, haste and take our Guard,
Rank 'em in equal Part upon the Square,
Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes. [Shout,
I hear 'em roar: Begone, and break down all
The Dams that would oppose their furious Passage.

[*Ex. Creon with Guards*]

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Adr. Your City

Is all in Arms, all bent to your Destruction:
I heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
A thundring Shout, which made my Jaylors vanish,
Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the cruel King?
Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, those awful Pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which these Ears have heard,
And these Eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless.
For, since I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have observ'd in all his Acts such Truth
And God-like Clearness; that to the last gush
Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his Life,
And here have sworn to perish by his Side.

Oedip. Be witness, Gods, how near this touches me,
[*Embracing him.*

O what, what Recompense can Glory make?

Adr. Defend your Innocence, speak like your self,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntless Virtue.
But hark! the Storm comes nearer.

Oedip. Let it come.

The force of Majesty is never known
But in a general Wrack: Then, then is seen

The Difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There stands your Plague, the Ruin, Desolation
Of this unhappy ———— speak; shall I kill him?
Or shall he be cast out to Banishment?

All Theb. To Banishment, away with him.

Oedip. Hence, you Barbarians, to your slavish Distance;
Fix to the Earth your sordid Looks; for he
Who stirs, dares more than Mad-men, Fiends or Furies,
Who dares to face me, by the Gods; as well
May brave the Majesty of Thundring Jove.
Did I for this relieve you when besieg'd
By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean-jaw'd Famine made more Havock of you,
Than does the Plague? But I rejoice I know you,
Know the base Stuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler, of my own;
Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule such Brutes, so barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad Repentance,
A general Consternation spread among 'em.

Oedip. My Reign is at an end; yet ere I finish ————
I'll do a Justice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch; who, i'th' midst of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his Throne encompass'd round
With Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your Head: [*Seizes him.*
Here, *Hæmon*, take him: but for this, and this,
Let Cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O sacred Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heaven's Award;
If that th' Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May speak, O do not too severely deal;
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Tiresias* die. [*Alcander* —

Oedip. I take thee at thy Word. Run, haste, and save —

I swear the Prophet, or the King shall die.
Be Witness, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath;
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I submit.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Oedip. What mean those Trumpets?

Enter Hæmon with Alcander, &c.

Hæm. From your Native Country,
Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father:
He comes as an Ambassador from *Corinth*,
And sues for Audience.

Oedip. Haste, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
To embrace him.

Hæm. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
In private Conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings!
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without Fears the blackest Nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy Slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As Infants Dreams.

Oedip. What does the Soul of all my Joys intend?
And whither would this Rapture?

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down those lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence resounded those false Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of Rest: if we must pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a gray-beard forging Priest come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his Dotage mad the gaping World.
But see, the Oracle that I will trust,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter Ægeon, Knells.

Oedip. O, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*,
Ten thousand welcomes, O my Foster-Father,
Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,
As to a sinking Mariner,

The

The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore!
 But speak, O tell me what so mighty Joy
 Is this thou bring'st, which so transports *Jocasta*?
Joc. Peace, Peace, *Ægeon*, let *Jocasta* tell him!
 O that I could for ever charm, as now,
 My dearest *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oedip. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon*, answer me,
 And speak in short, what my *Jocasta's* Transport
 May over-do.

Æge. Since in few Words, my Royal Lord, you ask
 To know the Truth; King *Polybus* is dead,

Oedip. O all you Powers, is't possible? what, dead!
 But that the Tempest of my Joy may rise
 By just degrees, and hit at last the Stars:
 Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
 Or Water? by Assassins, or Poison? speak:
 Or did he languish under some Disease?

Æge. Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
 But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long:
 Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
 Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years;
 Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more:
 'Till, like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
 The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

Oedip. O, let me press thee in my youthful Arms,
 And smother thy old Age in my Embraces.
 Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocasta*, yes *Adrastus*,
 Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
 Fires shall be kindled in the midst of *Thebes*;
 I'th' midst of Tumult, Wars, and Pestilence,
 I will rejoice for *Polybus* his Death.
 Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
 Yet farther, let it pass yon dazzling Roof,
 The Mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
 With everlasting Peals of thundering Joy.

Tr. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oedip. Now, Dædard; now, thou blind old wizard
 Prophet,
 Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now;
 Or Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air,

Chatter

Chatter Futurity ; and where are now
 Your Oracles, that call me Paricide ?
 Is he not dead ? deep laid in's Monument ?
 And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attack'd him ?
 Avault, be gone, you Vizors of the Gods !
 Were I as other Sons, now I should weep ;
 But, as I am, I've Reason to rejoice :
 And will, tho' his cold Shade should rise and blast me,
 O, for his Death, let Waters break their Bounds,
 Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting *Io's* ring :
Io, Jocasta, Io *pean* sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy End ?
 But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
 She had no Soul since you forsook the Land,
 Waves all the neighb'ring Princes that adore her. [*speak.*

Oedip. Waves all the Princes ! poor Heart ! for what ? O

Æge. She, tho' in full-blown Flow'r of glorious Beauty,
 Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age :
 And, for your sake, has sworn to die unmarried.

Oedip. How ! for my sake, die, and not marry ! O,
 My Fit returns.

Æge. This Diamond, with a thousand Kisses blest,
 With thousand Sighs and Wishes for your Safety,
 She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
 Of our *Corinthian* Lords.

Oedip. There's Magick in it, take it from my Sight ;
 There's not a Beam it darts, but carries Hell,
 Hot flashing Lust, and Necromantick Incell :
 Take it from these sick Eyes, Oh hide it from me.

No, my *Jocasta*, tho' *Thebes* cast me out,
 While *Merope's* alive, I'll ne'er return !
 O, rather let me walk round the wide World
 A Beggar, than accept a Diadem
 On such abhorr'd Conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own Unhappiness,
 By these extravagant and needless Fears. [*rather*

Oedip. Needless ! O, all you Gods ! By Heav'n I'd
 Embrue my Arms up to my very Shoulders
 In the dear Entrails of the best of Fathers,
 Than offer at the execrable Act

Of damn'd Incest: therefore no more of her.

Aege. And why, O sacred Sir, if Subjects may
Presume to look into their Monarch's Breast,
Why should the Chaste and Spotless *Merope*
Infuse such Thoughts as I must blush to name?

Oedip. Because the God of *Delfos* did forewarn me,
With Thundring Oracles.

Aege. May I intreat to know 'em?

Oedip. Yes, my *Aegeon*; but the sad Remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest!
Methinks I have his Image now in view;
He mounts the *Frisos* in a Minute's space,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple-roof;
While from his Mouth

These dismal Words are heard: [Blood to spill,
"Fly, Wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's
"And with prepost'rous Births, thy Mother's Womb to

Aege. Is this the Cause [fill:
Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinth*?

Oedip. The Cause! why, is it not a monstrous one?

Aege. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you should
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The Act would prove no Incest.

Oedip. How, *Aegeon*?

Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not incestuous!
Thou rav'it, and so do I; and these all catch
My madness; look, they're dead with deep Distraction;
Not Incest! what, not Incest with my Mother?

Aege. My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother,

Oedip. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*
My Mother!

Aege. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.

Oedip. Then all my Days and Nights must now be spent
In curious Search, to find out those dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; speak then *Aegeon*,
By all the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By all the Tyes of Nature, Blood, and Friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King
A Point or smallest Grain of what thou know'st:
Speak then, O answer to my Doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,

Why

Why was I call'd his Son?

Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest Gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could bestow in costly Mantles
Upon its Infant Heir.

Oedip. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth's* Crown,
Because *Ægeon's* Hands presented me?

Æge. By my Advice.
Being past all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd and own'd you for his Son.

Oedip. Perhaps I then am yours, instruct me, Sir;
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,
With all the Obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploring Pardon.

Kill me if you please,
I will not writhe my Body at the Wound:
But sink upon your Feet with a last Sigh,
And ask Forgiveness with my dying Hands.

Æge. O rise, and call not to this aged Cheek
The little Blood which should keep warm my Heart:
You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest
With such a God-like Offspring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Cithæron*.

Oedip. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible
Of the great Things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Cithæron! speak, the Valley of *Cithæron!*

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd with the Conversation of a Man
Who led a rural Life, and had Command
O'er all the Shepherds who about those Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks; in this Man's Arms
I saw you smiling at a fatal Dagger,
Whose Point he often offer'd at your Throat;
But then you smil'd, and then he drew it back,
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again;
'Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy Death.
Then I rush'd in, and after some Discourse,

To

To me he did bequeath your innocent Life;
And I, the welcome Care to *Polybus*.

Oedip. To whom belongs the Master of the Shepherds?

Æge. His Name I knew not, or I have forgot:
That he was of the Family of *Laius*,
I well remember.

Oedip. And is your Friend alive? for if he be,
I'll buy his Presence, tho' it cost my Crown.

Æge. Your menial Attendants best can tell
Whether he lives or not; and who has now
His Place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of human Feet was never seen,
O'er-grown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds:
Beneath whose venomous Shade I may have vent
For Horrors that would blast the barbarous World.

Oedip. If there be any here that knows the Person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his Life
To speak; Concealment shall be sudden Death;
But he who brings him forth, shall have Reward
Beyond Ambition's Lust.

Tir. His Name is *Phorbas*.

Jocasta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oedip. Then all goes well, since *Phorbas* is secur'd
By my *Jocasta*. Haste, and bring him forth;
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha? what mean
These Tears, and Groans, and Strugglings? speak,
my Fair,

What are thy Troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine;
Let me conjure you take the Prophet's Counsel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oedip. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my Birth, tho' Death
Attends the Search: I have already pass'd
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater Labour than to venture o'er:
Therefore produce him.

Joc.

Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
 I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
 My Love, my All, my only utmost Hope,
 I beg you, banish *Phorbas*: O, the Gods,
 I kneel, that you may grant this first Request.
 Deny me all Things else; but, for my sake,
 And as you prize your own eternal Quiet,
 Never let *Phorbas* come into your Presence.

Oedip. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall appear,
 Tho' his dread Eyes were *Basilisks*. Guards, haste,
 Search the Queen's Lodgings; find, and force him hither.
 [*Exeunt Guards.*]

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet send,
 And stop their Entrance, ere it be too late:
 Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
 With Furies, slain out-right with meer Distraction,
 Keep from your Eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
 Forbear this Search, I'll think you more than mortal:
 Will you yet hear me?

Oedip. Tempests will be heard,
 And Waves will dash, tho' Rocks their haste keep.
 But see, they enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
 Either forbear this Subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
 A Story, that shall turn thee into Stone.
 Could there be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,
 A flaw made thro' the Center, by some God,
 Through which the Groans of Ghosts might strike the
 Ears,

They would not wound thee, as this Story will.

Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,

Jocasta: Yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,

Where first the Mysteries of our Loves were acted,

And dashly dye it with imperial Crimson;

Tear off this curling Hair,

Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital Part,

And, when at last I'm slain, to crown the Horror,

My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground,

To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound. [*Exit*

Oedip. She's gone; and as she went, methought her
 Eyes Grew

Grew larger, while a thousand frantick Spirits
 Seething, like Bubbles, on the Brim,
 Peep'd from the wat'ry Brink, and glow'd upon me.
 I'll seek no more; but hush my Genius up
 That throws me on my Fate——Impossible!
 O wretched Man, whose too too busy Thoughts
 Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'ns round,
 With an eternal hurry of the Soul:
 Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rowling Year
 Seems to stand still, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
 When not a Breath disturbs the drowsy Waves:
 But Man, the very Monster of the World,
 Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.
 Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
 Let's know the Bottom. *Hamon*, you I sent:
 Where is that *Phorbas*!

Ham. Here, my royal Lord.

Oedip. Speak first, *Ægeon*, say, is this the Man?

Æge. My Lord, it is: The Time has plough'd that
 Face

With many Furrows since I saw it first;
 Yet I'm too well acquainted with the Ground,
 Quite to forget it.

Oedip. Peace; stand back a while.

Come hither Friend; I hear thy Name is *Phorbas*.
 Why dost thou turn thy Face? I charge thee answer
 To what I shall enquire: Wert thou not once
 The Servant of King *Laius*, here in *Thebes*?

Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
 Born and bred up in Court, no foreign Slave.

Oedip. What Office had'st thou? what was thy Em-
 ployment?

Phor. He made me Lord of all his rural Pleasures;
 For much he lov'd 'em: Oft I entertain'd
 With sporting Swains, o'er whom I had command.

Oedip. Where was thy Residence? To what part o'th'
 Country

Didst thou most frequently resort?

Phor. To Mount *Cithæron*? and the pleasant Vallies
 Which all about lie shadowing its large Feet.

Oedip.

Oedip. Come forth, *Ægeon*. Ha! why start'st thou,
Phorbas?

Forward I say, and Face to Face confront him;
Look wistly on him, through him, if thou can'st,
And tell me on thy Life, say, dost thou know him?
Didst thou e'er see him? converse with him
Near Mount *Cithæron*!

Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?

Oedip. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, didst thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, sacred Sir?

Oedip. Near Mount *Cithæron*, answer to the Purpose,
Tis a King speaks; and royal Minutes are
Of much more worth than thousand vulgar Years:
Didst thou e'er see this Man near Mount *Cithæron*?

Phor. Most sure, my Lord, I have seen Lines like those
His Visage bears; but know not where, nor when.

Æge. Is't possible you should forget your ancient
Friend?

There are perhaps
Particulars, which may excite your dead Remem-
brance.

Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale?

The Swadding-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold.
Have you forgot how too you wept, and begg'd
That I should breed him up, and ask no more?

Phor. Whate'er I begg'd; thou like a Dotard speak'st
More than is requisite: And what of this?

Why is it mention'd now? And why, O why
Dost thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?

Æge. Be not too rash: That Infant grew at last
A King; and here the happy Monarch stands.

Phor. Ha! whither wouldst thou? O what hast thou
utter'd!

For what thou'st said, Death strike thee dumb for ever.

Oedip. Forbear to curse the Innocent; and be
Accurs'd thy self, thou shifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Phor. O Heav'ns! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oedip.

Oedip. Why speak you not according to my Charge?
Bring forth the Rack; since Mildness cannot win you,
Torments shall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;
You will not rack an innocent old Man.

Oedip. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me say?

Oedip. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?

Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods,
Phorbas had perish'd in that very Moment.

Oedip. Moment! Thou shalt be Hours, Days, Years
a dying.

Here, bind his Hands; he dallies with my Fury:
But I shall find a way——

Phor. My Lord, I said
I gave the Infant to him.

Oedip. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Phor. He was not mine, but given me by another.

Oedip. Whence? and from whom? what City?
Of what House?

Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the Ground.
Would I could sink beneath it: By the Gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more.

Oedip. Furies and Hell! *Hemon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous Flames:
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his Skin flaid off,
And burnt alive.

Phor. O spare my Age.

Oedip. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oedip. Who gave that Infant to thee?

Phor. One of King *Laius*' Family.

Oedip. O, you immortal Gods! But say, who was it?
Which of the Family of *Laius* gave it?
A Servant; or one of the Royal Blood?

Phor. O wretched State! I die, unless I speak:
And if I speak, most certain Death attends me!

Oedip. Thou shalt not die, speak then, who was it?
speak,
While I have Sense to understand the Horrour;
For I grow cold.

Phor.

Phor. The Queen *Jocasta* told me
It was her Son by *Laius*.

Oedip. O you Gods!—But did she give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, she did.

Oedip. Wherefore? for what?—O break not yet,
my Heart;

Tho' my Eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,
Or must I ask for ever? for what End?

Why gave she thee her Child?

Phor. To murder it.

Oedip. O more than savage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a Cause!

Phor. There was a dreadful one
Which had foretold, that most unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oedip. But one Thing more.

Jocasta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was slain; Speak, I conjure thee,
For I shall never ask thee ought again,
What was the Number of th'Assassinates?

Phor. The dreadful Deed was acted but by one;
And sure that one had much of your Resemblance.

Oedip. 'Tis well! I thank you, Gods! 'tis wondrous
well!

Daggers, and Poison; O there is no need
For my Dispatch; and you, you merciless Pow'rs,
Hoard up your Thunder-stones; keep, keep, your Bolts
For Crimes of little note [Falls.

Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently for-
ward;

Chafe, chafe his Temples: How the mighty Spirits,
Half strangled with the Damp his Sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for Vent: But see, he breathes again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all Opposition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oedip. The worse for you.

O barbarous Men, and oh the hated Light,
Why did you force me back to curse the Day;
To curse my Friends; to blast with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air?
To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,

Why

Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
 Methinks there's not a Hand that grasps this Hell,
 But should run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
 Stand from this Spot, I wish you as my Friends,
 And come not near me, lest the gaping Earth
 Swallow you too—Lo, I am gone already.

[*Draws, and claps his Sword to his Breast, which
 Adrastus strikes away with his Foot.*]

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your Life:
Creon, Alcander, Hæmon, help to hold him.

Oedip. Cruel *Adrastus*! Wilt thou, *Hæmon* too?
 Are these the Obligations of my Friends?
 O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes!
 Dear, dear *Adrastus*, look with half an Eye
 On my unheard of Woes, and judge thy self,
 If it be fit that such a Wretch should live!
 O, by these melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
 With all the low Submissions of a Slave,
 I do conjure thee give my Horrors way;
 Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave:
 As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd Wretch,
 All mangled o'er from Head to Foot with Wounds,
 And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me Things impossible;
 And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
 To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.

Tir. Tho' banish'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may reign:
 Th' infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more;
 Calm then your Rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oedip. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
 Hence, from my Arms, avaunt. Enjoy thy Mother!
 What, violate, with bestial Appetite,
 The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn!
 This is not to be borne! Hence; off, I say,
 For they who lett my Vengeance, make themselves
 Accomplices in my most horrid Guilt.

Adr. Let it be so; We'll fence Heav'n's Fury from you
 And suffer all together; this perhaps,
 When Ruin comes, may help to break your Ball.

Oedip. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen
 The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;

So now in very deed I might behold
 The pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof
 Meet, like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind ;
 For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
 Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
 Conspire the Rack of out-cast *Oedipus*.
 Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
 Shadow the Globe ; may the Sun never dawn,
 The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb ;
 And for an Universal Rout of Nature
 Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
 May there not be a Glimpse, one Starry Spark,
 But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark :
 That Jars may rise, and Wrath Divine be hurl'd,
 Which may to Atoms shake the solid World. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon, Alcander, and Pyracmon.

Cre. **T** *Hebes* is at length my own ; and all my Wishes
 Which sure were great as Royalty e'er form'd
 Fortune and my auspicious Stars have crown'd.

O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
 Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
 As if thou wert the Burning-glass of Glory !

Pyr. Might I be Counsellor, I would intreat you
 To cool a little, Sir ;

Find out *Eurydice* ;

And, with the Resolution of a Man
 Mark'd out for Greatness, give the fatal Choice
 Of Death, or Marriage.

Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
 As one who, tho' Unfortunate, belov'd,
 Thought Innocent, and therefore much lamented
 By all the *Thebans* ; you must mark him dead ;
 Since nothing but his Death, not Banishment,
 Can give Assurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the Storm
Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Passions,
As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire ;
Therefore, *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall die, or be my Bride.

Alcander, summon to their Master's Aid
My menial Servants, and all those whom Change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our Part ; Away. What now? [*Ex. Alc.*]

Enter Hæmon.

When *Hæmon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts
I may foretel there is a fatal Cause.

Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King ?

Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed ;
All left him there, at his Desire, alone ;
But sure no Ill, unless he died with Grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.

Hæm. I did ; and, having lock'd the Door, I stood ;
And through a Chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him ;
At first, deep Sighs heav'd from his woeful Heart
Murmurs, and Groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
And art thou still alive, Oh Wretch ! he cry'd ;
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear ; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wond'rous Heap of Sorrow !
But to the fatal Period.

Hæm. Thrice he struck,
With all his Force, his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus, with Out-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'it 'tis well,
These Bubbles of the shallowest emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on ;
Yet these thou think'ft are ample Satisfaction

For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust;
 No, Parricide; if thou must weep, weep Blood;
 Weep Eyes, instead of Tears; O, by the Gods,
 'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my Woer.
 Which said, he smil'd revengefully, and leapt
 Upon the Floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
 His Eye-balls fiery red, and glowing Vengeance;
 Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more
 Will view your Heav'n, 'till with more durable Glasses,
 The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
 I find your dazzling Beings; Take, he cry'd,
 Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal Farewel View.
 When with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
 With horrid Force, lifting his impious Hands,
 He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
 The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground.

Cre. A Master-piece of Horror; new and dreadful!

Ham. I ran to succour him; but, oh! too late;
 For he had pluck'd the remnant Strings away.
 What then remains, but that I find *Tiresias*,
 Who, with his Wisdom, may allow those Furies
 That haunt his gloomy Soul? [Exit.]

Cre. Heav'n will reward
 Thy care; most honest, faithful, foolish *Hamon*.
 But see, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander attended.

I see thou hast been diligent.

Alc. Nothing these,
 For number, to the Crouds, that soon will follow:
 Be resolute,
 And call your utmost Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha!-thou hast given
 Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
 These Eyes be clos'd, 'till they behold *Adrastus*
 Stretch'd at the Feet of false *Eurydice*.
 But see, they're here! retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adrastus, and Eurydice, attended.

Adr. Alas, *Eurydice*, what fond rash Man,
 What inconsiderate and ambitious Fool,
 That shall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
 Will dare, with his frail Hand, to grasp a Scepter?

D

Enr.

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer Hours in humble Cells, away:
Not but I love you to that infinite Height,
I could (O wondrous Proof of fiercest Love!)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd Innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From Blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*:
Vouchsafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your Feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

[*Creon and Attendants come up to him*]

Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black Design, *Adrastus*,
And therefore, as a Traitor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: Let it suffice
That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince: abuse not
Her proffer'd Mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest she repent, and hasten on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
Most abhor'd of Men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee;
Thebans, to you I justify my Love:
I have address my Prayers to this fair Princess;
But, if I ever meant a Violence,
Or thought to Ravish, as that Traitor did,
What humblest Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul Dishonour,
And let Men curse me by the Name of *Creon*!

Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not as you prize your Lives,
To take the part of that Rebellious Traitor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocasta*'s Order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,
I here resign to Prince *Adrastus*' Arms
All that the World can make me Mistress of.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.

Traitor

Traitor, resign the Princess, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate Wretches,
Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, Villain, no;
With twice those odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cause to vanquish thee.
Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love; ten thousand thousand Times more Dear
Than Life, or Liberty,

Cre. Fall on, *Alcander.*

Pyrramon, you and I must wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princess.

Adr. Ah, Traitor, dost thou shun me?
Follow, follow,

My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.

[*Ex. fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by Adrastus.*

Enter Oedipus.

Oedip. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, there goes the Monster!
Nor have I hid my Horrors from my self;
For tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, thro' glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger Size her black Ideas,
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes:
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife and Mother, Tortures, Hell and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful Offspring's brought to light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me:
What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta's* Look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father: There a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Laius* just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
Cries out, how fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too
Fly all, be gone, fly from my whirling Brain;
Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly Figures!
O Gods! Gods, answer; is there any Mean?
Let me go mad, or die.

D 2

Enter

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of Mankind,
This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whose Story told, whose very Name but mention'd,
Would cool the Rage of Fevers, and unlock
The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her Feet?

Oedip. By all my Fears, I think *Jocasta's* Voice!
Hence; fly; be gone! O thou far worse than worst
Of damning Charmers! O abhor'd, loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n,
But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
The Golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,
Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oedip. Art thou not gone then? Ha!
How dar'st thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'st thou in the Grave to reap new Pleasures?

Joc. Talk on, 'till thou mak'st mad thy rowling
Brain;

Groan still more. Death: and may those dismal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
Methinks at such a Meeting, Heav'n stands still;
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows; This Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: The busy Enimets cease;
Yet hear me on——

Oedip. Speak then, and blast my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolv'd a Ruin
To match my Crimes; by all my Miseries,
'Tis Horror worse than thousand thousand Deaths,
To send me hence without a kind Farewel.

Oedip. Gods, how she shakes me! stay thee, O *Jocasta*,
Speak something ere thou goest for ever from me.

Joc. 'Tis Woman's Weakness, that I would be
pity'd;

Pardon me then, O Greatest, tho' most Wretched,
Of all thy Kind: My Soul is on the Brink,

And

and sees the boiling Furnace just beneath:
 > not thou push me off, and I will go,
 with such a Willingness, as if that Heav'n
 with all its Glory glow'd for my Reception.

Oedip. O, in my Heart, I feel the Pangs of Na-
 ture:

works with Kindness o'er; Give, give me way;
 feel a Melting here, a Tenderness,
 so mighty for the Anger of the Gods!
 direct me to thy Knees: Yet oh, forbear,
 lest the dead Embers should revive,
 and off——and at just Distance
 let me groan my Horrors——here
 on the Earth, here blow my utmost Gale;
 ere sob my Sorrows; 'till I burst with Sighing:
 ere gasp and languish out my wounded Soul.

Joc. In spite of all those Crimes the cruel Gods
 can charge me with, I know my Innocence;
 now yours: 'Tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
 or you are still my Husband.

Oedip. Swear I am,
 and I'll believe thee; steal into thy Arms,
 renew Endearments, think 'em no Pollutions,
 as chaste as Spirits Joys: gently I'll come,
 thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
 and fold thee softly in my Arms to slumber.

*[The Ghost of Laius ascends by degrees, pointing at
 Jocasta.]*

Joc. Be gone, my Lord! Alas, what are we doing?
 fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,
 and Worlds divide us! O thrice happy thou,
 who has no Use of Eyes; for here's a Sight
 would turn the melting Face of Mercy's self
 to a wild Fury.

Oedip. Ha! What seest thou there?

Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
 how wan he looks!

Oedip. Thou rav'st; thy Husband's here.

Joc. There, there he mounts
 in circling Fire, amongst the blushing Clouds!
 And see, he waves *Jocasta* from the World!

D. 3.

Ghost.

Ghost. *Jocasta, Oedipus.* [*Vanisheth with Thunder.*
Oedip. What would'st thou have?

Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
 In Darkness here, and kept from Means of Death.
 I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful;
 At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
 The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean groans;
 Rocks are remov'd, and Tow'rs are thund'ed down:
 And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant
 Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Joc. Was that a Raven's Creak, or my Son's Voice?
 No matter which; I'll to the Grave and hide me.
 Earth open, or I'll tear thy Bowels up.

Hark! He goes on, and blabs the Deed of Incest.

Oedip. Strike then Imperial Ghost; dash all at
 once

This House of Clay into a thousand pieces;
 That my poor lingring Soul may take her flight
 To your immortal Dwellings.

Joc. Haste thee then,
 Or I shall be before thee: See, thou can'st not see;
 Then I will tell thee that my Wings are on;
 I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a Port Divine
 Glide all along the gaudy milky Soil,
 To find my *Laius* out; ask every God
 In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Laius*,
 My murder'd *Laius*!

Oedip. Ha! How's this, *Jocasta*?

Nay, if thy Brain be sick, then thou art happy.

Joc. Ha! Will you not? Shall I not find him out?
 Will you not show him? Are my Tears despis'd?
 Why, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
 And fright you with my Cries; yes, cruel Gods,
 Tho' Vulturs, Eagles, Dragons tear my Heart,
 I'll snatch Celestial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
 Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
 Of Crystal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
 Drive you all out from your Ambrosial Hives,
 To swarm like Bees about the Field of Heav'n's;
 This will I do, unless you shew me *Laius*,

My Dear, my murder'd Lord. *O Lains! Lains! Lains!*

[*Ex. Jocasta.*]

Oedip. Excellent Grief! why, this is as it should be!
No Mourning can be suitable to Crimes
Like curs, but what Death makes, or Madness forms.
I cou'd have wish'd methought for Sight again,
To mark the Gallantry of her Distraction.
Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,
T' have seen her mouth the Heav'ns, and mate the Gods;
While with her thund'ring Voice she menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with smarting Sorrow;
But what's all this to thee? Thou, Coward, yet
Art living, can'st not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thousand Ways lead to his thousand Doors,
Which Day and Night are still unbarr'd for all.

[*Clashing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*]
Hark! 'tis the Noise of clashing Swords! the Sound
Comes near. O, that a Battle wou'd come o'er me!
If I but grasp a Sword, or wrest a Dagger,
I'll make a Ruin with the first that falls.

Enter Hæmon, with Guards.

Ham. Seize him, and bear him to the Western Tow'r;
Pardon me, Saered Sir, I am inform'd
That *Creon* has Designs upon your Life.
Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oedip. Slaves, unhand me.

I think thou hast a Sword. 'Twas the wrong side,
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
He that could tear his Eyes out, sure could find
Some desperate Way to stifle this curst Breath,
Or if I starve! But that's a ling'ring Fate:
Or if I leave my Brains upon the Wall!

The airy Soul can easily o'er-shoot
Those Bounds with which thou strive'st to pale her in;
Yes, I will perish in despite of thee;
And, by the Rage that stirs me, if I meet thee
In t'other World, I'll curse thee for this Usage. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Tiresias, after him; and, with your Counsel,
Advise him humbly: charm, if possible,

These

These Feuds within, while I without extinguish,
Or perish in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*;
That Brand which sets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your Intent, and give a Period
To all our Plagues: What old *Tiresias* can,
Shall strait be done. Lead, *Manto*, to the Tow'r.

[*Ex. Tir. and Mant.*

Ham. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray,

[*Trumpets again.*

Or fall together in the bloody Broil.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyracmon, and his Party
giving ground to Adrastus.*

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adrastus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Prisoner.

Adr. What would'st thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandish'd Dagger:

Forego th' Advantage which thy Arm has won,
Or, by the Blood which trembles thro' the Heart
Of her, whom more than Life, I know thou lov'st,
I'll bury to the Hilt, in her fair Breast,
This Instrument of my Revenge.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd Wretch; hold, stop thy bloody
Hand.

Cre. Give order then, that on this Instant, now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away, my Friends, since Fate has so allotted.
Be gone, and leave me to the Villain's Mercy.

Eur. 'Ah, my *Adrastus*! Call'em, call'em back!
Stand there; come back! O cruel, barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After so bravely having fought his Cause,
To perish by the Hand of this base Villain?
Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his Ruin? Drag him thro' the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my Death affright you.

Cre. Die first thy self then.

Adr. O, I charge thee hold.

Hence, from my Presence all: He's not my Friend

That

That disobeys: See, art thou now appear'd ?

[*Ex. Attendants.*]

Or is there aught else yet remains to do,
That can atone thee? Slack thy thirst of Blood
With mine; but save, O save that innocent Wretch.

Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thyself my Prisoner;

Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of Hope to save
Thy precious Life, my dear *Adrastus*,
What-e'er thou dost, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'st get off, tho' Odds oppose thee;
For me, O fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid Love will spare me. Keep thy Sword;
Lest I be ravish'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Instruct me, Gods, what shall *Adrastus* do?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead, my Soldiers
With Numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy Wish
Eurydice should fall before thee?

Adr. Traitor, no.

Better that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.

Cre. Then cast thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my Mercy, or I strike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moment's
pause.

My Father, when he blest me, gave me this:
My Son, said he, let this be thy last Refuge;
If thou forego'st it, Misery attends thee:

Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
The Hazards of my Life I never lost.

'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Trust;
Tho' my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.

Cre. Fatal! Yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall!

Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,

My Wound's remembrance,

Turn all at once the fatal Point on thee.

Pyrramon, to the Palace, dispatch

The King; hang *Hæmon* up, for he is loyal,

And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?

Adr. Yes, Villain, for what-ever thou can'st dare.

Eur. Hold, *Creon*, or thro' me, thro' me you wound.

Adr.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both ; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Pontard's in my Hand :
Therefore away.

Eur. I'll guard your Life with mine.

Cre. Die both then ; there is now no time for dallying.

[Kills Eurydice.

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell ; farewell my dear *Adrastus*.

[Dies.

Adr. Unheard-of Monster ! Eldest born of Hell !
Down to thy primitive Flames. [Stabs Creon.

Cre. Help, Soldiers, help ; revenge me.

Adr. More ; yet more ; a thousand Wounds !
I'll stamp thee still, thus to the gaping Furies.

[*Adrastus falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.*

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Alcander and Pyracmon
bound ; the Assassins are driven off.

O *Hæmon*, I am slain ; nor need I name
Th' inhuman Author of all Villanies ;
There he lies gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
Burn first my Arm ; base Instrument, unfit
To act the Dictates of my daring Mind :
Burn, burn for ever, O weak Substitute
Of the God, Ambition.

[Dies.

Adr. She's gone ; O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart !
Yet in the Pangs of Death she grasps my Hand.
Her Lips too tremble, as if she would speak
Her last Farewel. O, *Oedipus*, thy Fall
Is great ; and nob'y now thou goest attended !
They talk of Heroes, and Celestial Beauties,
And wond'rous Pleasures in the other World ;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more.

[Dies.

Enter a Captain to Hæmon ; with Tiresias and Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocasta*, swift and wild,
As a robb'd Tigress bounding o'er the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze Mankind.
In twisted Gold I saw her Daughters hang
On the Bed-Royal, and her little Sons
Stab'd thro' the Breasts upon the bloody Pillows.

Ham. Relentless Heav'ns ! Is then the Fate of *Lains*
Never to be aton'd ? How sacred ought

Kings

Kings Lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation?
But see! The furious mad *Jocasta's* here.

*Scene draws, and discovers Jocasta held by her Women,
and stab'd in many places of her Bosom, her Hair
dishevel'd, her Children slain upon the Bed.*

Was ever yet a Sight of so much Horreur,
And Pity brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!

Will you not let me take my last Farewel
Of those dear Babes? O let me run and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling Wounds!
I'll print upon their coral Mouths such Kisses,
As shall recall their wand'ring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal;
Help, *Hamon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocasta* dies:

Enter Oedipus above.

Oedip. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods
'Tis quite unbarr'd: Sure by the distant Noise,
The Height will fit my fatal Purpose well.

Joc. What ho, my *Oedipus*! See, where he stands!
His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount, my Soul;
I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in lambent Flames! and
so we'll fail:

But see! we're landed on the happy Coast;
And all the golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cause.

Jove, Jove, whose Majesty now sinks me down,
He who himself burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;

'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine;

And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine.

[Dies.]

Oedip. Speak, *Hamon*; what has Fate been doing
there?

What dreadful Deed has mad *Jocasta* done?

Ham. The Queen herself, and all your wretched
Offspring,
Are by her Fury slain!

Oedipi

Oedip. By all my Woes,
 She has out-done me, in Revenge and Murder;
 And I should envy her the sad Applause:
 But, Oh! my Children,! Oh, what have they done?
 This was not like the Mercy of the Heav'ns,
 To set her Madness on such Cruelty.
 This stirs me more than all my Sufferings,
 And with my last Breath I must call you Tyrants.

Ham. What mean you, Sir?

Oedip. *Jocasta!* Lo, I come.

O *Laius*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
 Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
 All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore:
 Extend your Arms t' embrace me, for I come;
 May all the Gods too from their Battlements
 Behold and wonder at a Mortal's daring:
 And when I knock the Goal of dreadful Death,
 Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder.
 Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
 Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I fly,
 And thus go downwards to the darker Sky.

[*Thunder.* *He flings himself from the Window: The
 Thebans gather about his Body.*

Ham. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now more!
 O curs'd Effect of the most deep Despair!

Tir. Cease your Complaints, and bear his Body hence.
 The dreadful Sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
 Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory.
 Yet, by these terrible Examples warn'd,
 The sacred Fury thus alarms the World.
 Let none, tho' ne'er so Vertuous, Great and High,
 Be judg'd entirely blest before they die.

F I N I S.



THE
RIVAL SISTERS,
A
TRAGEDY.

THE
RIVAL SISTERS.
A
TRAGEDY.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

——— Scelerate, revertere, Ihesu;
Flecte ratem; numerum non habet illa tuum.

OVID.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in
the Representation, and those printed in Italics
are Additions of the Theatre.

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M,DCC,XCIII.

P R E F A C E.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more uninteresting than the generality of those preliminary discourses, in which Authors too frequently lay out much of their time in talking of themselves and their works. The importance of a Man to himself is fully displayed, while the Reader yawns over the tedious page, or laughs at the rhetoric, that would persuade him he ought to be pleased. The present Writer has been unwilling, upon almost all occasions, to conform to a practice which he saw attended with so little success: But the following Tragedy is sent into the world in a manner that may require some explanation. It has not gone through the fiery trial of the Theatre; nor is it recommended by the favourable decision of an Audience. The pomp of splendid scenery, and the illusions of the skilful performer, have not awakened the public attention:—The Play ventures abroad, without having previously gained, by the advantages of representation, a character, which in the leisure of the closet is not always supported. But this circumstance, while it raises no expectation, may, on the other hand, excite a prejudice not easy to be surmounted. If it be of any value; why was it not produced in the usual form of a Public Exhibition? The reasons that influenced the Author, would lead to a long and frivolous detail. Whatever those reasons were, whether caprice, whim, peevishness, or delicacy, they were of weight to determine his conduct. His work, however, does not go forth with accusations of any kind against the Proprietors of

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either Theatre: it makes no appeal, from their judgment. The fact is, it never was in their hands; and where there was no refusal, there can be no room for complaint.

It need not be dissembled, that the Play was written with a view to the Stage. It was begun and finished in the Summer 1783, at a time when the Author was disabled, by a nervous disorder in his eyes, from pursuing a more important work, which has engaged several years of his life. It was painful to read, and he found amusement necessary. He walked in green fields, made verses, and threw them upon paper in characters almost illegible. For a subject, he was not long at a loss. He remembered that *Madame de Sévigné** mentions her having attended the representation of *ARIANE*, a Tragedy by the younger *Corneille*. The play, says that amiable Writer, though in its general style and conduct flat and insipid; was, notwithstanding, followed by all Paris, not for the sake of the poetry, but the Actress, *La Champmélé* whom she calls the greatest prodigy the Stage ever beheld. The others were disgusting: but when the *Champmélé* entered the scene, a murmur of applause ran through the Theatre; every heart was interested, and every eye dissolved in tears.

WHEN this country could, with pride, boast of an Actress equally followed, and perhaps with better reason; it occurred that a Tragedy, with the beauties of the original, but freed from its defects, might, at such a season, be acceptable to the Public. The defects, which drew down the judgment of so enlightened a Critic as *Madame de Sévigné*; are pointed out with minute exactness, by the judicious *Voltaire*†. From that pleasing Writer we learn, that the Tra-

* Vide her Letter 1st April, 1672.

† See his Edition of *Corneille's Works*.

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gedy in question still keeps its rank upon the Stage, whenever an Actress of eminence wishes for an opportunity to display her talents in a principal character. The situation he observes, is interesting and pathetic: 'A princess, who has done every thing for her hero; who has delivered him from a cruel death, and sacrificed all considerations for his sake; who loves him generously; who thinks herself loved in return, and deserves to be so; who finds herself, at last, abandoned by the Man whom she adores, and betrayed by a Sister whom she also loved: 'A woman thus situated,' says *Voltaire*, 'forms the happiest subject that has come down to us from antiquity.' Notwithstanding this general account, *Voltaire's* observations, which trace the Author scene by scene, show that *Madame de Sévigné* was not mistaken in her judgment.

SHALL the present Writer flatter himself that he has removed the vices of the first concoction, and substituted what is better? He has certainly endeavoured to do it. For this purpose a New Fable was necessary. The progress of the business required to be conducted in a different manner, with more rapidity, and without those languid scenes which weaken the interest, and too often border upon the dialogue of Comedy. The characters were to be cast in a new mould; and instead of definitions of the passions, their conflict, their vehemence, and their various transitions, were to be painted forth in higher colouring, than are to be found in the French composition. The Reader, therefore, is not to expect a mere translation. The Author does not scruple to say that he entered into a competition with the original; that he has aimed at a better Tragedy; and to use the words of a late elegant Writer, *he hopes he has shown some invention, though he has built upon another man's ground.*

BUT here again the question recurs, if the new superstructure raised upon the old foundation has any merit, why not produce it with all the advantage of that.

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that celebrated Actress, who, it seems inspired the first design? The plain truth shall be the answer: When the piece was finished, the Author had his moments of self-approbation, and in his first ardour, hinted to a friend, that he intended to give it to the Stage. But self-approbation did not last long:—That glow of imagination, which (to speak the truth) is sometimes heated into a pleasing delirium with its own work, subsided by degrees, and doubt and diffidence succeeded. A Play, that might linger nine nights upon the Stage, was not the object of the Author's ambition; Whether he has been able to execute any thing better, he has not considered for a long time, nor has he now courage to determine. He has often said to himself, in the words of TULLY, *Nil hic, nisi perfectum ingenio, Elaboratum Industriâ, offerri oportere*; and after adopting, in his own case, so rigid a rule, how shall he presume to say, that the production of a summer can boast either of genius, or the elaborate touches of industry?

In this irresolute state of mind, the Author's respect for the Public, who have done him, upon former occasions, very particular honour, increased his timidity: he was unwilling to appear a candidate for their favour, when he was not sure of adding to their pleasure. At present, being to give an edition of such pieces, as he has been able to produce, he could not think of keeping back the only dramatic work left upon his hands. He, therefore, sends it into the world an humble adventurer: with one of his predecessors, he says, '*Va, mon Enfant; prens ta Fortune.*' The Play amused him while, he was engaged in the writing of it, and should the candid Reader find an hour of leisure not entirely thrown away in the perusal, the Author will not think his time altogether un-employed. He now dismisses the Piece, if not with indifference, at least with resignation; content

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to leave the honours of the Theatre to Writers of more ambition than he possesses at present.

Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo:
Quamque O! sed saperent, quibus hoc, Neptune,
dedisti.

Vinc.

————— Veianus armis,

Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

Hon.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
March 4, 1786.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

PERIANDER, <i>King of Naxos,</i>	-	Mr. Wroughton.
THESEUS, - - -	-	Mr. Palmer.
PERITHOUS, - - -	-	Mr. Kemble.
ARCHON, <i>an Officer of Periander,</i>		Mr. Packer.
ALETES, <i>Ambassador from Minos,</i>		
<i>King of Crete,</i> - - -	-	Mr. Caulfield.
OFFICER, - - -	-	Mr. Phillimore.

Women.

ARIADNE, - - -	-	Mrs. Siddons.
PHÆDRA, - - -	-	Mrs. Powell.

VIRGINS *attending on Ariadne, &c.*

SCENE, *the Palace of Periander in the Isle of Naxos.*

THE
RIVAL SISTERS.

A C T I.

S C E N E. I.

PERIANDER'S Palace. *A violent Storm of Thunder
and Lightning.*

Enter PHÆDRA and ARCHON.

Phædra.

AWAY! no more!—why thus pursue my steps?

Begone and leave me; leave me to my woes.

Arc. Yet, Phædra, be advis'd.

Phæ. Presume no further.

Advis'd by thee! no,—let your pliant king,
Your king of Naxos, to thy treach'rous counsels
Resign himself, his people, and his laws.
Thou hast undone us all; by thee we die;
Yes, Ariadne, Phædra, Theseus, all,
All die by thee!

Arc. Princess, your fears are groundless.
Your timorous fancy forms unjust suspicions,
If you but knew me——

Phæ. O, too well I know thee!
This very morn 'tis fixed; yes, here your king

B

Gives audience to th' Ambassador of Crete ;
 Here in this palace ; here, by your persuasion,
 He means to yield us to the rage of Minos,
 To my vindictive father's stern demand.
 Ere that I'll see your king ; here wait his coming.
 And counteract thy base ungen'rous counsel.

Arc. This storm of passion bears your reason down.
 Let prudence guide thee. In a night like this,
 Why quit your couch, and to the whirlwind's rage,
 The vollied lightning, and the war of nature,
 Why wilt thou thus commit thy tender frame ?——
[Thunder and lightning.]

Again that dreadful peal!—" All-gracious Powers !
 " What crime provokes your wrath ? must this fair
 island,
 " That long hath flourish'd in th' Ægean deep,
 " Must Naxos with her sons, a blameless race,
 " Burn to the centre, and the brawling waves
 " Close o'er the wreck for ever ?
[Another clap of thunder.]

" *Pbc.* Oh, that burst
 " Shoots horror to my soul !
 " *Arc.* Thus through the night
 " Hath the wild uproar shook the groaning isle.
 " Pierce rain and liquid fire in mingled torrents
 " Came rushing o'er the land. The wrath of Heaven
 " Rides in the tempest. Towers and sacred domes
 " Fell in promiscuous ruin. Ships were dash'd,
 " On pointed rocks, or swallowed in the deep.
 " Destruction rages round : " amidst the roar,
 When all things else, when ev'n the fiercest natures
 Shrink from the hideous ruin, you alone
 Walk through the storm, with fierce, with haggard
 mien,
 A form that suits the dreadful wild commotion.

Pbc. Yes, with a heart, in which the storm that
 rages,
 Surpasses all the horrors of the night.

" Yes,

" Yes, here I come supreme in misery.
 " I only wake to cares unknown to him
 " Who treads secure the paths of humble life,
 " And thanks the gods for his obscure retreat,
 " For the blest shade in which their bounty plac'd
 him."

'Tis you have rais'd this tempest of the soul.
 You, sir, are minister ; you govern here,
 And bend at will an unsuspecting monarch.
 To thee he yields his oracle of state ;
 And when with wrongs you have oppress'd mankind,
 'Tis the king's pleasure ; 'tis the royal will.

Arc. Unjust, ungenerous charge! have you forgot,
 When first your vessel reach'd the coast of Naxos?
 You sued for leave to land upon the isle :
 To pray for shelter here. Ere that we heard
 Theseus was with you : Theseus, whom the state
 Of Athens sent a sacrifice to Minos,
 A victim to absolve the annual tribute,
 Impos'd by conquest: Ariadne's love,
 Her generous efforts to redeem the hero,
 Ev'n then were known at Periander's court,
 The wond'rous story on the wings of Fame
 Had reach'd our isle ; she pity'd, and she lov'd him.

Pba. She lov'd him—Yes, she saw, and she ador'd:
 Gods! who could see the graces of his youth,
 His cause, his innocence, the hero's mien,
 Manly and firm, yet soften'd by distress,
 Gods! who could see him, and not gaze entranc'd
 In ecstasy and love?—What have I said?
 My warmth too far transports me—ah! beware—

[*Aside.*

'Twas as you say ; she pity'd, and she lov'd.

Arc. She favour'd his escape : you fled together.
 'To ev'ry neighb'ring isle you wing'd your flight.
 You visited each realm ; with prayers and tears
 Wearied each court. All fear'd your father's power.
 You came to Naxos ; Periander's will,
 Your orator, came forth. Did not I then—

Phæ. You succour'd our distress: the tear of sympathy
 Stood in your eye; and you may boast your merit—
 You play'd it well, sir.

Arc. This ambiguous strain
 But ill requites the offices of friendship;
 For you I watch'd the temper of the king,
 His ebbs and flows of passion: in apt season
 You landed here. Thrice hath the waning moon
 Conceal'd her light, and thrice renew'd her orb,
 While you, meantime, have liv'd protected here.
 Each hour has seen your sister Ariadne
 Rise in her charms; and now with boundless sway
 She reigns supreme in Periander's heart.

Phæ. True, we have found protection from your
 king.
 Three months have pass'd—but in that time a states-
 man
 May change his mind. New views of interest—
 New plans of policy, fair seeming motives,
 May give new principles.

Arc. It is my first,
 My best ambition to relieve the wretched.
 You wrong me, princess; you had best retire.

Phæ. No; Periander first shall hear my suit.
 Here will I wait his coming; on the earth
 Fall prostrate at his feet, implore his mercy,
 Cling round his knees; and not loose my hold,
 Till his heart melt, and save us from destruction.

Enter THESEUS.

The. What plaintive sorrow thro' the lonely palace
 Alarms my list'ning ear?

Phæ. That well-known voice
 Dispels my fears. O! Theseus, how my heart
 Bounds at thy lov'd approach! and yet this day
 Decides your doom.—Archon can tell you all.

This

This day resigns you to my father's power.
 Here Periander has resolved to answer
 Th' ambassador of Crete.

Thē. Controul thy fears.

Archon has serv'd me, and I thank him for it:
 All will be well; the king protects us still.
 Archon, the storm that threaten'd hideous ruin
 At length subsides. The angry blast recalls
 Its train of horrors. Through the frowning clouds
 Faint gleams of day disclose the face of things.
 The raging deep, that rose in mountain billows,
 Sinks to repose: The winds, the waves are hush'd.
 From yon high tower, that overhangs the bay,
 I view'd the ocean round. No sail appears,
 No vessel cleaves the deep, save one escap'd
 From the wild uproar of the warring winds;
 That with its shatter'd masts, and lab'ring oars,
 Stems the rough tide, and enters now the harbour.

Phe. Another sail! and enters now the harbour!
 From whence? Who and what are they? From what
 coast?

Alas, from Crete! 'tis Minos sends; my father's
 wrath.

Pursues us still; another embassy
 Comes to demand us all,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

Arc. Perhaps some
 Rich with the stores, which busy commerce sends
 From the adjacent isles, on Naxos' coast
 Now seeks a shelter from the roaring deep—
 I'll to the harbour. Theseus, be it thine
 To pour o'er Phædra's woes the balm of comfort,
 And hush her cares to peace. From Crete, I trust;
 The messengers of woe no more will come,
 To urge their stern demand. [Exit.]

Phe. Go, traitor, go:
 Pernicious vile dissembler!

Thē. Ah! forbear.

Phe. He seems a friend, the furer to betray.
 Full well he knows that Ariadne's charms
 Have wak'd a flame in Periander's heart.

To that alliance with a statesman's craft
 He stands a foe conceal'd : He dreads to see
 On Naxos' throne a queen from Minos sprung,
 And therefore plans our ruin.

The. Yet thy fancy,

" Still arm'd against itself, turns pale and trembles
 " At shadowy forms. Were thy suspicions just,
 " Wherefore reveal them ? Why unguard thyself,
 " And lay each secret open to your foe ?
 " With him, whose rankling malice works unseen,
 " While smiles becalm his looks, 'twere best pretend
 " Not to perceive the lurking treachery—
 " Reproof but goads him, and new whets his passions ;

" Till what was policy becomes revenge—
 " Detected villany can ne'er forgive.

Pba. And must I fall in silence ? must we perish,
 " Abandon'd by ourselves, tame, willing victims ;
 " Nor let the murd'rer hear one dying groan ?
 " Must I behold him with his treach'rous arts,
 " A lurking foe, nor pour my curses on him ;
 " But poorly crouch, and thank him for the blow.
 " Oh ! love like mine, the love which you inspired,
 " That each day rises still to higher ardour ;
 " Think'st thou that love like mine will calmly see thee

" Giv'g up a victim to my father's rage ?"

The. And think'st thou then that Archon is my foe ?

Pba. He is ; I know him well ; he means destruction.

Th' ambassador of Crete will soon have audience.
 Archon concerted all. Oh ! if my care
 Could counteract his dark, his fell designs,
 Then were I blest indeed. When first you landed
 A helpless victim on the Cretan shore,
 Full well you know, soft pity touch'd my heart,
 And soon, that tender pity chang'd to love.
 I wish'd to save you : Ariadne's fortune
 Gave her the clue that led you thro' the maze.
 Her zeal out-ran my speed, but not my love.
 And would my fate allow me now to save thee,

Then by that tie ('tis all my sister's claim)
I then should prove me worthy of thy love.

The. Deem me not, gen'rous Phædra, deem me
not

Form'd of such common clay, so dead to beauty,
As not to feel with transport at my heart
Thy powerful charms. To Ariadne
I owe my life. That boon demands respect,
Demands my gratitude: But love must spring
Spontaneous in the heart, its only source,
Unmix'd with other motives than its own;
Unbrib'd unbought—above all vulgar ties.

Pbæ. And yet while ruin——

The. Check this storm of passion,
Nor think, with abject fear that Periander
Will e'er resign us. Ariadne's charms
Have touch'd his heart. "His words, his looks pro-
claim it.

"In the soft tumult all his soul is lost,

"He dwells for ever on the lov'd idea,

"And with her beauty means to grace his throne.

"*Pbæ.* Archon abhors the union: To prevent it,
"His deep designs——"

Hear what I shall disclose,

And treasure it in sacred silence seal'd.

Last night admitted to a private audience,

Wrapt in the friendly mantle of the dark——

Enter an OFFICER.

The. What would'st thou? speak thy purpose.

Of. At the harbour

That fronts the northern wave, a ship from Athens
This moment is arriv'd.

Pbæ. Relief from Athens!

Of. Your presence there by all is loudly call'd for.

The. Say to my friends, I will attend them straight.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Pho. A ray of hope to gild the cloud of woe.

The. Now, Phædra, mark me. Let thy fears subside.

Last night when ev'ry care was lull'd to rest,
No eye to trace my steps, no conscious ear
To catch the sound, then Periander granted
A private conference : I unbosom'd to him,
In confidence, the secrets of my heart,
To Ariadne I resign'd all claim ;
Renounc'd each tender passion. Periander
No longer view'd me with a rival's eye.
He promis'd his protection. Ariadne
Has pow'rful charms, and the king bears a heart
To beauty not impassive. Joy and rapture
Spoke in his eye, and purpled o'er his face.
With vanity she'll hear a monarch's sighs,
Proud of her sway. A diadem will quench
Her former flame, with glitt'ring splendor tempt her,
And make the infidelity her own.

Phæ. But if she hears a sister dares dispute
A heart like thine———

The. Trust to my prudent caution.
That dang'rous secret I have screen'd with care.
Here it lies buried. Periander thinks
A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
Preys on my heart with slow consuming fires.
But hark—beware—this way some hasty step.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. The Greeks now issue on the beach. They
bring
Tidings from Athens, and from every tongue
Your name resounds, and rings along the shore.

The. Thy friendship knows no pause ; each hour
you bring
New succour to the wretched. Princess, farewell.
Archon, I thank thee, and now seek my friends.

[*Exit.*

Arc. Princess, if once again I may presume
To offer friendly counsel ; from this place
were best you now retire. Yon' eastern clouds

Blush with the orient day. My royal master,
Attentive ever to the cares of state,
Will soon be here.

Phæ. Let him first hear my pray'r ;
Permit me here to see him. To the voice
Of misery his ear will not be clos'd.

[*A flourish of Trumpets:*

Enter PERIANDER, and attendant Officers.

Oh! Periander, 'midst the nations fam'd
For wisdom and for justice, let thy heart
Incline to mercy. Spare, oh, spare the wretched.

Perian. Rise, Princess, rise. That humble sup-
pliant state

Suits not the dignity of Minos' daughter.
Whence this alarm, and why those gushing tears?

Phæ. We fled for refuge to you. Oh! protect,
Protect the innocent. You gave us shelter ;

It was a godlike act ; recal it not ;
Yield us not victims to a father's wrath ;

Nor by one barbarous action tully all
The glories of your reign. Save Ariadne,
Save Theseus too : our misery claims respect.

Perian. Save Ariadne ! can that beauteous mour-
ner

Suspect my promis'd faith ? perhaps ev'n now,
Like some frail flow'r by beating rains oppress'd,
She pining droops, and sickens in despair

Oh ! quickly seek her : with the words of comfort
Heal all her woes ; raise that afflicted fair,

And bid the graces of her matchless form
Flourish secure beneath my fost'ring smile.

When Ariadne sues, a monarch's heart
Yields to her tears with transport.

Phæ. Men will praise
The gen'rous deed : the gods will bless thee for it.

[*Exit.*

Arc. The Ambassador from Crete with Minos' orders

Attends your royal will.

Perian. He shall be heard.

[*He ascends his Throne.*]

Enter ALETES.

Perian. To Naxos' court, Aletes, you are welcome.

You come commission'd from the Cretan king :
Now speak your embassy.

Al. In fairest terms

Of friendly greeting Minos, sir, by me
Imparts his rightful claim. He knows the justice,
The moderation that directs your counsels :
He knows, though oft' in the embattled field
Your sword has reek'd with blood, your wisdom still
Respects the rights of kings ; respects the laws,
That hold the nations in the bonds of peace.
To you, sir, he appeals : he claims his daughters,
His rebel daughters, leagu'd against his crown :
He claims the victim from his vengeance rescued ;
Rescued by fraud, by Ariadne's fraud ;
And here at Naxos shelter'd from his justice.
A sov'reign and a parent claims his rights.
You will respect the father and the king.

Perian. Of Minos' virtues, his renown in arms,
His plan of laws, that spread around the blessings
Of sacred order, and of social life ;
Laws, which even kings obey, the world has heard
With praise, with gratitude. All must revere
The legislator, and the friend of man :
But in the sorrows that distract his house,
Is it for me with rash mistaken zeal
To interpose my care ? is it for me
To judge his daughter's conduct ? What decree,
What law of mine, what policy of Naxos

Have they offended? All who roam the deep
Find in my ports a safe, a sure retreat.
Should I comply with your proud, bold request,
The hardy genius of this sea-girt isle
Would call it tyranny, and power usurp'd;
'Tis law, and not the sovereign's will, that here
Controls, directs, and animates the state.

Al. The law that favours wrongs, and shelters guilt,
Subverts all order. Through her hundred cities
All Crete will mourn your answer. With regret
Minos will hear it. By pacific means
He would prevail; by justice, not the sword.
But, Sir, if justice, if a righteous cause
At your tribunal lift their voice in vain,
I see the gath'ring storm; I see the dangers
That hover round your isle, and o'er the scene
Humanity lets fall the natural tear.
The sons of Crete, a brave, a gen'rous race,
Active and ardent in their monarch's cause
Already grasp the sword. "I see the ocean
" White with unnumber'd sails; your coast, your
 harbours
" Beleagu'rd close. I see the martial bands
" Planting their banners on the well-fought shore;
" Your hills, your plains glitt'ring with hostile arms,
" Your cities sack'd, your villages on fire,
" While from its source each river swoln with carnage
" Runs crimson to the main. I see the conqueror
" Urge to your capital with rapid march,
" And desolation cov'ring all the land.
" Still, Sir, you may prevent this waste of blood;
" Your timely wisdom——"

Perian. The scope appears
Of your fair seeming message. And does Minos,
Fam'd as he is in arms, say, does he hope
With proud imperious sway to lord it o'er
The Princes of the world? And does he mean
To write his laws in blood? And must the nations
Crouch at his nod? Must I upon my throne
Look pale and tremble, when your fancied Jove
Grasps the unlifted thunder? Tell your king

He knows my warlike name—knows we have met
 In fields of death, oppos'd in adverse ranks,
 Braving each other's lance—he knows the sinew,
 With which this arm can wield the deathful blade,
 Or send the missive javelin on the foe,
 Thirsting for blood.—Go, bear my answer back,
 And say besides, that Naxos boasts a race
 Rough as their clime, by liberty inspir'd,
 Of stubborn nerve, and unsubmitting spirit,
 Who laugh to scorn a foreign master's claim.
 You've spoke your embassy, and have our answer.

Al. Unwilling I bear hence th' ungrateful tidings.
[Exit.]

Perian. To-morrow's sun shall see him spread his
 sails:

He must not linger here.

Arc. Your pardon, Sir.

This answer may provoke the powers of Crete,
 And war, inevitable war ensues.

Perian. Let the invader come, here we have war
 To meet his bravest troops.

Arc. But where the numbers
 To man each port, and line the sea-beat shore?
 Within the realm should the foe flush'd with conquest
 Rear his proud banner——

Perian. With auxiliar aid
 Greece will espouse my cause. The fleets of Athens
 Full soon shall cover the Ægean deep,
 And with confederated bands repel
 A tyrant's claim.

Arc. Each state will urge its claim,
 Minos demands his daughter: Greece expects
 Her gallant warrior, and ev'n now asserts
 To crown his love, the princess, as her own.
 Let Theseus spread his sails, and steer for Greece,
 With Ariadne, partner of his flight.
 You gain that gen'rous state: by ev'ry tie
 Of honour bound, Athens unsheaths her sword,
 And haughty Minos threatens here in vain.

Perian. Yield Ariadne! yield that matchless beauty,
 Where all the loves, where all the graces dwell!

No,

No, I will save her ; will protect her here
 From rude unhallow'd violence. Do thou
 Hasten to the palace, where the princess dwel's ;
 Say to th' attendant train, ourself will come,
 To tell the counsels which my heart has formed.

Arc. Ay, there it lies,—there lurks the secret
 wound,

Love strikes the sweet infection to his soul.

'Tis as I fear'd. [*Aside.*]—Perhaps by mild remon-
 strance

We may gain time, and by the specious arts
 Of treaty and debate prevent the war.

Perian. You know my orders ; see them straight
 obeyed.

[*Exit Arc*

Perian. Yes, Ariadne, from the inclement storms
 Of thy rude fortune, it is fix'd to shield thee,
 And soften all thy woes. Her father then,
 When with her milder ray returning reason
 Becalms his breast, shall thank the friend that held
 His rage suspended, and with joy shall hear
 That Ariadne reigns the queen of Naxos ;
 Here rules with gentle sway a willing people,
 And with her virtues dignifies a throne.

[*Exit*

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter PERIANDER, with Attendants.

Perian. Let all with duty, with observance meet,
 Wait on the princess: let the virgin train
 With songs of rapture, and melodious airs
 Try their best art; wake all the magic-power
 Of harmony, to soothe that tender breast,
 And with soft numbers lull each sense of pain,
 I have beheld her, gaz'd on ev'ry charm,
 And Ariadne triumphs in my heart.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. A messenger from Athens waits your pleasure.

Perian. From Athens, say'st thou?

Arc. In the northern bay

His ship is moor'd. Theseus attends the stranger;
 And both now crave an audience.

Perian. In apt time.

Their messenger arrives: when war impends,
 Tidings from Athens are right welcome to me:
 They breathe new vigour. Let the Greek approach.

Enter THESEUS and PERITHOUS.

The. Forgive the transports of a heart that swells
 Above all bounds, when I behold my friend,

My gallant, gen'rous friend, the brave Perithous!
 It glads my soul, thus to present before you
 A chief renown'd in arms, the best of men,
 My other self, the partner of my toils,
 And my best guide to glory.

Perian. To the virtues
 Of the brave chief my ear is not a stranger,
 You come from Athens?

Perit. Scarce two days have pass'd
 Since thence I parted. Through the realms of Greece
 Fame spread at large th' adventures of my friend,
 With Ariadne's glory, and the deed,
 The gen'rous deed, that snatch'd him from destruc-
 tion.

How she conveyed him to this happy shore,
 How he has been receiv'd and shelter'd here.
 The men of Athens, sensibly alive
 To each fine motive, each exalted purpose,
 Have heard with gratitude. My feeble voice
 Would but degrade the sentiments that burn
 In ev'ry breast, with joy and rapture fir'd
 Warm with the best sensations of the heart,
 They pour their thanks, the tribute of their praise.

Perian. The praise that's offer'd by the sons of
 Greece,

By that heroic, that enlighten'd race
 Is the best meed fair virtue can receive.

Perit. That fair reward is yours: your worth de-
 mands it.

To my brave friend Athens next points her care.

"What crime is his? Did he imbrue his hands
 "In young Androgeus' blood? Why should he fall
 "To expiate the death of Minos' son?
 "Against the innocent who makes reprisals,
 "And on the blameless head lets fall the sword,
 "Offers up victims to his fell revenge.
 "'Tis murder, and not justice.

Perian. Righteous Heaven

"In th' hour of danger has watch'd o'er your friend,
 "And he has triumph'd o'er their barb'rous rites,
 "Their savage law, the stain of Minos' reign."

Perit. Exulting now she pants for his return.
 In crowds her eager citizens go forth,
 And on the beach, and on the wave-worn cliff,
 O'er all the main roll their desiring eyes,
 And ask of ev'ry ship that ploughs the deep,
 News of their hero. A whole people's voice
 Chose me their delegate, their faithful officer,
 To seek my friend, and bears him hence with speed
 Back to his native land.

Perian. The laws of Naxos
 To all are equal. None are here constrain'd
 None forced by violence, or lawless pow'r,
 To quit this safe, this hospitable shore.
 Theseus will use the rights of free-born men.
 'Tis his to give the answer.

The. For this goodness
 My heart o'eflows with more than words can speak.

Perit. All Greece will thank you. — — Ariadne
 too — —

Perian. How? — Ariadne, say'st thou?

Perit. With delight,
 With admiration, with unbounded transport,
 Athens has heard her gen'rous exploits;
 Has heard, when Theseus on the Cretan shore
 Arriv'd to glut their vengeance, how the tear
 Bedew'd her cheek. She pitied his misfortunes,
 And whom she snatch'd from death, she means to
 bless

With that rare beauty, and connubial love.

Perian. Ha! do'st thou come to sink me to a
 slave?

'Tis pride, 'tis arrogance makes this demand.
 Must I obey the proud imperious mandate?
 Bear Ariadne with you! — By yon' Heaven,
 No pow'r on earth shall force her from the isle. — —

"If thou presum'st again — — —"

"*Perit.* I never have,

"I never can presume — — —"

"*Perian.* 'Tis insolence! —"

"Is this the praise? Are these the thanks you bring?"

"Urge that request no more. — — —"

Perit.

Perit. If to my words

You'll deign to lend a favourable ear——

“*Perian.* Say, on what law does Athens found a right

“To claim an alien princess?”

“*Perit.* When her choice,

“Her gen'rous choice, the impulse of the heart,

“Inclines her will, you will not fetter freedom?”

Perian. Her father claims her:—dost thou vainly hope,

That Greece can silence his paternal rights?

Is that your errand?—Who commission'd thee?—

Is Theseus your adviser? and does he

Second this proud attempt?

The. No, Theseus never

Will plan, or counsel what may stain your honour.

Perit. Nor will he e'er forget,—I know him well—

I know his gratitude, his gen'rous warmth,

His constancy and truth—He'll ne'er forget

His vows of faithful love. The debt he owes

To Ariadne never can be paid.

Athens approves their union; tuneful bards

Prepare the tribute of immortal verse,

And white-rob'd virgins even now are ready,

Where e'er she treads, to scatter at her feet

The blooming spring, and at the sacred altar

To hymn the bridal song.

The. Unthinking man!

This blind mistaken zeal will ruin all.

[*Aside.*

Perian. No more! I'll hear no more—here break we off.

Proud Greek, forbear, nor wound again my ear

With terms of vile disgrace. Another word

Of yielding Ariadne, and by Heaven

The claims of Minos—His ambassador

Is here at hand; once more I'll give him audience.

And if again this outrage to my crown,——

If Theseus is found tampering in your plot,——

If you presume, by subtlety and fraud,

[*To Theseus.*

To mock my hopes, and after last night's conference,
 Renounce your honour, my resentiment rous'd
 May do a deed, to whelm you all in ruin;
 Then, let your friend, when next he dares approach
 us,

Learn to respect a monarch, who disdains
 A proud demand from the vain states of Greece.

[Exit.

Perit. The states of Greece, proud monarch! be
 assur'd,

Will vindicate their rights — Ha! — why that look
 Of wild dismay? that countenance of sorrow?
 Explain; — what means my friend?

The. Alas! you know not,
 You little know the horror and despair
 In which the hand of fate has plung'd my soul.

Perit. And can despair oppress thee? can thy
 heart

“ Know that pale inmate? By our dangers past,

“ By all our wars, spite of this braggart king,

“ The beauteous Ariadne shall be thine.

“ *The.* No more; no more of that: — I cannot
 speak — ”

Perit. Those falt'ring accents, and those lab'ring
 sighs

Import some strange alarm.

“ *The.* Oh! lead me hence,

“ To meet the fiercest monsters of the desert,

“ Rather than bear this conflict of the mind!

“ *Perit.* Unfold this mystery.” — Those downcast
 eyes —

The. You have awaken'd Periander's fury.

Thy words have led me to a precipice;

And I stand trembling on the giddy brink.

Perit. From thence I'll lead thee to the peaceful
 vale,

To life and happiness. — And can you thus,

When all your country's wishes bless your name,

When Athens to promote your happiness —

The.

The. They may mis-judge my happiness :—Alas !
I thank them :—little do they know of Theseus.

Perit. They know your virtues, your heroic ar-
dour,

Your patriot toil in the great cause of Greece :
They know that honour in your breast has fix'd
Her sacred shrine : They know the gen'rous flame
That love has wak'd in Ariadne's breast,
And how, in gratitude, the bright idea
Must fire a soul like thine.——

The. Too deep, too deep

" Each secret pierces here.

[*Aside.*

" *Perit.* Those faithful arms

" Shall soon receive her."

The. You should not have claim'd her.

Perit. Not claim that excellence ! that rarest
beauty——

The. By that mistaken claim you've rais'd a storm
" That soon may burst in ruin on my head.
" You've fir'd to madness Periander's soul,
" And wounded me, here in the tend'rest nerve,
" That twines about the heart. For Ariadne"
Thy suit is vain, 'tis fruitless : urge no more.
Let me embark for Greece ; gain my dismissal ;
But for the princess, name her not : her liberty
The heart of Periander ne'er will grant :
No words that e'er were form'd will wring it from
him.

Perit. Not grant her freedom ! not release her
hence !

Should he refuse, all Greece will rise in arms :
One common cause will form the gen'rous league.
Soon Periander shall behold the ocean
White with the foam of twenty thousand ships ;
The Grecian phalanx posted on his hills,
And his defenceless island wrapt in flames.

The. Let Greece forget me, not in such a cause
Unchain the fury of wide-wasting war.
Oh ! not for me such slaughter.

Perit. Think'it thou Greece
Will see thee torn from Ariadne's arms ?

From her who sacrific'd her all for thee ?
 From her whose courage has brav'd ev'ry danger ;
 Fled from her country, from her father's court,
 To save her hero's life ? From her, whose beauty
 Already is the praise of wond'ring Greece,
 Surpassing all that lavish fancy forms.

I know the princess ; the revolving year
 Has not yet clos'd its round, since I beheld her
 The pride, the glory of the Cretan dames.

" That harmony of shape, that winning grace ;

" And when she moves, that dignity of mien !

" Those eyes, whose quick and inexpressive glance

" Brightens each feature, while it speaks the soul."

The. Thou need'st not, oh ! my friend, thou
 need'st not point

Her beauties to my heart,—Each charm is her's,
 Softness and dignity in union sweet,
 And each exalted virtue. Nature form'd her
 The hero's wonder, and the poet's theme.

Perit. You shall not lose her, by you' Heaven you
 shall not.

I'll seek the king ; apprise him of his danger,
 Unmoor my ship, remeasure back the deep,
 And bring the fleets of Athens to this harbour.

The. It must not be ; no, Periander's soul

" Is firm, heroic, unsubdu'd by danger.

" His sudden rage, his irritated pride

" Will seal my doom : The deputies from Crete

" Are here to claim their victim : Periander sees

" Each charm, each grace of Ariadne's form,

" And sends his rival hence to instant death."

" *Perit.* I can prevent him ; can elude his malice,

" This very night, when all is wrapt in darkness,

" Embark with me. The partner of your heart

" Shall be our lovely freight. I'll bear her hence

" Far from the tyrant's pow'r. I'll lead you both

" To Athens' happy realm, the growing school

" Of laurell'd science, and each lib'ral art,

" Of laws, and polish'd life, where both may shine

" The pride, the lustre of a wond'ring world,

" Dear

" Dear to each other, and to after times
 " The pattern of all truth and faithful love."

The. Wretch that I am!—his ev'ry word presents
 My inward self, the horrors of my guilt. [*Aside.*

Perit. Theseus,—that altered look,—those sighs
 ' renew'd !

Some hoarded grief,——

The. Enquire no more but leave me.

Perit. I cannot, will not leave thee : tell me all.
 Some load of secret grief weighs on thy spirit.

The. There let it lodge, there swell, and burst my
 heart.

Perit. You terrify your friend : Why heaven that
 groan ?

Why those round drops, just starting from thy eye,
 Which manhood combating forbids to fall ?

The. I see my guilt.

Perit. Your guilt !

The. I feel it all.

Perit. If there is aught that labours in thy breast—

The. Here, here it lies.

Perit. To me unbosom all.

The. Perithous, would'st thou think it ?—Oh ! my
 friend,

I owe to Ariadne more,—alas ! much more
 Than a whole life of gratitude can pay.

And yet——

Perit. Go on : unload thy inmost thoughts ;
 A friend may heal the wound.

The. Oh ! no ; thou'lt scorn me.

Abjure, detest, abhor me.—Wilt thou pardon
 The frailties of a heart, that drives me on,
 Endears the crime, and yet upbraids me still ?
 In me thou seest—who can controul his love ?
 In me thou seest——

Perit. Speak ; what ?

The. A perjur'd villain !

The veriest traitor, that e'er yet deceiv'd
 A kind, a generous, a deluded maid ;—
 And for his life preserv'd, for boundless love,
 Can only answer with dissembling looks,

With counterfeited smiles, with fruitless thanks ;
While with resistless charms another beauty—

Perit. Another ! gracious pow'rs !

The. She kindles all

The passions of my soul ; charms ev'ry sense,
And Phædra reigns the sov'reign of my heart.

Perit. Her sister Phædra !—" and does she aspire
" To guilty joys ; Does she admit your love ?"

Does she too join you in the impious league ?

Will she thus wound a sister, and receive

A traitor, a deserter to her arms ?

The. On me, on me let fall thy bitt'rest censure,
But blame her not.

Perit. Not blame her !—Who can hear
A tale like this, and not condemn you both ?

Th' ungen'rous act will tarnish all your fame.

The. Forbear, my friend ; the god of love in-
spir'd—

Perit. Some fiend, a foe to ev'ry generous instinct,
A foe to all that's fair, or great in man,
Infus'd the baleful poison through your soul.

The. The guilt is mine : But spare, oh ! spare my
Phædra,

A single glance from those love-beaming eyes
Inflames each thought, and hurries me to madness.
Hark ! [*Soft music is heard*] Ariadne comes !—this
way, my friend ;

Thou still canst serve me. With a lover's ardour

The King beholds her, and with earnest suit

He wooes her to his throne. Let us retire ;

Thou still canst guide me through the maze of fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Soft Music is heard. Enter ARIADNE, with a train of Virgins.

1st. Vir. Now, Ariadne, now, my royal mistress,
 " Propitious fortune smiles, and from this day
 " The gods prepare a smiling train of years."

Ari. I thank you, Virgins; this kind of sympathy
 Shows you have hearts that feel another's bliss.

" Oh! much I thank you, virgins; yet this day
 " Disperses the clouds, that hover'd o'er my head."

Thou source of life, thou bright, thou radiant god,
 Who through creation pour'st thy flood of glory,
 All hail thy golden orb! " Thou com'st to quell

" The howling blast, to bid the tempest cease,

" And after all the horrors of the night,

" To cheer the face of nature!—Oh! to me

" Thou com'st propitious, in thy bright career

" Leading thy festive train. The circling hours

" That smile with happier omens, as they pass

" Shedding down blessings from their balmy wings,

" Prepare thy way rejoicing; with thee come

" Bright hope, and rose-lip'd Health, and pure de-
 light,

" And love and joy, the sunshine of the soul."

" *1st. Vir.* Be all your hours like this: may no
 misfortune

" O'ercloud the scene; and may you ne'er have
 cause

" To dim the lustre of those eyes in tears."

Ari. Oh, from this day! From this auspicious
 day,

Theseus is mine; " The godlike hero's mine,

" With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd.

" The lover's softness, and the warrior's fire.

" A monarch now protects him; he has pledg'd

" His Royal word—But O, my love!"

Swift as some God, that mounts the viewless winds,
And cleaves the liquid air, thou should'st have flown
To tell me all, to bless me with thy presence,
And bid the news more joyful touch my ear,
Rais'd and endear'd by that enchanting tongue.

"Why does he loiter thus?"

"1st. *Virg.* His friends from Greece

"Perhaps detain him."

"*Ari.* "Oh! it must be so,

"And without cause I chide his ling'ring stay.

"A ship from Greece to claim us! mighty gods!

"When your displeasure smote me, when your wrath,

"Severely just, gave to my trembling lip

"The cup of bitterness, to your high will

"I bow'd in reverence down; I bore it all,

"For Theseus' sake, I bore it all with patience;

"And 'midst our sorrows, with a daven of gladness

"I sooth'd his wounded spirit; teach me now,

"Oh! teach me how to bear this tide of joy,

"Nor with excess of bounty try too much

"A heart that melts, that languishes with love."

Enter PHAEDRA.

Ari. Oh! Phædra, why this long, unkind delay?
The gods restore my Theseus to my arms.

Phæ. If the protecting gods from Theseus' head
Ward off th' impending blow, none more than Phæ-
dra

Will feel the gen'ral joy. But still my fears——

Ari. Suppress them all. Theseus has nought to
fear.

But where, where is he? whither has he wander'd?

Say, tell me all, and speak to me of Theseus.

In vain I ask it. "Though his name delights

"My list'ning ear, yet you will never charm me

"With

“With the lov'd praises of the godlike man.”

On Periander's name you often dwell,
In strains, that in a heart not touch'd like mine,
Might stir affection.—Not a word of Theseus:
Why silent thus?—it is unkind reserve.

Alas, my sister, thy unruffled temper
Knows not the tender luxury of love,
That joys to hear the object it adores
Approv'd, admir'd of all, when ev'ry tongue
Grows lavish in his praise, then, then, with ecstasy
The heart runs over and with pride we listen.

Phæ. I have been just to Theseus; never wrong'd
him,

His fame in arms has fill'd the nations round;
And purple victory in fields of death
For him has often turn'd the doubtful scale.

Ari. Unkind, ungen'rous praise! Has no one told
you

His brave exploits? the number of his battles?
But who can count them? Fame exalts her trump,
Delighted with his name to swell the note;
And victory exulting claps her wings,
Still proud to follow, where he leads the way.

Phæ. So fame reports.—With what unbounded
rage

Her passions kindle.—She alarms my fears. [*Aside.*]

Ari. Why that averted look? Of late, my sister,
Of late I've mark'd thee with dejected mien,
Pensive and sad,—If aught of discontent
Weighs on thy heart, disclose it all to me.

“In ev'ry state of life, in all conditions,”
With thee I have unloaded ev'ry secret,
Fled to your arms, and sigh'd forth all my care.

Phæ. Does Ariadne think my love abated?

Ari. No, Phædra, no; I harbour no mistrust.
I know thy virtues:—We grew up together,
Knit in the bands of love. No op'ning grace
That sparkled in thy eye, or dawn'd in mine,
Could prompt the little passions of our sex.
We heard each other's praise, and envy slept.

And sure had Theseus, though with boundless ardour
 I now must love him, to distraction love him ;
 Yet if my Theseus had first fix'd on thee,
 I could, I think I could, have seen you happy
 In his loved arms, and here as he is
 I had resign'd him to you.—Why that sigh,
 Phædra ? why fall those tears ?

Phæ. Forgive your sister,
 If still she fears for thee—Her ev'ry look,
 Each word she utters pierces to my heart. [*Aside.*

Ari. Speak, tell me why is this ? why thus alarm
 me ?
 I never had a thought conceal'd from thee.

Enter THESEUS and PERITHOUS.

Ari. Oh ! Theseus, in thy absence ev'ry moment
 Was counted with a sigh. “ Support me, help me ;
 “ For I am faint with bliss.”

The. Revive, revive ;
 “ Recall thy fleeting strength, your counsels, Phædra,
 “ Will best assist her, your persuasive voice
 “ Will charm her sense, and banish all her cares.

“ *Phæ.* At his lov'd sight, what new emotions rise !”
 [*Aside.*

The. My friend Perithous from the realms of
 Greece——

Ari. Perithous here ! the messenger from Athens !
 When last you sojourn'd at my father's court ;
 (The sun has circled since his annual round)
 I well remember you, admir'd of all,
 Men heard and praised the wonder of your friendship
 “ For Theseus, then a stranger to those eyes,
 “ But since beheld, and ah ! beheld to charm
 “ The heart of Ariadne !—you come now
 “ To succour our distress.”

Perit. In evil hour

I sail'd from Greece. Would I had ne'er embark'd.

Ari. My heart dies in me.—Say what new event—

Theseus explain, and tell me, tell me all,

The. Oh ! I was born to be th' unceasing curse
Of Ariadne's life ; still, still indebted,
Unable to repay.

Ari. Thou generous man !

To hear those sounds, and view thee thus before me,
O'er pays me now for all my sufferings past.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. Theseus, on matters of some new concern,
To me unknown, your presence is required.
Tis Periander's order.

The. I obey.

Ari. What may this mean ? yet Theseus, ere you go—

The. My friend will tell each circumstance ; from him

You'll calmly hear it all. And may his voice,
Soft as the breeze that pants in eastern groves
Approach your ear, and soothe your thoughts to
peace.

[*Exit with Archon.*]

Ari. The gods will watch thy ways, and Periander

Has promis'd still to shield thy suffering virtue.

Phæ. I dread some mischief ; Ariadne, here
Wait my return : I'll follow to the palace,
And bring the earliest tidings of his fate. [*Exit.*]

Ari. My heart is chill'd with fear. What dark event—

Can Periander—no ; dishonour never

Will stain his name.—And yet that awful pause!
Those looks with grief o'erwhelm'd!

Perit. Yes, grief indeed
Sits heavy at my heart.—

Ari. Reveal the cause;
Give me to know the worst. This dread suspense—

Perit. Oh! that in silence I could ever hide
From you, from all, and in oblivion bury
What here is lodg'd, and shakes my soul with hor-
ror!

Ari. With horror! wherefore? is not Theseus
safe?

Does not his country claim him? Does not Greece
With open arms expect him? Does not Athens
Send you with orders to demand us both?

Perit. From thence your dangers rise: the sons of
Athens,

A quick, inconstant, fluctuating race—

Ari. Yet ever wise, heroic, gen'rous, brave,
All soul, all energy. Do they oppose
Our nuptial union? Do they still retain
Their old hostility? Do they exclude
An alien princess from the throne of Athens?
If such their will, take, take the sov'reign sway,
'Th' imperial diadem, the pomp of state:
Let Theseus to his father's rights succeed,
And reign alone; make me his wedded wife;
'Tis all I ask: "the Gods can grant no more."
Thrones, sceptres, grandeur! love can scorn all.

Perit. Unhappy Theseus! by disastrous fate
Doom'd to betray such excellence; to see
The fairest gift of Heaven. and spurn it from him.

[*Aside.*

Ari. You answer not: speak and resolve my
doubts.

Pity a heart, too tenderly alive,
And wild with fear, that throbs, that aches like
mine.

Thy pure, exalted mind will tower above

The arts of mean equivocating phrases
You'll not deceive a fond, a faithful woman.

Perit. None should deceive you; none. You will
forgive

My hesitating fears. I would not wound
That tender frame with aught that may alarm you.
For thee my mind misgives: the fear that awes me
Pays homage to your virtue.

Ari. And does Greece
Reject the love I proffer?

Perit. No, all Greece
Reveres your honour'd name: Th' Athenian state
By me demands your liberty. In terms
Of earnest import I have urg'd their claims;
But Periander,—to his ardent spirit
You are no stranger.—He no sooner heard
The name of Ariadne, then with fiercest rage—
Perhaps you know the cause—with high disdain
He spurn'd at the demand. Some hidden motive—
'Tis love perhaps—you will forgive my boldness—
'Tis love, perhaps, that prompts the stern reply.
Should I presume once more to urge the claim,
Theseus that moment must embark for Crete.
So says the king: he will not brook a rival.
You'll see your lover torn by ruffians from you;
You'll see the ship bound swiftly o'er the waves;
In vain you'll shriek; in vain extend your arms,
And call on Theseus lost!

Ari. That savage purpose
The soul of Periander will disdain.

Perit. What will not love persuade? love made
you fly

Your father's court; and love may teach a monarch
To break all bonds, and row'r above the laws.

Ari. If this be what alarms you——

Perit. Theseus' life
Once more depends on thee.——

Ari. To save that life
Is there an enterprise, a scene of danger,
That Ariadne will not dare to meet?

Perit. Your wond'rous daring on the wings of
 fame
 Has reached the nations round. But now, alas!
 One only way is left.

Ari. Direct me to it.

Perit. To Periander lend a gracious ear.
 For thee he sighs; for thee his vows ascend.
 His throne awaits thee; the imperial crown——

Ari. Sir, do you know me?

"*Perit.* Princess here to reign

" In this fair island——

" *Ari.* Do you know the spirit

" That rules this breast, and still informs my soul?"

Perit. Forgive the zeal that prompts me to this
 office.

The king intensely loves; and in a base,
 Degen'rate world, from which all truth is fled,
 He still may faithful prove to worth like thine.
 Consult with Theseus: he can best advise you.

Ari. Consult with Theseus! ask his kind con-
 sent,

That I may prove a traitress to my vows!

Resign my Theseus!

*With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd,
 The lover's softness, and the warrior's fire.—*

Sir, for this counsel, for this gen'rous care,
 Accept my thanks.——" You are too much
 alarm'd—

" Resign my Theseus!—Oh, the gods have form'd
 him

" With ev'ry virtue that adorns the hero!

" With valour, to incite the soldier's wonder;

" With ev'ry grace to charm the heart of woman.

" Oh! none will rival him. 'Twill be the pride

" Of Periander, 'tis his highest glory,

" That Theseus fled for shelter to his throne,

" And met protection here."

Perit

Perit. I've been to blame.

Perhaps I urge too far :—Princess, farewell !
May the benignant gods watch all your ways.

[*Exit.*

Ari. Your fears are vain ; each gloomy cloud shall
vanish,

Or, ting'd with orient beams of smiling fortune,
With added lustre gild our various day ;
While o'er our heads Hymen shall wave his torch,
Sooth all our cares, and brightens every joy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter ARIADNE and THESEUS.

Ari. Oh, look not thus ! “ those eyes that glare
so pale,”

Those sighs that heave as they would burst your
heart,

Affright my soul, and kill me with despair.

Oh ! banish all thy doubts, and let those eyes

Smile, as when first they beam'd their softness on
me.

The. Alas ! I'm doom'd to mourn ; my thread of
life

“ Was steep'd in tears, and must for ever run

“ Black and discolour'd with the worst of woes.

Ari. Can thy great heart thus shrink, appall'd
with fear ?

“ Theseus, I never saw thee thus before ”

The. Our days of rapture and of promis'd joy
Far hence are fled.

“ *Ari.* No, on their rosy wings

“ The hours of joy and ever new delight

“ Come smiling on. Is this a time for fear,

“ When all is gay serenity around us,

“ And fortune opens all her brightest scenes ?

“ *The.* Too soon that scene, with low'ring clouds
deform'd,

“ Will show the sad reverse.” You little know

How Perander with resistless fury

Breaks through all bonds. His passions scorn restraint.

And what he wills, his vehemence of soul
Pursues with fierce, with unremitting ardour.
To his wild fury all must yield obedience.

Ari. His reign has ever been both mild and just.
Fair virtue, like some god that rules the storm,
Still calms the warring elements within him ;
And moderation with her golden curb
Guides all his actions.

The. Yet there is an impulse,
Which with the whirlwind's unresisted rage,
Roots up each virtue, and lays waste the soul.
Love reigns a lawless tyrant in his heart.
For thee he sighs ; and sure that matchless beauty
May well inflame the passions of a prince,
Who with a diadem can deck thy brow.

Ari. Too well he knows the ties that bind us both.

Knows you're all truth, all constancy and love.
He knows the flame my virgin sighs have own'd ;
Knows that for thee I left my native land,
Fled from my friends, and from my father's palace,
And gave up all for thee. And thinks he now
His throne, his diadem, his purple pomp,
Have charms of power to lure me from thy arms ?
He knows his vows are lost in air : Thy heart
Is Ariadne's throne.

The. " His fiercest passions
" Break forth at once, like the deep cavern'd fire.
" All ties, all tender motives must give way,
" His resolution's fix'd " Alas ! this very day,
Unless for ever I renounce thy love,
His jealous rage sends me hence bound in chains,
To die a victim on the Cretan shore.

Ari. He will not dare it ; no, so black an outrage
His heart will ne'er conceive. Should he persist,
Should malice goad him on, I too can fly
'This barb'rous shore ; with unextinguish'd love

Through every region, every clime attend thee ;
 Follow your fortunes, if the fates ordain it,
 Ev'n to my father's court ; there prostrate fall,
 And clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears,
 Nor cease with vehemence of grief to melt him,
 Till he release thee to these circling arms,
 " Approve my choice, and show thee to the people,
 " The adopted heir, the rising sun of Crete."

The. By yielding me, his rival is destroy'd ;
 And by that act his proud ambition hopes
 To sooth your father's irritated pride,
 And mould him to his wish.

Ari. Can Periander

Harbour that black intent ? " and does he mean
 " To prove at first a villain and a murderer,
 " And then aspire to Ariadne's love ?"
 No, Theseus, no ; he will not stoop so vilely :
 I've heard you oft' commend him ; oft' my sister
 Employs whole hours with rapture in his praise.
 He is her constant theme. Her partial voice
 Ev'n above thine exalts his fav'rite name.

" She dwells on each particular ; in peace
 " His milder virtues, his great fame in arms :
 " How, when he talks, fond admiration listens :
 " And each bright princess hears him, and adores.

" *The.* Not envy's self, how'er his pride inflam'd
 " May deal with me, can overshadow his glory.
 " Renown in war is his ; the softer virtues
 " Of mild humanity adorn his name.
 " The polish'd arts of peace, and every muse
 " Attune to finer sentiments his soul.
 " His throne is fix'd upon the firmest basis
 " Of wisdom, and of justice. There to shine
 " The partner of his heart, his soft associate
 " In that bright scene of glory, well may prompt
 " In ev'ry neighbouring state the virgin's sigh,
 " And wake the ambition of each monarch's daughter.

" *Ari.* The strain, the rapture that to me in secret

" My sister Phædra pours the live-long day,

" Enamour'd

" Enamour'd of his name! Perchance you've heard
her,

" And mark'd the heaving sigh, and seen the blush
" That glow'd with conscious crimson on her cheek."
" Oh! if she cherishes the tender flame,
" With maiden coyness veil'd, and pines in love,"
Beauty like her's may fire a monarch's heart,
And Periander, without shame or guilt,
Without a crime, may woo her to his arms.
To see her happy, to behold my Phædra,
Crown'd with a monarch's and a people's love,
Would be the pride of Ariadne's heart.

The. Oh, it wete misery, the worst of woes.

[*Aside.*

Ari. Why do you start? why that averted look?
If you approve their nuptials, freely tell me:
With Periander I can plead her cause,
Paint forth each charm of that accomplish'd mind,
"Till the king glow with rapture at the sound."

The. Oh, this would plunge me in the worst despair!
[*Aside.*

It must not be!—Has not Perithous told you—

Ari. Perithous is your friend.—Perhaps to draw
The tie still closer, you would see him blest'd
In Phædra's arms.—Tell me your inmost thoughts
If such your will, what will I not attempt
To sooth to dear delight a mind like thine?
Phædra will listen to me; mutual love
Has so endear'd us, from our tend'rest years
"Has so increas'd, and with our growth kept pace,"
That we have had one wish, one heart, one mind—
My voice with Phædra will have all the power
Of soft persuasion: her exalted merit
Will bless your friend and brighten all his days.

The. Oh, the bare image fires my brain to madness!

[*Aside.*

Alas! this dream of happiness—

Ari. What means
That sudden cloud? and why that lab'ring sigh?

Oh, let my sister to Perithous' vows
 Yield her consent, and bless him with her beauty :
 Together then we'll seek the realms of Greece ;
 There in sweet union see our growing loves
 Spring with new rapture, share each other's bliss,
 And by imparting multiply our joys.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. With thee, fair princess, Periander craves
 Another interview: He enters now
 The palace garden.

Ari. Does he there require
 My presence ?

Arc. Where you deign to give him audience,
 He will attend you.

The. " It were best go forth."
 His virtues claim respect ; and Oh, remember
 My fate, my happiness on thee depend.

Ari. Trust Ariadne, trust your fate with me.

[*Afide.*

Arc. The Cretan princess, with resistless passion
 Inflames his fierce desires. My boding fears
 Foresee some dire event.

The. A glance from her
 Will sooth his rage, and all may still be well.
 When love resistless fires the noble mind;
 Th' effects, though sudden, from that gen'rous source,
 Are oft' excus'd ; the errors of our nature,
 The tender weakness of the human heart.

Arc. Errors that influence the public weal,
 His rank prohibits.—" Let his vices be
 " (If vices he must have) obscure and private,
 " Unfelt by men, leaving no trace behind.
 " It were unjust, that his unbounded fury
 " Should tear thee from the arms of her you love."

The.

The. "But when a monarch"—Ha! Perithous comes.

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. Theseus, I sought thee.—Archon, does your king

Relent? or must confed'rate Greece send forth
Her fleets and armies to support her rights?

Arc. The miseries of war my feeble voice
Shall labour to prevent. Theseus, farewell.
Archon is still your friend. With Ariadne,
Ere long, I trust, you may revisit Greece. *[Exit.]*

The. With her revisit Greece! Why all this zeal
For Ariadne? Who has tamper'd with him?
Why not convey her to her father's court?
Why not invite her to the throne of Naxos?
Why all this busy, this officious care
To torture me? to foil his sovereign's love?
To send far hence the idol of his heart,
And blend her fate with mine?

Perit. Her fate with thine
So close is blended, nothing can divide them.
Truth, honour, justice, gratitude combine
Each tender sentiment; they form a chain,
An adamant chain, indissoluble, firm,
And strong as that which from the throne of Jove
Hangs down to draw to harmony and union
This universal frame.

The. Is this my friend?

Perit. Your friend, who scorns to flatter;
Who dares avow th' emotions of his heart.
Oh! Theseus, we have long together walked
The paths of virtue, upright, firm in honour;
And shall we now decline? and shall we now
With fraud, with perfidy, with blackest perfidy,
For ever damn our names?

The. This stern reproof

Is not the language the time now demands.

'Tis thine, my friend, to soften my distress;

To pour the balm of comfort o'er my sorrows,

And sooth the anguish of a wounded mind.

Oh! step between me and the keen reproaches

Of injur'd beauty; save me from myself;

From Ariadne save me!

Perit. Is it thus,

Oh! rash deluded man!" and is it thus

With high disdain you spurn that rarest beauty,

That fond, believing, unsuspecting fair?

The. Have you not painted to her dazzled
fancy

The splendor of a throne, that here awaits her?

Perit. So generous, so unbounded is her love,

She seeks but thee, thee only. Pomp and splen-
dor

Are toys that sink, and fade away before her.

The. Then tell her all the truth: tell her at
once,

Another flame is kindled in my heart,

And fate ordains she never can be mine.

Perit. Will that become Perithous? that the
task

Thy friendship would impose? Must I proclaim

To th' astonished world, my friend's dishonour?

Must I with cruelty, with felon purpose,

Approach that excellence, that beauteous form,

And for her gen'rous love, for all her virtue,

Fix in her tender breast the sharpest pang,

With which ingratitude can stab the heart?"

The. Why wilt thou goad me thus? 'tis cruelty;

'Tis malice in disguise.—Forbear, forbear;

Assist your friend in the lost cause of love,

Involuntary love, that hold's enslaved

The fetter'd will.

Perit. Involuntary love!

Beware, beware of the deceitful garb

vice too oft assumes.—There's not a purpose

Prompting to evil deeds, that dares appear
 In its own native form. The first approach,
 With bland allurements, with insidious mien,
 Wears the delusive 'semblance of some virtue.
 The Siren spreads her charms, and fancy lends
 Her thousand hues to deck the lurking crime.
 Opinion changes; 'tis no longer guilt;
 'Tis amiable weakness, generous frailty,
 Involuntary error. On we rush
 By fatal error led, and thus the language,
 The sophistry of vice deludes us all.

The. Perithous, 'tis in vain: in vain you strive,
 By subtle maxims, and by pedant reasoning
 To talk down love, and mould it to your will.
 It rages here like a close pent-up fire;
 And think'st thou tame advice can check its course,
 And soothe to rest the fever of the soul?

Perit. And wilt thou thus, by one ungen'rous deed,
 Blast all thy laurels, and give up at once
 To shame and infamy thy honour'd name?

The. Would'st thou destroy my peace of mind for
 ever!

Perit. I would preserve it. Would'st thou still
 enjoy

Th' attesting suffrage of the conscious heart?
 The road is plain and level: live with honour.
 Be all your deeds, such as become a man:
 'Tis that alone can give th' unclouded spirit,
 The pure serenity of inward peace.
 All else is noisy fame; the giddy shout
 Of gazing multitudes, that soon expires,
 And leaves our laurels, and our martial glory
 To wither and decay. By after times
 The roar of fond applause no more is heard,
 The triumph ceases, and the hero then
 Fades to the eye: the faithless man remains.

The. Was it for this you spread your sails from
 Greece?

To aggravate my sorrows?—If a monarch
 Woes Ariadne to his throne and bed;

If I resign her to imperial splendor,
Where is my guilt? Why will she not accept
The bright reward, that waits to crown her virtues?

Perit. Because, like thee, she is not prone to
change.

The. Why, cruel, why thus pierce my very soul?

Perit. Because, like thee, she knows not to be-
tray.

The. Disastrous fate! And would'st thou have me
fly

From Phædra's arms? By every solemn vow,
By every sacred tie, by love itself,
My heart is her's. She is my only source
Of present bliss, my best, my only earnest
Of future joy; the idol of my soul.
Should I desert her, can invention find,
'Midst all her stores, a tint of specious colouring
To varnish the deceit?

Perit. It wants no varnish,
No specious colouring. Plain honest truth
Will justify the deed. With open firmness
Go, talk with Phædra: tell her with remorse
Conscience has shown the horrors of your guilt,
Tell her the vows, you breathe to Ariadne,
Were heard above, recorded by the gods,
Tell her if still she spreads her fatal lure,
She takes a perjur'd traitor to her arms,
Practis'd in fraud, who may again deceive,
Tell her, with equal guilt, nor less abhorr'd,
She joins to rob a sister of her rights,
Tell her that Greece——

The. No more; I'll hear no more.
Assist my love; 'tis there I ask your aid,
Forget my fame; it is not worth my care.

Perit. Then, go, rush on, devoted to destruc-
tion.

Let Hymen kindle his unhallow'd torch,
Clasp'd in each other arms enjoy your guilt,
Renounce all sacred honour; add your name
To the bright list of those illustrious worthies,
Who

Who have seduced, by vile insidious arts,
 The fond affections of the gen'rous fair;
 And in return for all her wondrous goodness,
 Leave the fair mourner to deplore her fate;
 To pine in solitude, and die at length
 Of the slow pangs that rend the broken heart.

The. Oh! fortune, fortune!—wherefore was I
 born

With a great heart, that loves, that honours virtue,
 And yet thus fated to be passion's slave?

Perit. 'Tis but one effort, and you tower above
 The little frailties that debase your nature.

That were true victory, worth all your conquests,
 You triumph o'er yourself. And lo! behold
 Th' occasion offers——Ariadne comes!

The. I must not see her now.

Perit. By heaven, you shall!

The. Off, loose your hold. Confusion, shame, and
 horror,

Rage and despair, distract and rend my soul.

'Tis you have fixed these scorpions in my breast.

Perit. And yet—— [holding him.

The. No more; let midnight darkness hide me
 In some deep cave, where I may dwell with madness,
 Far from the world, far from a friend like thee.

[Exit.

Perit. Misguided man! my friendship still shall
 save him.

Ari. Stay, Theseus, stay: does he avoid my pre-
 sence?

Why with that haste, that wild disorder'd look—

Perit. 'Tis now the moment of suspended fate:
 The gods assembled hold th' uplifted balance,
 And my friend's peace, all that is dear, or sacred,
 His fame and honour,——

Ari. The gods protect him still: you need not
 fear.

All danger flies before him.

Perit. While the king
 Detains him here, he knows to what excess
 A monarch's love——

Ari. Does that alarm his fear?

And does he therefore fly?—Ungen'rous Theseus!

And is it thus you judge of Ariadne?

And yet, Perithous, I will not upbraid him.

His tender sensibility of heart

'Too quickly takes th' alarm: yet that alarm

Shows with what strong solicitude he loves;

My tears prevail, and he may sail for Greece.

This very moment Periander granted——

See, where he comes: he will confirm it all.

Perit. It were not fit he should behold me here.

When an occasion serves, we'll meet again.

A heart like your's, with every virtue fraught,

Should be no more deceiv'd. I now withdraw. [*Exit.*]

Ari. Go tell my Theseus all his fears are vain.

In love, as well as war, he still must triumph.

Enter PERIANDER.

Perian. If once again I trouble your retreat,

Deem me not, prince, too importunate,

Nor with indignant scorn reject a heart,

That throbs in every vein for you alone.

Ari. Scorn in your presence, sir, no mind can feel.

Far other sentiments your martial glory,

And the mild feelings of your gen'rous nature,

Excite in every breast. The crown you wear,

From virtue's purest ray derives its lustre.

Your subjects own a father in their king.

"Beneath your sway the wretched ever find

"A sure retreat. At Periander's court

"All hearts rejoice: here mis'ry dries her tear."

To me your kind humanity has given

Its best protection. "For the gen'rous act

"My heart o'erflows: these tears attest my thanks."

Each day beholds me bow to you with praise,

Respect, and gratitude.

Perian. And must respect,

Fruitless respect, and distant cold regard,

Be all my lot? Has Heaven no other bliss

In store for me? unhappy royalty!

condemn'd to shine in solitary state,

With no fond tenderness of mutual love,
To sooth the heart, and sweeten all its cares
"Without the soft society of love."

Ari. For thee the gods reserve sublimer joys,
"The happiness supreme of serving millions."
'Tis your's, in war to guard a people's rights ;
In peace, to spread one common bliss to all,
And feel the raptures of that best ambition.
"Mankind demands you : glory is your call."

Perian. Ambition is the phrenzy of the soul ;
The fierce insatiate avarice of glory,
That wades through blood, and marks its way with
ruin :

And when its toils are o'er, what then remains,
But to look back through wide dispeopled realms ?
Where nature mourns o'er all the dreary waste,
And hears the widows', and the orphans' shrieks,
And sees each laurel wither at the groans,
And the deep curses of a ruin'd people.
Vain efforts all ! vain the pursuit of glory,
Unless bright beauty arm us for the field,
Hail our return, enhance the victor's prize,
And love reward what love itself inspir'd.

"*Ari.* The vast renown, that spread such lustre
round you,

"Like the bright sun, that dims all meaner rays,
"And makes a desert in the blue expanse,
"Will never want uplifted wondering eyes
"To gaze upon it." From the neighb'ring states
Some blooming virgin, some illustrious princess
Will yield with rapture to a monarch's love,
Proud of a throne, which virtue has adorn'd.

Perian. That pow'r is your's : one kind indulgent
glance,

One smile, the harbinger of soft consent,
Has bliss in store beyond the reach of fortune,
Beyond ambition's wish.

Ari. Your pardon, sir,
I must not hear you sigh, and sigh in vain.
Look round your isle, where in its fairest forms,

In

In all its winning graces, beauty decks
 Your splendid court. Amidst the radiant train,
 If none has touch'd your heart, may I presume—
 Perhaps you'll think mine a too partial voice—
 If none attract you, see where Phædra shines
 In every grace, in each attractive charm
 Of outward form, and dignity of mind,
 Her rare perfections, her unequall'd virtue,
 "The mild affections of her gen'rous heart,"
 Her friendship firm, in ev'ry instance tried,
 Transcend all praise. "In her pure virgin breast
 Love never kindled yet his secret flame.
 "Your voice may wake desires unfelt before:"
 With pride she'll listen, and may crown your vows
 With all th' endearments of a love sincere,
 And with her softer lustre grace your throne.

Perian. Why, cruel, torture me with cold disdain?

With thee to reign were Periander's glory.

Ari. Oh, not for me that glory! well you know
 This heart already is another's right.

Perian. There lies the precipice on which you tread.

By your own hand 'tis cover'd o'er with flow'rs:
 Your fall will first discover it.

Ari. Those words
 Dark and mysterious—

"*Perian.* It were not fit
 "That fond credulity should lead you on,
 "In gay delusion, and in errors maze."
 The bale deceiver—

Ari. Who?—what dost thou mean?

"*Perian.* I mean to save you from his treach'rous
 arts;
 "To place you on a throne, beyond his reach,
 "Where foul ingratitude will see her shafts
 "Fall pow'rless at your feet.

Ari. Cold tremors shoot,—
 "I know not why,—through all my trembling
 frame."

Perian.

Perian. Tender, sincere, and generous yourself,
You little know the arts of faithless man.

Ari. Explain ; unfold ;—you freeze my soul with
horror,

Perian. Beware of Theseus !

Ari. How ! of Theseus, said'st thou ?

Perian. Were I this day to send him hence a vic-
tim,

(And you alone—your tears suspend my purpose)

'Twere vengeance due to perfidy like his.

Ari. The viper-tongue of slander wrongs him,
Sir.

Too well I know his worth :—my heart's at peace.

Perian. With fond enchantment the gay siren
hope

Has lur'd you, on a calm unruffled sea,

To trust a smiling sky and flatt'ring gales,

Too soon you'll see that sky deform'd with clouds ;

Too soon you'll wonder at the gath'ring storm,

And look aghast at the deep lurking ruin,

Where all your hopes must perish.

Ari. Still each word

Is wrapt in darkness :—end this dread suspense,

Or else my flatt'ring soul will soon forsake me,

And leave me at your feet a breathless corse.

Perian. A former flame—restrain that wild sur-
prise ;

Summon your strength :—I speak his very words ;

A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,

" Preys on his heart with slow consuming fires."

Ari. Does this become a monarch ? Can your
pride

Thus lowly stoop, thus with a tale suborn'd

To tempt the honour of this faithful breast ?

Perian. By ev'ry pow'r that views the heart of
man,

And dictates moral thoughts, 'tis truth I utter.

Last night, admitted to a private audience,

He

He own'd it all ; renounc'd your love for ever ;
 Gave up his fair pretensions.—Ariadne,
 Your colour changes, and the gushing tear
 Starts from your trembling eye.—

Ari. The very thought——

Though sure it cannot be,—the very thought
 Strikes to my heart like the cold hand of death.

Perian. If still you doubt, go charge him with his
 guilt :

He will allow it all.

Ari. And if he does,

Oh, what a change in one disastrous day !

Perian. Your fate now calls for firm decisive mea-
 sures.

I will no longer urge th' ungrateful subject.

I leave you to collect your flutt'ring spirits.

I would not see your gen'rous heart deceived—

His guilt should rouse your noblest indignation.

Now you may prove the greatness of your soul.

[*Exit.*

Ari. “ If this be so,—if Theseus can be false,

“ Is there on earth a wretch so curs'd as I am ? ”—

A former flame !—ha ! think no more—that thought,
 With ruin big, shoots horror to my brain.

A former flame “ still rages in his soul.—

“ So said the king.”—Who is the fatal fair ?

“ Where, in what region does she hide her charms ? ”

Was it for her I sav'd him from destruction ?

For her rebell'd against my father's power ?

To give to her all that my heart adores ?

Can Theseus thus !—no, “ yonder sun will sooner

“ Start from his orbit.”—Yet wherefore shun my pre-
 sence ?

Why all this day that stern, averted look ?

I'm torn, distracted, tortur'd with these doubts ;

And where, Oh, where to fix !—I think him still,

All truth, all honour, tenderness and love.

And yet Perithous—it is all too plain ;

All

All things conspire ; all things inform against him.
“ He will avow it ! ”—Let me seek him straight,
Unload my breast, and charge him with my wrongs ;
With indignation harrow up his soul ;
Tell all I’ve heard, all that distracts my brain ;
Pour forth my rage, pour forth my fondness too,
And perhaps prove him innocent at last. [Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. Where, Ariadne, where are now the hours
 "That, wing'd with rapture, chas'd each other's
 flight,

"In one gay round of joy?—Where now the hopes,
 "That promis'd years of unextinguish'd love?"—

"'Tis past;—the dream is fled;—"the sun grows
 dim;

"Fair day-light turns to darkness;"—all within
 me

Is desolation, horror, and despair.—

And are his vows, breath'd in the face of heav'n,

"Are all his oaths at once dispers'd in air?"

Those eyes, whose glance sent forth the melting soul,
 Were they too false?—"The tears, with which he
 oft

"Bedew'd his bosom, were they taught to feign?

"He shuns me still: where does he lurk con-
 ceal'd?"—

In all our haunts, in each frequented grove,

(Ah! groves too conscious of the traitor's vows!)

In vain I've sought him.—Does this hated rival,

Has she seduc'd him to her am'rous parley?

Gods! does she see him smile, and hear that voice?

And does he sigh, and languish at her feet,

Enamour'd gaze, and twine those arms around her?

"Hold, traitor, hold; the gods forbid your love:—

"Those looks, those smiles are mine!—Deluded-
 maid!

"Mine are those vows, that fond embrace is mine."

Horror!

Horror! distraction!—Still 'tis but surmise
 That with these shadowings makes me tremble thus.
 I still may wrong him:—Periander's fraud——
 " 'Tis he abuses my too credulous ear.
 " The tale may be suborn'd:—I'll not believe it—
 " Lost Ariadne! you believe too much.
 " Where, where is Phædra? her unwearied friend,
 ship
 " May still avert my ruin: she may find
 " The barbarous man, and melt his heart to pity.
 " And yet she comes not."—Ha! Perithous here!—
 He knows the work:—he can pronounce my doom.

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. Forgive me, princess, with officious zeal
 If I once more intrude. The time no longer
 Admits of wav'ring, hesitating doubt.
 The king, enfetter'd in the chains of love,
 Rejects the claims of Greece. If hence you part,
 You must, with Theseus, steer your course for Crete,
 His resolution's fix'd.

Ari. Does Theseus know
 Th' impending danger?—have you seen your friend?

Perit. His great heart labours with a war of pas-
 sions

Too big for utterance. In the soldier's eye
 The silent tear stood trembling. Strong emotions
 Convuls'd his frame. He knows your ev'ry virtue,
 And rails in grief, in bitterness of soul,
 At his hard fate, and each malignant planet,
 That leaves him empty praise, and fruitless thanks,
 The only sad return he now can make.

Ari. Thanks! unavailing thanks!—You need not
 come

To add to misery this sharpest pang.
 Love in this breast is not a vulgar flame,

The mere compliance of a will resign'd ;
 'Tis gen'rous ecstasy, 'tis boundless ardour.
 A heart, that feels like mine, will not be paid
 With cold acknowledgments, and fruitless thanks ;
 Mere gratitude is perfidy in love.

" *Perit.* Your bright perfections were his fav'rite theme.

" He sees your days, that shone serenely bright,

" Discolour'd now with sorrows not your own.

" He sees you following, with unwearied steps,

" One on whom fortune has not yet exhausted

" Her stores of malice ;——whom the gods abandon.——

" *Ari.* Whom justice, truth, and honour all abandon !"

Perit. It grieves him, Ariadne, much it grieves him,

To see thee overwhelm'd in his misfortunes ;

Condemn'd with him to drain the bitter cup

Of endless woe ; and since propitious fortune

With better omens courts you here at Naxos,

'Tis now his wish, that you renounce for ever

A man accurs'd, sad outcast from his country,

The fatal cause of all your sorrow past.

" *Ari.* The fatal cause of all my woes to come !

" *Perit.* I do not mean to justify his guilt.

" Might I advise you, you may still be happy."

A monarch lays his sceptre at your feet.

Your father Minos will approve your choice ;

All Naxos will consent ; a willing people

With fond acclaim will hail you as their queen,

And Theseus never can betray you more.

Ari. And dost thou think, say, does the traitor think

Thus to ensnare me with insidious counsels ?

Last night admitted to a private audience,

To Periander he confess'd his guilt.

Another passion rages in his heart,

You know it all : unfold your lurking thoughts,

Reveal the truth ; give me the tale of horror,

Own the black treason, and consummate all.

" *Perit.*

Perit. Would I could hide the failings of my friend. [*Afide.*]

Ari. Those broken accents but distract me more.

"Let ruin come; I am prepar'd to meet it.——"

"Oh, speak! pronounce my doom!——In me you see

"A wretched princess, a deluded maid,——

"Lost to her friends, her country, and her father.——

"In pity tell me all: with gen'rous frankness

"Deal with the wretched; let me know the worst."

Perit. Far be deceit from me: of just resentment
I would light up the flame: my friend is plung'd,
Beyond all depth, in treachery and guilt.

Another love shoots poison to his soul.

At length he owns it. He avows his passion.

Ari. Avows his passion!

"*Perit.* 'Tis his fatal crime.

"*Ari.* You hear it, gods!——I ask no patience of you:

"Lend me no fortitude, no strength to bear

"This horrible deception."——If your justice, gods,

From your bright mansions views this scene of guilt,

Why sleeps your thunder?——"Send me instant madness,

"To raze at once all traces from my brain,

"All recollection of a world like this,

"All busy memory of ungrateful man."

Perit. Assert yourself; revenge your injur'd rights,
And tow'r above the false, the base deserter,
Who breaks all vows, and triumphs in his guilt.

Ari. Can fraud like this engender in his heart?

It cannot be; no,—the earth does not groan

With such a monster!——You traduce him, sir,

Who form'd the black design? Who forg'd the tale?——

'Tis Periander's art:—'twas he suborn'd you.

Perit. If you will hear me——

Ari. Trouble me no more:

Theseus shall hear how his friend blasts his fame,

And comes from Athens with his high commission,
To tempt my faith, and work a woman's ruin.

[Exit.

Perit. Too generous princess! my heart inward
bleeds

To see the cruel destiny that waits thee,

"Ruin, inevitable ruin falls

"On her, on Theseus, and his blasted fame."

And yet if Phædra—would some gracious pow'r

Inspire my voice, and give the energy

To wake, to melt, to penetrate the heart.—

What if I seek her?—Ha!——

Enter PHÆDRA.

Ibe. Methought the sound
Of Ariadne's voice——

Perit. 'Tis as I wish'd:

Her timely presence——

[Aside.]

Phæ. Went my sister hence?

Perit. Yes, hence she went, wild as the tempest's
rage.

As if a conflagration of the soul

To madness fir'd her brain. But Oh! I fear

She went to brood in secret o'er her wrongs;

To think, and to be deeper plung'd in woe.

Phæ. You chill my heart with fear: you have not
told her

For whom in secret Theseus breathes his vows;

For whom he cherishes the hidden flame.

Perit. There wants but that—that circumstance of
horror,

To desolate her soul with instant madness.

Phæ. Yet why still obstinate, why thus disdain

A monarch's vows? A mind like hers, elate

With native dignity, and fierce with pride,

May

May view with scorn the lover who betrays her,
And on th' imperial throne revenge her wrongs.

Perit. Revenge is the delight of vulgar souls,
Unfit to rule the breast of Ariadne.

Phæ. Your words, your looks alarm me: from
your eye

Why shoots that fiery glance?—What must we do?

Perit. What must we do?—The honest heart will
tell thee,

“ ’Tis in your pow’r:—renounce your guilty loves;”

Do justice to a sister; scorn by fraud,

By treach’rous arts to undermine her peace;

Restore the lover whom you ravish’d from her,

A lover all her own, by ev’ry tie,

By solemn vows her own, nor join in guilt.

To wrest him from her, for the selfish pride,

The little triumph o’er a sister’s charms.

Phæ. To Ariadne turn: give her your counsel.—

She still, if timely wise, may save herself,

For joy and rapture:—she may live and reign.—

If I lose Theseus, I can only die.

Perit. Better to die, than live in vile dishonour.

You rush on sure destruction:—awful conscience,

That sits in judgment in each human heart,

And, from that dread tribunal speaks within us—

Conscience will tell you, you have broke all faith,

Betray’d all confidence, destroy’d the bonds

Of sacred friendship, and with shame and infamy

Ruin’d a sister, who would die to serve you.

Phæ. Inhuman that thou art! why wound me thus

With stern reproach?—why arm against my peace,

With scorpion whips, these furies of the soul?

Perit. For this wilt thou invade a sister’s rights?

For this betray her? to endure for ever

The self accusing witness of the heart!

Remorse will be your portion: shame and anguish

Will haunt your nights, and render all your days

Ublest and comfortless.

Phæ. It is too much,

Too much to bear this agony of mind.

Perit. 'Tis virtue speaks ; it warns you :—hear its voice,

And, ere too deeply you are plung'd in guilt,
Return with honour, and regain the shore.

Phæ. No more ;—'tis too much :—I cannot bear it.

Perit. Greece honours Ariadne :—Think when Theseus

Returns with glory stain'd, with foul dishonour,
Think of the black reverse. Will men receive
With songs of triumph, and with shouts of joy,
Him and his fugitive ?—I see you're mov'd :—
'Those tears are symptoms of returning virtue.

Phæ. You've turn'd my eyes with horror on myself.—

Oh ! thou hast conquer'd :—Ariadne, take,
Take back your lover ; I resign him to you.

No, Phædra will not live the slave of vice ;

" I will not bear this torture of the mind,

" Goaded by guilt, pale, trembling at itself."

Perit. There spoke the gen'rous soul :—to those emotions

May the gods give the energy of virtue.

Phæ. Go, say to Theseus, for his love I thank him ;—

Bid him renounce, forget me——Can he do it?—

Bid him preserve his honour, and his life ——

You need not counsel him —He will not fall

A willing victim for a wretch like me.

Yet, if his heart consents, let him forget

His vows, his plighted faith ; and as he once,

With unfehl ardour, could delude my sister,

Bid him once more dissemble, and betray.

Perit. Oh, blest event ! All danger will retreat ——

I leave you now, while nature stirs within you,

I leave you to th' emotions of your heart.

[*Exit.*

Phæ.

Phæ. Oh, what a depth of sorrow and remorse,
Of shame and infamy have I escap'd!—
Just gods! to you I bend: your warning voice
Has taught me to renounce all guilty joys,
And dwell, fair virtue!—dwell in peace with the!

Enter THESEUS.

The. Phædra, what mean those tears?—Upon the
wing
Of strong impatience I have sought your presence.—
What new alarm—

Phæ. My soul is full of horror.—
Renounce my love;—forget me;—think no more
Of rashly plighted vows.

The. Renounce thee, Phædra!—

Phæ. Fly my disastrous love:—Disgrace and ruin
Are all the portion Phædra has to give.

The. Is that my Phædra's voice?—Can she talk
thus?

The tyrant fair, who first inspir'd my heart
With love unselt before?—I struggled long
To stifle in my breast the hidden flame;
I fled your presence;—where'soe'er I fled
Your image follow'd, and I still lov'd on.
In vain I struggled: your discerning eye,
What could escape?—You fann'd the rising flame,
And soon my flutt'ring heart was wholly thine.

Phæ. Call not to memory the fond delight.
My guilt stands forth to view; I own it all.

The. And were the graces of each winning smile
Meant only to deceive me? Were those eyes
Instructed how to roll the hidden glance,
To fool me with a mockery of hope,
Then spurn me from your arms a wretch despis'd?

Phæ.

Phæ. I must not, will not hear; the gods forbid
it.—

I see my sister pale, deform'd with murder,
And hear the curses of mankind condemn me.—
Your friend has told me all.

The. Perithous?

Phæ. He.

The. Is he too join'd? is he too leagu'd against
me?

Phæ. It was his friendship spoke.

The. I then send me hence,

A victim to appease your father's rage,
To be a spectacle for public view,
And meet at length an ignominious death.

Phæ. Heart-breaking sounds!

[*Aside.*

The. Or if, ungenerous fair,

If you will have it so, command me hence,
Once more to sigh at Ariadne's feet,
And to that beauty——Phædra, have a care:—
That lovely form the wond'ring eyes of men
Adore, and even envy must admire.

Beauty like her's may twine about my heart,
And gain, though much I've struggled to resist her,
And gain at length my fond consent to wed her.

Phæ. Consent to wed her!—Death is in the
thought!—

Perfidious traitor!—practis'd in deceit!—

And can another—after all your oaths——

Oh, light inconstant man!—Ah! can a rival

Blot out all fond remembrance of your love,

And twine her fatal charms about your heart?—

Consent to wed her!—Go,—abandon Phædra;

Seek Ariadne; To her matchless beauty

Breathe all your vows—those you can well dissem-
ble;—

Go, melt in tears—those too you well can feign;—

Revel in joys your heart will never taste,

And see me laid a victim at your feet!

The.

The. Restrain this frantic rage, does this become
The tender moment, when the faithful Theseus,
With all a lover's ardour, comes to greet thee?

Phæ. The thought of losing thee turns wild my
brain.

Oh, love resumes his empire o'er my soul!

And all inferior motives yield at once.

These tears can witness——

The. 'Tis no time for tears.

Go seek your sister: your soft prayers and tears

May still prevail. If not, to morrow's dawn,

Tell her, shall end her doubts, ere that, I've plann'd

Measures, that may make sure our mutual bliss!

To Perilander I must now repair.

His messengers have sought me. Oh, remember,

My life, my hope of bliss, must spring from thee.

[*Exit.*]

Phæ. And on his fate my happiness is grafted.

Ha! Ariadne comes!—Oh, love! what virtues

You force me to betray!—That haggard mien—

Those looks proclaim the tumult of her soul.

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. [*Not perceiving Phæ.*] In vain I struggle to
deceive myself:

I am betray'd, abandon'd, lost for ever.

"*Phæ.* How her fierce rage shoots lightning from
her eyes! [*Aside.*]

"*Ari.* Oh, while his accents charm'd my list'ning
ear,

"While each fond look ensnar'd my captive heart,

"Ev'n then another lured the wand'rer from me!

"Another's beauty taught those eyes to languish;

"Another's beauty tun'd his voice to love!

Phæ. Appease her anger, gods, and grant her pa-
tience! [*Aside.*]

Ari. And must I live to see her haughty triumph ?
 " To bear her scorn ?—to bear the insulting pity—
 " Of Cretan dames !—all pleased with my undo-
 ing ?"

To die at length in misery of heart,
 And leave to after-times a theme of woe,
 A tragic story for the bards of Greece ?

Phæ. How my heart shudders !—I dread the inter-
 view. [*Aside.*]

— *Ari.* " Let lightning blast me first :"—Let whirl-
 winds seize me,

" To atoms dash me on the craggy cliff,"
 And blow me hence " upon the warring winds"
 To climes unknown, beyond the verge of nature,
 " To the remotest planet in the void ;
 " That never, never can approach this world ;
 " But rolling onward, farther, farther still
 " Holds in the wilds of space its fated round ;"—
 There I may rave, and to the list'ning waste
 Pour forth my sorrows ; " think 'till reason leaves
 me ;

" And tell to other stars, and other suns,
 " A tale to hold them in their course suspended,
 " And turn them pale with horror at the sound.—
 " There let me dwell ;" grow savage with my
 wrongs,

And never hear from this vile globe again.

Phæ. Yet be of comfort.

Ari. There is no comfort for me.—
 Whence is that voice ?— Oh, Phædra ! Oh, my
 sister !

" Assist me, help me—I am sick at heart.

" *Phæ.* Recall your reason, summon all your
 strength,

" Nor thus afflict yourself.

" *Ari.* Have I not cause ?"
 The barbarous man ! he flies me ; he abjures me ;
 Breaks all the fervent vows which each day's sun,
 Which every conscious planet of the night,
 Which every god bent down from heaven to hear.

Phæ.

Phæ. And yet, if calmly you will hear a sister——

“*Ari.* Could you suspect that perfidy like this

“Can lie close ambush’d in the heart of man?”

“*Phæ.* But still, if Theseus, harass’d out with woes,

“Pursued by fate, and bending to misfortune——

“*Ari.* I gave up all for him.

“*Phæ.* Were you but calm——”

Ari. Can the wretch tortur’d on the rack be calm?
Ingratitude, thou source of evil deeds!

Foe to the world’s repose!——“thou canst with fair,

“With specious words, with treacherous disguise,

“Deceive the friend, and thrive upon his smiles;

“By servile arts enrich thee with his spoils,

“Till pamper’d to the full, with favours bloated,

“Thy hour is come to show thy native hue,

“And carry pain and anguish to the breast

“‘That warm’d and cherish’d thee?’ Detested fiend!

By thee truth fades even from the noblest mind;

Of fair, and good, and just, no trace remains;

Honour expires, the generous purpose dies,

And every virtue withers in the soul.

Phæ. Yet be advis’d, and you may still be happy,
A youthful monarch woe you to his throne.

The gods have sent relief——

Ari. Oh, Phædra! Oh, my sister!

As yet a stranger to man’s wily arts,

You keep the even tenor of your mind:

You know not what it is to love like me.

Phæ. Oh, conscious, conscious guilt.

[*Aside.*

Ari. “I see you pity me,”

It grieves me to afflict your tender nature.

In all his hours of tenderness and love——

Oh, charming hours, that must return no more!——

I never deem’d it was illusion all,——

Never suspected a more happy rival,——

Saw not her image lurking in his heart.

“Tell me her name: Who is she? Let me see

“The fatal fair, that poisons all my joys.

“Your

"Your own heart, Phædra, must condemn the deed."

Phæ. Her words too deeply pierce ; they rend my soul ! [*Aside.*

Ari. "You can detect the traitress ; guide me to her."

Tell me her name : Who is she ? Let me see

The fatal fair, that poisons all my joys.

If on this isle——Ha !——why that sudden pause ?

That downcast eye ?——why does your colour change ?

Go, now I see you know her !——in your looks

I read it all.

Phæ. Confusion, shame, distraction !——

[*Aside.*

If this wild fury that deforms your reason——

Ari. Phædra, beware : if you deceive your sister,

If you conceal this rival, 'twere a deed

To shock all nature ; to make heaven and earth,

And men and gods abhor thee.

Phæ. Since unjustly

You thus suspect me——have I given you cause ?

Ari. Disclose it all and league not with my foes.

Phæ. I see my fault :——with too officious care

I came to heal your sorrows——I forbear :

I've been to blame ; but now, farewell, farewell !

Ari. Stay, Phædra, stay : you shall not leave me thus.

In all afflictions you are still my comfort.

Phæ. Then check this fury ; it is phrenzy all.

Where is the pride becoming Minos' daughter ?

Disdain the traitor ; drive him from your thoughts.

Turn where the gods invite you : Periaëder

Wishes to lay his sceptre at your feet.

Your sway shall bless the land, and humbled Theseus

Will be reduc'd to sue to you for mercy.

The power will then be your's, the envied power

Of godlike clemency : 'twill then be yours

To show thee worthy of imperial sway,

To shelter still the man you once could love ;

Know him insensible to worth like thine,

To honour lost, and yet forgive him all.

Ari. Must I transfer th' affections of my soul
To justify his perfidy? Must I
Bargain away my heart, to save a traitor?
For the fair Greek to save him? Mighty gods!
He shall not wed her!—Give her to my rage.—
I'll follow to the altar; there my vengeance—
How my heart shrinks—no, strike—my blood re-
coils—

“ Assist me, Phœdra, give the means of death.”
She shall not live to revel in his arms.

Then Theseus shall behold her faded form;

“ And every drop the traitor then lets fall,”

Shall pay me for the tears, the galling tears,

His perfidy has cost me: then he'll know

The agony of soul, the mortal pang,

When we are robb'd of all the heart adores.

“ *Phæ.* Ha! wilt thou, sister, stain your hand in blood?”

“ *Ari.* Then Theseus too—he clings about my heart;—

“ No, let him sail for Crete; my father's justice

“ Will claim atonement for a daughter's wrongs,

“ Doom him a sacrifice for broken vows,

“ A dreadful warning to ungrateful man.”

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. Your woes increase each hour. A guard
I've'n now

Leads Theseus forth, by Periander's order,

To yonder tower that overhangs the bay.

From hence, ere morn he must depart for Crete.

Phæ. Ah! there to perish—Ariadne, haste,
Seek Periander,—fly—prevent the stroke,

Ari. “ He can no more deceive me.”

Let the barbarian perish—no,

No more of tenderness—the gen'rous deed

But gives to fell ingratitude the pow'r

With scorpion stings to pierce you to the heart.

Phæ. Will you, then,
 Ah, will you, cruel, see him doom'd to die?
 I'll seek the king, and bathe his feet with tears,
 And rave, and shriek, till he release him to me.

[*Exit.*

" *Perit.* If he must fall, 'tis you have fix'd his doom,
 " You still can save him. At one glance from you
 " The king will feel his resolution melt.

" *Art.* I sav'd him once, and he requites me for it.
 " No more of tenderness. The gen'rous deed
 " But gives to sell ingratitude the pow'r
 " With scorpion stings to pierce you to the heart.

" *Perit.* Yet, Ariadne, think——

" *Ari.* No more, but leave me. [*Exit Perit.*

" Yes, let the traitor die :—if he must die,
 " In some dark cave I can deplore his fate,
 " Hid from the world, forgetting all but him,
 " 'Till the kind hand of death shall lay me stretch'd,
 " In cold oblivion on the flinty ground,
 " Pale, wan, and senseless as the marble form
 " That lies in sorrow on some virgin's tomb !—
 " He will not see my tears : the barbarous man
 " Will be no more ungrateful.—Mighty gods!
 " I lov'd, I am betray'd—yet love him still.—
 " Quick let me hence :—one gen'rous effort more
 " May still—fond wishes, how you rush upon me !—
 " Should he relent,—Oh, should returning love
 " Once more——vain hope!—yet the delusion charms
 me :—

" One gen'rous effort more may make him mine."

[*Exit.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter ALETES, followed by an OFFICER.

Al. Justice prevails, and Theseus is my prisoner ;
Yon' tow'r immures him close. Seek thou the har-
bour,

Unmoor the ship ; let all things be prepar'd
To give the spreading canvass to the wind.
The day declines, and the moon's silver beam
Plays on the trembling wave. This night 'tis fixed
Theseus with me shall seek the Cretan shore.

[Exit Officer.]

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. Where is your prisoner ?

Al. In yon' tow'r secur'd.

Ari. Your policy has fail'd ; release him straight ;
'Tis the king's order ; you may read it, sir. *[Gives*
him a Paper.]

Al. Your interest has prevail'd, and I obey.

[Exit.]

Ari. Ye fond ideas, ye fierce warring passions,
With what a mingled sway you drive me on !
Grief, rage, and indignation rise by turns ;
But love flows in, and resolution dies.

Ha! see he comes—Oh! how this flutt'ring tumult,
With hopes and fears alternate, shakes my frame.

Enter THESEUS.

Ari. [*viewing him as he advances*] Dissimulation
falsifies him, and his looks

No longer hide the characters of guilt.

The. How shall I pour my thanks? a thousand
sentiments

All press at once, and yet deny me utterance.

Words are too poor: expression strives in vain.

Ari. You need no more dissemble—sir, I've heard
“Periander

“Has heard the purpose of your soul. Last night,

“When sleep seal'd ev'ry eye, in darkness wrapt,

“Thro' secret ways, clandestine as your thoughts,

“You stole into his presence; there disclos'd”

Your hidden flame, your alienated heart.—[*turns
from him.*

The. Spare your reproaches, princess; Oh! forbear,

Forbear in pity to afflict a mind

Too deeply wounded! that feels all its errors,

Feels all your virtues, and with keenest sense

Aches at its own reflections.

Ari. Of the pardon

Which Periander to my pray'rs has granted,

You know not the extent. To-morrow's sun

Shall light you to your nuptials; you may then

Shew to the world this unapparent beauty,

And give to her the vows that once were mine.

The. Oh! Ariadne, spare this keen reproof!

Could you but know the pangs that struggle here—

Ari. “Theseus, you weep! you weep o'er my
afflictions;

“You

"You feel my wrongs, yet barb'rous ev'n in pity,
 "You fix the shaft of anguish in my heart!

The. "On me, on me the weight of ruin falls;
 "'Tis I am plung'd in woe; a man condemn'd,
 "To wander o'er the world." Alas, 'tis fate,
 Fate drives me on. If you forget a wretch,
 The prey of grief, the sport of fortune's malice:
 And if a monarch, to reward your virtues,
 Prepares th' imperial wreath to deck your brow—

Ari. Is that the recompence I wish'd to gain?
 "Too well you know this heart. Had Perlander:
 "A wider empire than e'er monarch rul'd,
 "And you were helpless, destitute of fortune,
 "I had been, heav'n can witness! happy with you,
 "In loving you, I sought yourself alone.

The. "For all this waste of generous affection,
 "Calamity is all that Theseus brings.

Ari. Come lead me hence to some far distant wild,
 Where human footstep never prints a trace?
 There bless'd with thee I could for ever dwell,
 "Thron'd in thy heart, the mistress of thy love.

"*The.* Here happiness awaits you; here you're
 destin'd

"The mild vicegerent of the gods on earth.
 "In that bright sphere where you serenely shine,
 "The pattern of all virtue, temp'ring justice
 "With mercy, and diffusing blessings round you,
 "With tears of joy mankind will own your sway.

Ari. Oh, vile ingrate!

"*The.* If you will deign to hear me:

"Though great my crimes—

"*Ari.* 'Thou traitor! was it thus
 "You look'd and talk'd, when first I saw and lov'd?
 "Your doom was fix'd; the officets of vengeance
 "Remorseless led you forth; my trembling eye
 "Pursued your steps; tears gush'd; I could not
 speak.

"I fled to your relief, and my undoing:
 "Then ev'ry god was witness to your vows.
 "The fond delusion charm'd me. I rebell'd
 "Against my father; I betray'd his honour;

" And all for thee. I fled my native land.
 " Nor winds, nor waves, nor exile could debar me.
 " This the return!—have I deserved it of you?
 " Tell me my crime; and, oh! if possible
 " Teach me to think 'tis justice that I suffer;
 " For ev'n in ruin I would not abhor thee!"

The. You wrong me much: By yon bright stars I swear,

I never meant by base ingratitude
 To fix affliction in that bosom-softness.
 Thy name, thy merit, and thy wondrous goodness,
 While life informs this frame, shall ever live
 Esteem'd and honour'd, treasure'd in my heart.

Ari. Esteem'd and honour'd?—'twas your love you promis'd.

A monarch, saidst thou, wooes me to his arms!—
 What truth, what fair return have I to give him?
 Give me, barbarian! give me back my heart,
 The heart you robb'd me off;—Give back my vows,
 My artless vows, my pure unpledg'd affections,
 With equal warmth that I may meet his love;
 And not like thee, with treach'rous bland allure-
 ments

Court his embrace, and charm him to betray.

The. Then if you will, wreak your worst vengeance on me.

Ascend the throne; back to the Cretan shore
 Convey me hence to glut your father's rage:
 I there can die content. Or if your mercy
 Permit me once again to visit Greece,
 Oft I shall hear of Ariadne's name;
 Well pleas'd at distance, in the humble vale
 Of private life, or in the sordid field,
 To view the radiant glory that surrounds you,
 And thank the gods for shedding blessings down
 On thee and all thy race.

Ari. Ay, visit Greece;

Display to Athens all your brave exploits,
 Your battles won, the nations you have conquer'd.
 And let your banners, waving high in air,

Hold

Hold forth the bright inscription to men's eyes,
 Lo, this is he who triumph'd o'er a woman.
 My death will blazon forth the fame of him,
 Who freed the world from monsters of the desert,
 Who slew the minotaur, but could not quell
 Ingratitude, that monster of the soul.

The. You need not, Ariadne, Oh, you need not
 Thus tear me piece-meal. My distracted heart
 Feels in each nerve, and bleeds at every vein.

Ari. Unbidden tears, why will you fool me thus!
 These tears that fall, that thus gush out perforce,
 Are not the tears of supplicating love:—
 They are the tears of burning indignation,
 Of shame, and rage, and pride, and conscious virtue;
 Virtue that feels, feels at the very heart
 Each stab inhuman treachery has given,
 Yet sees that calm tranquillity in guilt.

*See me no more, to-morrow spread your sails,
 But take not, Sir, the partner of your heart;—
 No,—dare not, on thy life, convey her hence.
 Go, sail for Athens,
 Alone, heart-broken, comfortless, like me
 Plung'd in despair,
 Farewell, for ever, Oh, ungrateful man?*

Enter PHÆDRA,

Phæ. Once more restored to liberty and life. [To

The,

The. Oh, death were happiness to what I feel!

Ari. See me no more, to-morrow spread your
 sails;

Take in your train the partner of your heart.—

She shall not go;—once more I'll see the king.

And dare not on thy life convey her hence.

Phæ. What meddling fiend inflames you thus to
 madness?

"Hear, Ariadne, hear. ———

"*Ari.* Go, sail for Athens, [To The.]

"Alone, heart-broken, comfortless ; like me

"Plung'd in despair ; like me, depriv'd of all

"Your heart held dear,

"*Phe.* Let me appease your wrath.

"*Ari.* I will descend to pray'rs and tears no more,

"Farewell for ever ; Oh, ungrateful man !

[Exit.]

"*The.*" Distraction ! —madness ! —Oh, she has
destroy'd

My peace of mind for ever !

Phe. Theseus, no : ———

My lenient care shall mitigate your grief.

The. For thee, my Phædra, I bear all for thee —

Since liberty is mine, let me employ it

To serve our mutual bliss. The time admits

No dull delay. This moment I must leave thee.

Phe. Ah ! —whither do you go ?

The. Observe me well,

That path that winds along the barren heath,

Leads to the mountain's ridge : there down the steep,

A soft declivity will guide your steps.

To Neptune's temple, shelter'd in the grove.

There I expect you.

Phe. Wherefore ? —what intent ? —

Unfold the dark design ; my fears alarm me.

The. No more ; —the sun descends, and sable night

Draws o'er the face of things her dusky veil,

With cautious step proceed ; but, ere you go,

Watch Ariadne : —here beguile her stay,

If she pursues me, all is lost for ever,

Farewell, farewell, I trust my fate with thee.

[Exit.]

Phe. Oh, how my bosom pants with doubt and
fear !

What may this mean ? —some dread event impends.

He will not —no —preserve him, gracious powers !

Let

Let him not, prompted by despair, attempt
Beyond his strength, and rush on sure destruction.

Enter ARIADNE.

Art. Where, Phædra, whither is the traitor fled?

Phæ. Oh, you have been to blame!—with haggard
eyes

Upturn'd to Heaven, he paus'd, and heav'd a sigh,
As if his lab'ring heart would burst his frame,
And leave him here, a pale, a breathless corpse,
At length with haste, with fury in his look,
But blessing still your name, he rush'd along,
And vanish'd from my sight.

Ari. The barb'rous man!

Did he deny his falsehood?—Did one tear
Speak his compunction? Did he once relent?
In guilt obdurate! did you mark his mien,
The pride, the scorn that darted from his eye?

Phæ. What choice was left him, when with fierce
disdain

You spurn'd him from you?

Ari. Therefore did he shun me?

Ungen'rous man! he saw I lov'd him most,
Then when enrag'd I pour'd my curses on him:
My heartstrings even then were twin'd about him.
Once more I'll see him: should he sail for Athens,
'Tis fix'd to follow him. "He will not then
Dare to avow a treachery like this."

"His glory is at stake: with one accord"

"All hearts declare for me. The sons of Greece,

"For all my sorrows, all my sufferings past,

"Wish to reward me in their hero's arms."

Phæ. And does Perithous join you? does he mean
To waft you o'er the deep?

Ari.

Ari. His ship already
From last night's storm refitted, courts the breeze,
And even now prepares to plough the deep.

Phe. Theseus, the while, in pining discontent,
Forlorn and wretched on the blasted heath,
Sighs to the winds, and drinks his falling tears.

Ari. Oh, fly, pursue him! calm his troubled spirit!

"Still, traitor as he is, he may relent,

"For Oh, too well I know his godlike nature;

"Know the mild virtues that adorn his mind,

"And more than speak in each enchanting look."

Go seek him, Phædra: tell him all my woes,
And reconcile his heart to love and me.——

But hark!—Come step this way——

Phe. Perithous comes.

"*Ari.* Haste—fly—pursue him—find the barbarous man."

"*Phe.*" I leave you now.

Ari. Farewell.

Phe. Where shall we meet?

Ari. In yonder palace.

Phe. There you may expect me. [Exit.

Ari. Oh, grant her power to touch, to melt his heart!

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. I bring you tidings may revive your hopes.—
Theseus may still be thine.

Ari. May still be mine!

Perit. Yes:—Periander, should he still persist
To hold you here a captive, sees his danger.

Crete arms against him: Athens too will claim you,
And let destruction loose. To cope with both,

Not.

Not even the soul of Periander dares.
 He must release you : then you sail for Greece.
 Theseus will there be yours : his solemn vows,
 And the vast debt of gratitude he owes,
 Join'd by the public voice, will bind him to you.

Ari. But if constraint alone———Ah ! can you think

That his relenting heart will feel remorse ?

Perit. The indignation of mankind will warn him,

“ Returning virtue then———

“ *Ari.* If aught can waken

“ A spark of love in that obdurate breast ;”
 A look, a sigh, impassion'd from the heart,
 Will heal my sorrows, and, with tears of joy,
 Make me forgive him all. I burn once more
 To wander with him o'er the roaring deep.—
 And has the king consented ?

Perit. Ev'n now I left him

In close debate, and onward to this spot
 Bending his eager step. With friendly counsels
 Archon attends, and seconds all I wish.

Lo, where he comes this way. Retire a while:
 Yon' grove will give you shelter : there remain,
 A single glance from those persuasive eyes
 May once again inflame his fierce desires,
 And reason then will plead your cause in vain.

Ari. May all your words sink melting to his soul !

[Exit.

Perit. Now, gods, assist me ! If I now succeed,
 My fears subside, and danger is no more.

Enter PERIANDER.

Perian. Perithous, hear : this hour ends all debate,
 My resolution's fix'd : then urge no more
 Your haughty claim : 'tis torture to my heart.

Digitized by Google *Perit.*

Perit. A heart like thine will generously love.
You will not force the princess to your arms,
Nor light with Hymen's torch the flames of war.

Perian. Ha! dost thou deem me of so fierce a spirit,
To tyrannize the fears of Ariadne?
No,—her own lip, the music of that voice,
To my delighted ear, shall breathe the promise,
The soft avowal of our mutual flame.

Perit. She doats on Theseus: the wide world has heard
The story of her love. And can you hope
To turn away the current of affection
From him, who first awak'd her young desires,
Still fans the flame, and lords it o'er her soul?

Perian. Let him depart: I have releas'd him to you.
Then Ariadne will resent her wrongs,
Incline her heart, and listen to my vows.
Bear your friend hence; my orders shall be issued.
For Ariadne trouble me no more. [Exit.]

Perit. Proud monarch, go! This night shall mar
your hopes;
This very night, while sleep lulls all your guards,
She shall embark. When lawless pow'r prevails,
The noble end must justify the means.

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. Thou generous man! hast thou regain'd my freedom?

Perit. This very night we quit the hated shore.
Enquire no more: you must embark with me—
For Theseus, he will gladly join our flight.

Ari. All things invite us: from the sky bursts forth

A stream of radiance, and the level main
Presents a wide expanse of quivering light.
Where is my sister?

Perit. She must here remain.

Ari. No, it were perfidy, a breach of friendship.
She fled with me: our hearts were ever join'd
By the sweet ties of friendship and of love.

Perit. Here she must stay; your happiness requires it.

Ari. What is her crime? Ah, why should we desert her!

Perit. Seek not to know too much.

Ari. No, Phædra, no;
I cannot leave thee here.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. This very moment
A soldier from the harbour brings this letter.
To you it is address'd [Gives a letter to Perit.]

Perit. And comes from Theseus.

Ari. From Theseus!—wherefore?—whence?—
what new event?

Perit. [Reads.] 'My heart's too full to vent itself
in words.

'I know my conduct will be blam'd by all.

'I will not varnish it with vain excuse,

'I seiz'd your ship: we have already pass'd

'The head land of the harbour.'

Oh! this consummates all.

Ari. Why dost thou pause?

Proceed; go on; let me drink deep of horror.

[Taking the letter, endeavours to proceed, but cannot. She returns it to Perithous]

'*Perit.* [Reads.] We have already pass'd

'The head-land of the harbour: " sunk in grief,

H

Digitized by Google "Distracted

"Distracted with her fears, in wild amazè,

"Phædra has join'd my flight——

"Is Phædra with him?

"*Arc.* They embark'd together."

Ari. [*Reads.*] 'To Ariadne

'Be ev'ry duty paid, each tender care,

'Assuag'd her sorrows: Periander's love

'Will charm each sense, and teach her to forget;

'Perhaps in time, when ev'ry bliss attends her,

'To pardon Phædra, and the wretched Theseus.'

Is Phædra with him?

Arc. They embark'd together.

"*Ari.* All just and righteous"—— [*Ari. falls on the ground.*]

Perit. Ah! she faints! she faints:

'Bring instant help; assist her, lend your aid.

Enter attendant Virgins.

'Oh! wretched princess! would the gods allow you

To breathe your last, and never wake again

To this bad world, 'twere happiness indeed!

She stirs, she moves; the blood returns again,

But oh! to make her feel the weight of woe,

And see the desolation that surrounds her.

"*Ari.* Where have my senses wander'd? Why around me

"Are you all fix'd, the statues of despair?

"Oh! I remember——Open earth, and hide me:

"In your cold caves you never yet receiv'd

"A wretch betray'd, undone, and lost as I am.

"*Perit.*" Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.

Thy woes indeed are great.

Ari. O, say—could you believe it? [*As she rises.*]

Phædra has join'd his flight; she too betrays me.

She was my other self; for ever dear;

Dear as the drops that circled in my veins,

But now, ah! now, to warm this heart no more.

Perhaps even now she gazes on his charms,

Hangs on each accent, catches from those eyes

The sweet enchantment; "knows I shed these tears;

" Knows that I beat this breast, and rend this hair,
 " And tell my sorrows to these craggy cliffs.
 " And rave and shriek, in madness and despair."
 Hail, fly, pursue them, launch into the main,
 Arm all your ships, bring swords, bring liquid fire,
 Fly, overtake them, overwhelm them in the deep, oh!—

[Falls into the arms of her attendants.]

" *Perit.* Attend her, virgins, with your tend'rest duty.

Exeunt Ariadne with attendants.

" *Arc.* If this be thy contrivance——

" *Perit.* Charge me not

" With a black deed that has undone my friend,

" And to the latest time must brand his name,

" I feel for him ; I feel for Ariadne.

" She now demands our sympathy and care.

[Exeunt.]

" *The Back Scene opens ; the Harbour and the Sea in view.*"

Enter ARIADNE with Attendants.

" *Ari.* Behold, look there, see where the vessel bounds,

" Oh : horror, horror ! how the rapid prow

" Glides through the waves ! Will none pursue the traitor ?

" *1st. Vir.* Alas, my royal mistress, 'tis in vain.

" *Ari.* Turn, Theseus, turn ; 'tis Ariadne calls,

" Return barbarian ! whither do you fly ?

H 2.

" This

- " This way direct your course. stay, Phædra, stay.
 " See how they bound along the level main,
 " And cleave their way; and catch each gale that
 blows.
 " Inhuman treachery!

[Leans on her attendants.

- " *Perit.* Her grief exhausts her strength, but soon
 again
 " Despair will rouse her with redoubled force.
 " *Ari.* Heart-piercing sight! And see the traitor
 still
 " Pursues his course. Yon' glitt'ring host of stars
 " Lend all their rays; the elements combine!
 " Ye winds, ye waves, you too are leagu'd against
 me;
 " You join with guilt, accomplices in fraud!
 " All false as Theseus; all as Phædra false;
 " Officious all to end this wretched being.
 " Your victory will soon be gained: That pang,
 " Oh! this cold tremor—'tis the hand of death——
 " I hope it is, my grave is all I ask.

Sits down on the point of a rock.

Enter PERIANDER, PERITHOUS, and ARCHON.

- Perian.* Oh, dire event!
 " *Perit.* See where the beauteous mourner
 " Grows to the rock, and thinks herself to stone!
Perian. Rise, princess, rise, and let us bear you
 hence
 To your own palace, where the storm of grief
 Will soon subside, and peace, and love, and joy,
 Revisit your sad heart.

" [They lead her forward.]

" *Ari.*

" *Ari.* No, never, never ;

" My easy heart will be deceiv'd no more.

" *Perian.* For thee love still has new delights in store,

" Whole years of bliss."——

Ari. Why do you smile upon me ?

I never serv'd you ; never sav'd your life ;

Made you no promise : why should you deceive me ?

Perian. May sweet oblivion of her past afflictions
Steal gently o'er her soul. Restore her, heaven !

Ari. Have you a sister ?——She will break your heart.

Perian. I come to calm your griefs, and crown
your days

With love sincere, and everlasting truth.

" *Ari.* All truth is fled ; long since she fled the earth,

" Tir'd of her pilgrimage. Why, holy powers !

" Why leave poor mortals crawling here below,

" Where there's no confidence, no truth, no faith !

" All nature moves by your eternal law ;

" Truth is the law of man, and yet she's fled.

" I see her there——there near the throne of Jove,

" Her garments white as her own candid mind ;

" She looks with pity on this vale of error,

" And drops a tear : while falsehood in disguise,

" With specious seeming, walks her deadly round,

" And mask'd in friendship, where she smiles, destroys.

" *Perian.* Let me conduct you : trust your friends."

Ari. You look

As if I might believe you ; so did Theseus ;

But where, where is he now?——' To Ariadne

' Be every duty paid, each tender care !'

Oh ! artful man !——Look there ! I see him still ;

I see the ship ; it lessens to my view,

It lessens still ! and now, just now it fades !

It fades away, it melts into the clouds!
 Scarce, scarce perceiv'd! 'tis gone, 'tis lost,
 For ever, ever lost! is that the last,
 The last sad glimpse? and must I linger here?
 Die, Ariadne, die, and end your woes.

[*Stabs herself.*]

Perian, Oh! fatal rashness! quick, bring every help!

Perit. Deep in her veins the poniard drinks her blood.

Ari. 'Twas Theseus' gift: his best, his kindest present;

As such I sheath'd it in my very heart.

"*Perian*, Her flutt'ring soul is on the wing to leave her,

"*Ari*, Elysium is before me; let not Theseus

"Pursue me thither; in those realms of bliss

"Let my departed spirit know some rest.

"Oh! let me feel ingratitude no more.

"Keep Theseus here in this abode of guilt;

"This world is his; let him remain with Phædra;

"Let him be happy—no, the fates forbid it;

"They will deceive each other."

Perian, Ah! that wound;

Pours fast the stream of life.

Ari, It gives no pain.

It is the stab self-perfidy has given,

That rankles here. Oh! raise me, raise me up.

"No, let me see the light of heaven no more."

Perithous, you behold your friend's exploit!

I thank you, Periander; you have been

Kind, good; and tender. May some worthier bride,

Adorn'd with all that virtue adds to beauty,

Endear the joys of life.—Alas, I die!

No mother here with pious hand to close

My faded eyes; no father o'er my urn

To drop a tear, and soothe my pensive shade.

"No; I deserve it; I betray'd them both.

"The barb'rous man!—He stabb'd me to the heart!

"And yet even then I knew but half my wrongs."

And you too, Phædra!—Oh!

Digitized by Google [Dis.]

Perian. She's gone, and with her what a noble
mind !

What gen'rous virtues are there laid in ruin !

Perit. Thou injur'd innocence ! oppress'd with
wrongs,

And sore beset, there rests thy languish'd head.

Oh ! when the gods bestow on mortal man

That bloom of beauty, those exalted charms,

By virtue dignified, they give the best,

The noblest gift their bounty has in store :

A gift to be esteem'd, ador'd by all ;

To be protected by the soldier's valour,

Not thus betray'd, abandon'd to despair,

And the keen pangs of ill requited love.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY I. P. KEMBLE.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON,

WHENE'ER the Poet, in retiring vein,
Proclaims his purpose ne'er to write again,
The threaten'd Town interprets the kind way,
And takes an interest in his next last play.

Not that our Bard has play'd you fast and loose,
Or pleads this general candour for excuse ;
He dares not trifle with the public sense,
But thinks such folly downright impudence ;
Brought, not advancing, since he then appears,
To risk the well won fame of forty years,
He trusts distinct indulgence you'll afford—
Not he but Ariadne, breaks his word.

From ancient stores we take our plot to-night,
Form'd on the mournful tale of Theseus' flight ;
The time, that golden *Æra*, some relate,
When equal Minos rul'd the Cretan state.

Hail, holy Sage ! who taught'st licentious man
To find his freedom where the laws began ;
Whose fame in arms, redoubted from afar,
From thine own shores deterr'd invasive war—
Whilst thy mild genius o'er a prosperous isle
Gave every good and every grace to smile ;
'Till thine to all thy subjects were as dear,
As George's virtues to his Britons here.

PROLOGUE.

*To all our author bids me humbly bend,
But deprecate no foe, and court no friend:
With grateful pride he thinks of honors past,
And hopes you 'll bid those valu'd honors last.
Freely to you he now commends his cause—
Should he deserve—you'll not withhold applause.*

EPILOGUE.

LADIES—though scarce alive—quite out of breath,
I come—to talk a little after death;
When tir'd of woe, and daggers, and all that,
Nothing revives us like a little chat.

Now—so the laws of Epilogue ordain,
All should be turn'd to jest, and flippant strain;
And I, with points most miserably witty,
Should play the mimic, and lampoon the city.

Far other motives bid me now appear;
Far other sentiments are struggling here:
I come to view this circle, fair and bright,
And thank you for each tear you've shed to-night;
The tear, that gives the soft endearing grace;
Virtue's cosmetic for the loveliest face;
That shows the features in their genuine hue,
Like roses blushing through the morning dew.

Ye men,—ye boasted lords of the creation,
Who give your Ariadnes such vexation;
May I approach you, pray? and may I dare
Ask why you droop?—and why that languid air?
'Tis sympathy in guilt; and Theseus' case
With rising blushes crimsoned ev'ry face;
Censure on fraud like his, you own must fall:
Too well you know—he represents you all.

And yet you've some excuse; these modish days
Lend a few tints to varnish all your ways.

EPILOGUE.

*When a GRAND SWEEPSTAKES to Newmarket
calls,
And FIVE TO FOUR each groom, each jockey bawls:
What beauty then can lure you from the course,
And hope—you'll love her BETTER than your HORSE?*

*When to the Club the gaming rage invites,
And fascinating FARO claims your nights;
The tender passion then intrudes no more,
And FORTUNE is the VENUS you adore.
But is she constant?—Loss on loss ensues,
And bonds, and mortgages, attorneys, Jews:
Love then may well his foster rights forego,
Spread his light wings, and fly the scene of woe.*

*But now the times a nobler plea may yield;
A War invites you;—arm, and take the field.
The SONS OF FRANCE would fain subvert your laws;
Go forth the champions of your country's cause.
Behold the bright example of the day,
Go—where our ROYAL FREDERICK leads the way;
So Albion's liberties secure shall stand,
And KING and LORDS and COMMONS guard the
land.*

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